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DOUGLAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER
BY THE AUTHOR OF "ORION."

CHAPTER XV.

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IN BOOKS.—PRESENT OF A BUST OF SCHILLER.—NEW FIRM FOR IRISH
SMALL-BUILDING.—MR. SHORT'S HEART.

"You know, Harding, that I have watched your course through life, with the eye of a father, as one may say; not in affection, I make no pretences of that kind; but with the interest which a master ship-builder might naturally be expected to have in a promising young man, whom he had known from his earliest years, before his apprenticeship as a ship-wright, and ever since. I could not bear to see you waste your time and strength, and those natural talents, as an artisan, which you undoubtedly possess. But what else but a waste must it be for a man like you to soften and mollify the good substantial heart-of-oak texture of your mind, in reading poetry, and other dissipating and adulterating works of fiction and romance, which relax the fibres and framework of a man, and sentimentalise his entire organisation? Nobody doubts the intellect, the noble principles, and the sincere intentions of Mr. Archer; but do not listen to his counsels, I beg of you, or it will be all over with you as a ship-wright. As for the advice which our good friend Walton has been giving you, it will do no harm, I dare say, and was probably all very good, as far as it went. But what does

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THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER.

Mr. Walton know of ship-building?—of practical engineering?—or practical mechanics? Why, no more than Mr. Archer or the moon. These are the things you need. You are a master of your work, and all its handicraft. You should now advance to the scientific principles upon which that handicraft is founded, by which it is strictly directed, and without which it cannot safely proceed a single inch. Do not misunderstand me. I would not at all perplex your mind with the intricacies of science. I advise you only to study practical knowledge, and rules which are necessary to your advancement as a ship-wright and builder. For instance, I do not wish you to confuse yourself over difficult mathematical or geometrical problems. I do not wish even that you should study logarithmic tables, either of numbers, or of lines and tangents; that is, not at present, valuable and indispensable as they are; nor a variety of other tables, of the specific gravity and weight of materials; of the specific cohesion and strength of materials; resistance of woods to pressure; resistance of metals to torsion, and so forth. Still, there are many selections from these necessary for you to make in order to arrive —."

Here Harding gave a low, half-suppressed groan. Mr. Bainton made a grave and reproving pause, and then proceeded in a tone of increased importance.

"Still, I say, there are many selections from these parts of mechanical science which would be most valuable to you if you seek to obtain a fit and proper education. I allude to a correct knowledge, not only of the resistance of different woods to pressure, but to the specific strength, gravity, weight, cohesion, and elasticity of materials, and of woods more especially. Then, you should certainly be able to find the relative strength or force of resistance of rectangular beams to transverse strain or pressure,—whether the beam be fixed at one end, and loaded at the other, or when uniformly loaded; whether the beam be supported at both ends, and loaded in the middle; whether the beam be supported at both ends, observe, and uniformly loaded; or whether the beam be fixed at both ends, and loaded in the middle, or uniformly loaded, or loaded at a point not in the middle. You must absolutely be able to find the deflections of beams under transverse strains. Important studies, did I call them! They are indispensable to you in your position and course of life; while, in themselves, nothing in the world could be more interesting and delightful."

"I don't know," murmured Harding with a sort of ^{firm} obduracy, "I don't know that they would be to me the most delightful studies in the world, Mr. Bainton. I take in the 'Mechanics' Magazine.'"

"Well," said Mr. Bainton, extending one hand.

"And I find it not suited to a mechanic, but, to those who understand the *science* of mechanics. It is a mechanician's magazine. That makes all the difference. It is just the same as with the Mechanics' Institutes. I wish we could have a real Mechanics' Institute, and a real Mechanics' Magazine. I hope you do not think me ungrateful; but I cannot by any means make up my mind to study things I do not need now, and which can only be needed in positions which I do not need now, nor in future, intend to take. I am a working man, and I intend to remain a working man."

"I have heard you say this before," said Mr. Bainton, gravely. "You mean to adhere to it, then?"

"I do," said Harding.

Mr. Bainton remained thoughtful some time, and a shade of melancholy came over his hard square features.

"I have no family—no relations," proceeded he at length; "no son, in whose progress through life I could take an interest. Mrs. Bainton is a very good and pious woman, but she is not much company for me. I often feel very lonely, and I should have been glad to have had a son; and sometimes I almost resolve to adopt one, only my wife might trouble me about that. Well,—and so you don't like to study to become a master ship-builder, and to follow in my steps? What do you say to boat-building?"

"Oh! but I can do that already. I once built boats in Canada to my cost."

"I know. But would you like to build fishing-smacks—leaving your position in the Dockyard, for which you should have due compensation by the security of continuous employment with me? You would be more independent."

"Not if I were in any shape a partner," said Harding: "I will be no proprietor or master, only a working man. A leading man, if you please—but still an operative."

Mr. Bainton continued some time with his head bent towards the ground. At length he entered into a full explanation with Harding. It was to this effect—that the movements of the new building-firm for Associated Homes were to be, for a time, suspended, owing to several causes,—the chief of which was, the

opinion that the public mind was not yet quite ripe enough to support it. The firm were cautious men, and would not venture at present. Meantime a new project had been originated by Mr. Short, who had considerable connexions in Ireland. The coasts of Ireland were well known to possess great shoals of fish—the Irish fishermen could not obtain them for the want of piers and harbours, and sea-worthy boats. Now, the present project was to establish a fishery on some good part of the coast abounding with fish, where there were natural bays and inlets that would serve as harbours, and to build a number of excellent fishing-smacks. By this means they would take an incalculable quantity of valuable fish, not attainable at present by any of the Irish fisheries, where everything is deficient—except the fish. The conversation then turned upon Harding's resignation of his position in the Dockyard, which he did not much like to do notwithstanding the guarantee offered him. However, he asked a few days to consider the proposal.

Meanwhile the building of Mr. Walton's pleasure-boat advanced rapidly. Harding gave about an hour a-day to it, and worked with cheerful assiduity, the more so as his boat-house was continually visited by pleasant friends. Sometimes Mr. Walton would come in, and discourse away at a great rate as to the excursions he proposed to make when the weather was extremely fine and smooth; sometimes Archer came and reiterated and enlarged upon the advice he had given Harding as to his self-education; sometimes Mr. Bainton came, and reiterated his,—followed by Mr. Walton, who declared that *his* advice was the only sensible one suited to Harding's circumstances, and prospect in life: and sometimes Mary and Miss Lloyd paid Harding a visit, and seemed rather disposed to make merry with the variety of conflicting recommendations he had received.

On one of these occasions Mary gradually fell into a more serious tone on the subject, declaring that she believed he might extract some good out of each—by far the most, of course, out of Archer's advice—but that she thought the best thing Harding could do, was to avail himself of every opportunity of conversation with these friends of his, upon the subjects they chiefly recommended; by which means they would, in some sort, *teach him*, and that he would thus acquire a great deal more in a short time than if he endeavoured to *learn* by himself from books, in which a student can very seldom find an answer to the questions he

most wishes to ask. Miss Lloyd coincided in this opinion; and finally the two ladies smilingly exhorted him to converse most with those he liked best, and upon those subjects which he himself wished to know something about, and not what his advisers thought to be the most important things in the world.

To all this Harding listened most attentively; and when the ladies left him, he stood for several minutes immoveable over his work, and looking down into the bottom of the boat with an expression of face at once thoughtful and delighted. While he was thus engaged, Archer came sauntering in.

"Why, Harding!" said he, "you are not working—you are dreaming!"

Harding started a little, and coloured.

"Oh, you can well afford the time for this," continued Archer, pleasantly. "You always work hard enough to earn the right to a good, heavenly reverse, at least once a-day. And nothing can be better for you. It is just the food that is good for the soul of a man like you. Substantialities can always take care of themselves, and you have more than your share of hard solid things already."

After some brief conversation, Archer drew a folded slip of paper out of his waistcoat pocket, and gave it to Harding. "All this morning," said he, "I have been thinking of what you said about the city of the Millions, which is within the city of the Few—the dark and filthy city which is invisible, and which has no name. It is very true; yet how difficult to make clear to the understanding of those who do not know its truth. The overcrowded courts and alleys of such places as Bethnal Green and Whitechapel, are populous parts of the city of the operatives—but who knows of those places? Who would call those courts and alleys 'London?' These hard realities have suggested some verses. The poem shall be dedicated to you, Harding, for you were its originator—its primal idea. Do you feel uncomfortable at being thus reduced to the first forms of things—melted back into the elements of thought?"

Harding smiled, and thanking Archer, took the paper and put it carefully into his pocket. Soon after this Archer went away. He had felt himself sweetly troubled and tingling all the morning with poetical impulses, and of course there was no relief for this but hurrying off into verse.

• When Archer was gone, it appeared as if Harding was likely to

fall again into a reverie, and one of a graver and less pleasurable character than that from which he had just been roused. He stood with the chisel in his hand, and a troubled brow. At length he laid it down, and drawing from his pocket the slip of paper given him by Archer, he unfolded it, and read the following verses:—

. THE UNSEEN CITY.

There is an Unseen City,
As old as Babylon,
Where creatures dwell in narrow holes,
Burrows and crannies dark, like moles;
Poor exiles from the sun—
The ever-wakeful stars—the blessed moon;
Seeing no glory in the night or noon.

It is no black banditti
That swarm these countless dens;
Where spiders weave above the head,
With rats and mice beneath the bed;
Nor are the regions fens;
Nor do the inmates love the efts and toads
And pestilential air of these unknown abodes.

Are they of monstrous features,
Elf, onf, or bedlamite,
Who swoll'n with sloth obscenely roll
Midst filth and gloom, and odours foul,
Cursing, and cursed, by light!
Or can they be some nations of a land
Cast out from human eye by God's wise hand?

Who are the hideous creatures?
See! palace walls divide!
A strange bell tolls—down falls the steeple!
"WE ARE THE WIDE WORLD'S WORKING PEOPLE,
WHO DWELL THUS THIRSTY ASIDE!"
Our city is around—beneath—betune—
And, like our myriad graves, is nameless—none can find!"

Harding folded up the paper again. It was curiously perplexing to his mind to find his own thoughts put into verse. He felt deeply grateful to Archer for the interest he thus manifested; and somehow, as Harding thought of all this, it made him very melancholy. He did not see how he could ever show any adequate gratitude to Archer.

But as for Archer, he had gone away in a very happy frame of mind. It was quite clear that he had a poetry-fit upon him. We may infer that he was fortunate enough at least to please—

himself, from the fact that the same evening he left his lodgings with a light and buoyant step and an excited air, and began to perambulate the streets after most of the shops were shut up, with no apparent object in his mind, but as if to relieve and disperse his sensations.

Passing, however, an old broker's shop, the shutters of which were closed, while the man who kept it was solating himself with a pipe in the middle of the floor—the door being left open—Archer's attention was arrested by a great pile of books which rose up behind the man's head, and were surrounded by ornamental volumes of a less substantial kind—namely, of smoke. The broker had been a sailor; had lost one leg; had a pension; and was a good-natured and rather humorous sort of a fellow. Seeing Archer make a pause in front of his door, he rose and invited him to come in. If the pile of books he saw there were very attractive to him, there they were at his service! They had recently come into his possession with a lot of old furniture for a bad debt. In his early days men did not read as much as they do now. But now, he supposed, people might be found who would read right through a good many of these old things. He would sell them cheap enough, and be glad of the riddance. Thus discoursing, he snuffed the candle with his fingers, and held it up in the air. On examination, Archer found this stack of books to be the entire works of Voltaire, in ninety volumes, and of Goethe, in sixty volumes.

"A library!" exclaimed Archer. "And how full of the richest materials of wit, of knowledge, of imagination, of design—of variety, never verging upon plagiarism or triviality—of reason and wisdom, even when conveyed in the most grotesque or absurd forms—of energies inexhaustible by age—of old age which rather resembles the renewal of youth."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the broker. "I was just going to say you should have them all for a mere song; but after what you have said, I must have something handsome and worthy of these fine speeches."

"Oh," said Archer, "I only said what I thought of their value. I cannot afford to buy such a mass of books; and I would recommend you by no means to sell them for a mere song, as they appear to be complete, and are really valuable."

"Well now, I call that handsome of you. But I will be as good as my word. I said—or I was going to say—you should have them for a song. Come now, what will you give?"

"Indeed, I cannot think of it."

"Yes, yes, you can. What will you give? Will five pounds hurt you, and take the whole boiling of them?"

"What, the whole of them! Why, any second-hand book-seller will give you double that sum, at least."

"I don't care for that; I'll sell them to you. If you'll give me five pounds, they're yours."

Archer hesitated. Here was an opportunity! Such a bargain would never offer itself again. It so happened that Archer's finances were just now at a low ebb, and a five pound note was literally all the money he possessed. But then, money was due to him for an article in a quarterly journal; and a literary acquaintance, who had borrowed a small amount from him, would be sure to send it in a day or two, as he had promised. It was not pleasant to leave himself without a shilling; still, this would only last for a few days, or hours perhaps, and such a bargain was not to be missed. He accordingly made the purchase, and handed over the money, together with his address, apologising for the smallness of the amount for books of so much greater value, and assuring the broker that he was doing himself a great wrong. The old fellow was so pleased with these handsome admissions, that he exhausted all his sea eloquence to induce Archer to step in and take a tumbler of punch; finding, however, that he could not prevail, he bethought him of a great plaster bust of another outlandish person, named "Spiller," or "Smeller," or something like that, which he had got with the books, and had sent over to Gosport, to be painted red, and set up over a timber-yard. It was a cast from a celebrated marble one, by another eminent outlandish chap, whose name was written upon this bit of paper—"Thorwaldsen." This cast he begged Archer would accept as a present, if he had any liking for such a thing. He had got an odd volume with the name of the bust in the title-page—"Friedrich Schiller."

For some time Archer declined to listen to the proposal; at length, however, he suffered himself to be persuaded, and departed, he and the old broker being equally pleased with each other. The books would be sent to-morrow; for the bust, the broker was to write to Gosport, and it would be forwarded to Archer by some means or other in a few days, and the carriage should not cost him much.

Other events of importance were now in rapid progress.

Within a week after the day on which Mr. Bainton had the long conversation with Harding, a meeting took place at Mr. Short's lodgings, when it was finally determined that Mr. Walton, Mr. Short, and Mr. Bainton, should constitute themselves as the Acting Committee of a Company for Irish Smack-building, and the Provisional Committee of a projected Anglo-Celtic Company for Irish Fisheries—with power to add to their number. Harding had agreed to join Mr. Bainton, who had also engaged two or three more first-rate hands, with whom he was to set out for Ireland in the course of a few weeks, and commence operations. Mr. Short said he should very shortly follow him, and was most anxious that Mr. Walton should accompany him.

To this Mr. Walton decidedly objected, on account of the sea-voyage. True, it was only a voyage of sixteen or eighteen hours from Liverpool; but a man might as easily be drowned in the course of eighteen hours as eighteen months—in fact, it would take a very little time to drown him, if he fell overboard, or the ship went to the bottom. Mr. Short assured him there was not the least danger; that they could go over in the day, if he disliked a night trip; that he did not ask Mr. Walton to remain in Ireland, but only to pay him a visit in Dublin for a short time, together with Miss Walton, who would find many sources of amusement in that city, while they combined business with pleasure in taking a jaunt along the coast of Waterford, and other counties, to taste the fish.

"Eat, or be eaten!" murmured Mr. Walton. "I do not much fancy the alternative; nor do I at all know that my daughter would like to go. However, we will see about it. I can ask her; and she can talk the matter over with Archer. Perhaps he would like to go."

"Oh, but it would scarcely be worth Mr. Archer's while," exclaimed Mr. Short, "as your stay would be so brief; and I fear, besides, that my house in Dublin is scarcely large enough to enable me to include him in the invitation—as, of course, I should wish to do."

The last words were drawled out by Mr. Short with an uncomfortable expression. The fact was, he did not want Archer to come—it would interfere with his plan—he was altogether perplexed at the idea. In truth, Mr. Short did not at present know whether he had any real design upon Mary's heart,—or whether his own was seriously affected, and the encouragement of a very

indifferent kind. He rallied, however, with the declaration that Mr. Walton should do whatever was most agreeable to himself; and, moreover, the time for their departure had not yet arrived. Something important was to precede this. Mr. Short announced that he had hit upon a bright thought for raising funds to assist them in capital. He would not just now tell them what it was, but it was something which would produce a public sensation, and bring their project into notoriety by the most admirable of all means of advertisement, viz., an extensive Advertisement, which would increase their funds instead of being paid out of them.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. SHORT'S PROJECT OF AN AMATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.—MR. WALTON STUDIES THE PART OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.—ARCHER'S CRITIQUE ON THE TRAGEDY.—MR. WALTON QUARRELS WITH ARCHER.—MARY AND MISS LLOYD GO FOR A SAIL IN THE NEW BOAT WITH HARDING.—ARCHER AND HIS BOOKS.

It turned out that the bright idea which Mr. Short announced to have dawned upon him, was nothing less than an amateur dramatic performance of one of Shakspeare's tragedies, in aid of the Irish fisheries. He explained to his friends that he intended the proceeds to be devoted to their patriotic project of smack-building, as the first natural and necessary step in the promotion of successful fishing in Ireland. Mr. Walton said he trusted that nothing in the shape of deception upon the public was involved in the undertaking, and nothing that savoured of a "job." Mr. Short laid his hand upon his breast, assuring him that, so far from the slightest deception or under-hand work being contemplated, he intended to announce himself Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, and to pledge himself that every farthing of the receipts of the night should be devoted to assist their undertaking in Ireland. He should call upon all the nobility and gentry, army and navy, of Portsmouth and the vicinity, to assist him. Mr. Walton said there could be no harm in that. So they proceeded, forthwith, to select a play.

It must be from Shakspeare. Something highly legitimate and classical, in order to be as far as possible removed from the ordinary exhibitions at the Portsmouth theatre. Something, at the same time, dreadful and original, in order to satisfy a taste for

horrors which was manifestly very popular in these parts. Also something shocking—in the sense of a dramatic shock—which yet should not be of a kind to shock the nerves of ladies too seriously, nor outrage their sense of decorum to an unbearable degree. But, as it was sagely remarked by Mr. Walton, the public would bear almost anything under the name of Shakspeare; he was therefore the only poet for their purpose; and of all his tragedies the one best suited to their wishes was “Titus Andronicus.” That it contained *some* scenes, and a few expressions here and there, which no modern audience whatever would be likely to endure, under any authority or pretence, was admitted by Mr. Short; all this, however, could be managed; and he and Mr. Walton proceeded in due form to erase and alter, according to their judgment, and the requisition of their stage, just as managers and actors do with the other (undoubted) plays of Shakspeare.

Was there ever such a play as “Titus Andronicus,” for “strong effect?” Certainly not. “None but itself could be its parallel.” The British public had never seen it acted—that is, never within the memory of man; for there is no knowing how often it might have been acted in the time of Elizabeth, when the public stomach was so much stronger. But did not this very fact of superior strength in the region aforesaid, render the attempt to revive this glut of tragic horrors very temeritous, and of equivocal result? They reasoned upon this. Yes, it did, in one sense; it did *not* in another sense; it was all the better for them, on the one hand; and if the tragedy was damned (all the tickets having been paid for) what did Mr. Short care? Besides, the name of Shakspeare supported them, and it was not etiquette ever to damn the acting of amateurs, even if execrable, of which there could be little apprehension in the present case. It was as well, however, to exercise some degree of prudence; they determined, therefore, that a private play-bill should be circulated, announcing that, on a certain night, at the Theatre-Royal, Portsmouth, “a party of distinguished amateurs, by particular desire, will have the honour, under the highest patronage, to represent Shakspeare’s inimitable tragedy of ‘Titus Andronicus’—the horrors being all adapted to the modern taste.”

Now, Mr. Walton was pretty well aware, in his own mind, of the absurdity of the whole proceeding, and perhaps liked it all the better on that account; but Mr. Short, though quite a man of the world, was partly blinded by his vanity in the idea of the fine

figure he should make dressed up in crimson baize and rabbit's fur, as the Emperor Saturninus, and partly by the concerted self-complacency he felt in carrying out his bright idea of obtaining patronage and notoriety for their new project in Ireland.

They proceeded to distribute the *dramatis personæ* in the following manner:—Saturninus was to be represented by Mr. Short—he had already ordered the dress. Titus Andronicus was to be enacted by Mr. Walton, who could naturally assume a venerable and stately presence. Archer would, no doubt, feel a pleasure to appear as a Tribune of the People, and would therefore jump at the part of Marcus Andronicus. There was some doubt as to whether Bassianus, who is in love with Lavinia, would not be a good part for Archer, and Mr. Short said it might be as well to give him his choice; but if Archer declined the latter, then Mr. Short had a young lawyer in his eye, who would do it capitally, or, at all events, pretty well considering. The Senators and Tribunes of the People, who do not speak, might be very well represented by Harding, and several tall, respectable shipwrights whom he could recommend. Mr. Carl Kohl would, also look very well, dressed as a Senator; and Mr. Downs should be one of the leading Goths. Mr. Walton laughed very much at this. A dashing young artillery officer had agreed to take the part of Lucius; and a Major of the garrison—a very short, and very corpulent gentleman, with a broad, red, salamander face—had already called twice upon Mr. Short in a state of great excitement, begging that the part of Aaron the Moor might be reserved for him. The rest of the characters would be filled up from the company already engaged at the theatre.

"I almost think," said Mr. Walton, pausing, "that we had better not go on with this. I like the idea vastly. It amuses and interests me excessively. I think I could speak Andronicus well enough, even in the longest speeches; I should try and dress him well, before a large glass; and I think I could look him well,—do all his weeping well, and walk him well;—but somehow I begin to feel very nervous about it, and from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, there is something within me that wishes to back out of the whole affair."

* Mr. Short took great pains to re-assure the nervous gentleman, and having eventually succeeded, sat down to write notes to Archer and several others. Mr. Walton walked briskly home, and with an imposing air told Mary all about it.

"Does Archer know of this?" asked Mary with rather an uncomfortable look.

"By this time he does, no doubt," said Mr. Walton. "The secret has been very closely kept up to to-day. I have just left Short writing a note to inform Archer that we count upon his services as an excellent representative of Marcus Andronicus, or of Bassianus. He was also to write a note to Captain Standish Holland, to inform him that the part of Lucius, the spirited son of Titus Andronicus, and afterwards emperor, is allotted to him; and another note to Major Grimshawe, to assure him that the character of Aaron, the diabolical Moor, will be expressly reserved for him, and that the gentlemen who are getting up the tragedy, are highly flattered by the interest he has expressed in the part, and feel confident that it will find a most appropriate representative in him."

"But," said Mary, with a troubled air, "I heartily wish you were not to be one of the performers in this horrible tragedy—and especially, the principal hero of it—so very unsuitable to you in all respects."

"Don't be a wet blanket to your loving father, my dear," exclaimed Mr. Walton impatiently, and rather nettled. "Don't check my happy impulses—don't seek to prevent those harmless recreations which are needful to my health of body and mind—and don't be blind to the under-current of *business* there is in all this apparent extravagance. Short is a deep card, I can assure you."

Mary very much doubted the depth of the whole pack in which such a card as Mr. Short could assume any position of profundity; she, however, said no more. She had been accustomed ever since the death of her mother to humour her father in most of his fancies, and to find a pleasure in his peculiar humours, both of speech and action, so far as private life was concerned; and although she was much annoyed at his present intention of exhibiting them in public, and in a character where they could not be otherwise than most inappropriate, she determined not to oppose him in the matter, and to give him what assistance he needed in studying and dressing for the part. She was, however, secretly in hopes that something would happen, or that he would alter his mind before the fatal night arrived.

As next week was fixed for the first rehearsal, there was no time to lose, and Mr. Walton immediately commenced his study

of the arduous part of Titus Andronicus. He requested Mary to copy out all the more lengthy speeches that fell to his lot, and he wished her to do so from his dictation. Seizing the book, therefore, and placing himself in an attitude in the middle of the room, with a sonorous voice and sententious euphony, he pronounced the first few lines of Titus's opening speech, after his entrance, preceded by a flourish of trumpets, and accompanied by the coffin of one of his sons :—

"Hail ! Rome ! victorious in thy mourning weeds."

"Here," said Mr. Walton, "the bearers will, of course, set down the coffin of my son in a conspicuous place on my left hand :—

"Lo ! as the bark that has discharged her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence, at first, she weighed her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears :
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.

"Take care, Mary, that the night before the representation we don't forget the laurel boughs. Send to Tims's, the greengrocer's, for them, and set them in water in a wash-hand basin to keep fresh and green for me to take with me to the theatre." Mr. Walton then proceeded to dictate all his own speeches to the end of Act I. As there was not much for Titus to say or do in the second act, and as Mr. Walton had now become very impatient to arrive at the great excitements and woes of the part, they proceeded at once to the third act. He was anxious to give particular emphasis to the lines—

"For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, good tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears."

Here Mr. Walton slowly stooped, and, with a reddening face, gradually extended himself along the carpet. "I have now thrown myself upon the ground," said he, "in utter misery, on account of the approaching execution of my two sons, Martius and Quintus—

"Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite !"

Mr. Walton drew forth a large Barcelona silk handkerchief, with a brown pattern upon a yellow ground, and held it to his

forehead. "You observe, Mary," said he, "that while I give to the eye of the audience the usual indication of a flood of tears, I yet attend to the spirit of my author, by holding my handkerchief in such a position that it cannot intercept any of the shower with which Titus proposes to 'stanch the dry earth's appetite.' "

As it would have cost Mr Walton a considerable effort to rise from the position of misery in which he had prostrated himself—as the misery continued—and as there was in fact no stage direction to the effect that Titus should rise—he sat up, and continued the scene, raising his voice to its highest pitch, in accordance with the following lines,—

"What fool hath added water to the sea !
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy !
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
But now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a sword,—I'll chop off my hands—"

"Don't you think, Mary, the right reading would be *land* ; for how could he chop off both hands ? Nevertheless, as both Lavinia's hands had been chopped off, and Titus is threatening to do to himself what had been done to his daughter, the term hands is both correct and impracticable. Never mind—I'll take the passage as it stands ; and I trust I shall produce a fine effect—

"My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
But now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds."

The door of the room opened, and Archer entered. As Mr. Walton sat facing the door, with his hands extended, it appeared as if the lines were addressed to Archer.

"Indeed, sir," said Archer, striving in vain to keep his countenance, "I could almost wish that a part of your present grief were a reality, rather than that you should have lent yourself to this absurd undertaking "

"Absurd undertaking !" said Mr. Walton, putting his large Barcelona handkerchief with a flustered air into his pocket.

"I can call it nothing else," said Archer, "if a note which I have just received from Mr. Short be seriously intended. Perhaps it is only a joke ?"—and he turned to Mary, as if to ask her to explain.

"They really mean to do it," said Mary, endeavouring to look unconcerned about it.

"Of course we do," said Mr. Walton, rising from the floor,

with the book in his hand, closed, but keeping the place with his fore-finger "I hope you don't decline to take the part of Marcus Andronicus?"

"I certainly must decline it."

"Bassianus, then?"

"And Bassianus too."

"What part will you take, then? You don't mean to say that you'll decline altogether to join us? We build upon you."

"I am sorry," said Archer, "you should do that. Nothing should induce me to join in such an attempt."

"Why not?" exclaimed Mr. Walton. "You quite astonish me! You, a poet and a reformer, decline to avail yourself of a favourable opportunity of repeating the poetry of immortal Shakspeare in public, and of having the noble words of a tribune of the people, or a devoted lover, put into your mouth. I say again, that I am astonished at it. What can possibly be your motives?"

"I have a general dislike to the whole thing," replied Archer, and some reasons in particular."

"As for your general dislike," said Mr. Walton, "that for it!" (and he gave a loud snap with his finger and thumb); "but with regard to your particular reasons, perhaps you would do me the favour to mention a few of them?"

"In the first place," said Archer, "I do not believe the tragedy to have been written by Shakspeare."

"You don't! Why don't you? It is always included with the rest of his works, and there is the same authority for it, is there not, that there is for any of the others?"

"Not the same authority, I think. There may be printer's authority for it, and antiquarian research may be in its favour, but internal evidence is wanting; nay, is strong against it."

"Oh! you literary gentlemen are always full of strange notions, and whims, and figments, which you flatter yourselves are proofs of original thinking. In what play of Shakspeare's will you find more noble and sententious declamation, more towering eloquence of grief, more mellifluous versification, than in 'Titus Andronicus'? Where, for instance, let me ask you, will you find anything more imposing than in the lines?—

"For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waning tide grow wave by wave"

Mr. Walton had placed himself in a dignified attitude upon the

hearth-rug, and extended his hands alternately to the different articles of furniture in the room—

“Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
*This way to death my wretched sons are gone !
Here stands my other son—*”

Mr. Walton pointed to the coal-scuttle, but without seeing it.

“a banished man !
And *here* my brother, weeping at my woes.”

Mr. Walton pointed to Mary as the imaginary representative of his weeping brother. She turned her head aside, while Archer stopped to adjust one of his boots, in order to govern his risibility. “No one,” said Archer, as soon as he was able to speak, “can deny the existence of splendid passages, mixed with many which are preposterous and revolting ; it is the general design of the tragedy, no less than many of the component parts, which I think essentially un-Shakspearian. They equally set the natural elements of passion, reason, and the dramatic art, at defiance.”

“As to the dramatic art of the Elizabethan dramatists,” exclaimed Mr. Walton, “I know no more about it than Aristotle ; but for what you say about passion and reason in ‘Titus Andronicus,’ *here* are the lines that shall put you down—

“If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swollen face ?
Al! wilt thou have a *reason* for this coil ?
I am the sea !”

“The prodigality of disgusting horrors,” replied Archer, “not only unfit to be exhibited on a stage, but even unfit to be read, makes me doubt the play to have been written by Shakspeare. It is more like the work of another great but disorderly genius of the same period. I have many reasons for thinking this. Here are a few of them. By the mixture in ‘Titus Andronicus’ of splendid power with gross bombast ; of the most affecting tenderness, alternating with the most brutal ferocity ; by a certain monotonous sweetness in the versification, the more conspicuous when gently announcing some horrible atrocity ; by the presence of a reckless and remorseless will, and the absence of all judgment, wise moral sentiments, and knowledge of the world ; by the mechanical structure of the lines, which seldom contain the eleventh, or apoggiatura-syllable, and scarcely ever end with a double syllable

both of which are common in Shakspeare) ; by the introduction of Latin lines and couplets ; by the hard-favoured and uninteresting characters of the women ; and by a disposition to sceptical speculations—to defy the gods—and to plunge with the passion of the hour into eternity, and identify the immediate fire of the heart, with infinite space and futurity—I should say that this tragedy was the work of Christopher Marlowe."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Walton, after a pause, "all I shall say, in reply to your critique, is simply, that it is mis-timed and unfriendly. If you had been disposed to take a part in the play yourself, we should have heard nothing of all this ; nor do I much think you would have troubled yourself about the matter, if professional actors had been going to perform the tragedy. It is merely because we are amateurs that you fall upon our tragedy in this unfeeling manner. No doubt you think that amateurs can only make themselves ridiculous—that nothing is to be done on the stage, without the regular course of training for years."

"I assure you, sir," said Archer, "that I am influenced by no such feeling, and that I think no such thing. I believe that a man, to be a good actor, must be born one ; though he needs, like the poet, both study and practice to attain perfection, as a whole, and for the entireness of any representation. Without original genius, it is all in vain, and no long course of study and practice can make him a fine actor. But with genius, a very little of this work will enable him to accomplish all the essential parts admirably ; as we have often seen. Admirable actors are very rare indeed upon the stage ; they abound in private life. The art is over-rated."

"Then, in Heaven's name !" ejaculated Mr. Walton, "why are you not with us ? You blow hot, and you blow cold. What are you driving at ?"

"I merely meant," said Archer, "to express my aversion to the representation of this tragedy, and to seeing a man like yourself, whom I respect for his kindly heart, and many excellent qualities—independent of my position with regard to your daughter—thus exposing himself in public as the perpetrator of shocking horrors."

"But they will all be adapted to the modern taste," interposed Mr. Walton.

At this, Archer could restrain himself no longer.

"Hands chopped off, or throats cut—heads brought in upon the

stage—to say nothing of a human pie! By what substitution of Newgate hangman, a Clare-market butcher, or the skill of a Gunter or Soyer, can you possibly adapt these things to the modern taste? Had you chosen some play within the bounds of decency, and selected for yourself some character appropriate to your natural pleasant humour, cordial nature, and portly English appearance, the case would have been different.”

“Portly English appearance!” cried Mr. Walton, with warmth; for, although he would have felt complimented by this at any other time, he was now inflated with the idea of being Titus Andronicus—“I understand you, sir! you mean to say that I am too fat for the part—that I am too John Bullish. I know what you mean.”

“Mary,” cried Archer, reproachfully, “how can you have encouraged your father to get himself into this outrageous position—this unnatural state of mind?”

“My father does as he pleases,” answered Mary, with an equally reproachful tone, and a vexed look. She thought Archer too unsparing in his remarks.

“I declare I feel ashamed of you both,” said Archer—“it is my regard for you that compels me to say this. Don’t you both see how absurd it all is? And Mr. Short, too, talks of it as a fine stroke of business—an advertisement—a means of obtaining notoriety, and some insignificant sum of money to help a fishing project—a project to take away the fish, which the poor Irishmen cannot obtain for themselves for want of boats and capital!”

“Mr. Archer!” exclaimed the old gentleman, reddening, and stamping upon the hearth-rug till the dust flew all over his gaiters, “I did not send for you to ask your advice—and you are not entitled to insult me with your opinion.”

“As Mary’s father, I beg your pardon,” said Archer. “I did not think of offending.” And with this Archer bowed, and immediately left the room.

While our histrionic amateurs were busily engaged with their undertaking, Mr. Walton’s new boat grew rapidly under Harding’s hands. It was completed, and launched; and the day being fine Harding went to Mr. Walton to propose that he should be the first to have a sail in her.

“I rejoice to hear that my boat is completed,” said Mr. Walton, “but you must perceive that I cannot avail myself of the opportunity, however favourable and delightful,—

"For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environed with a wilderness of sea!
 If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad?
 So that he fears the big-swollen envious surge
 Will in its brinish bowels swallow him."

"Dear me! how difficult it is not to confound one speech with another. I have gone wrong somewhere, only in those few lines."

"But do have the first sail in your boat," said Harding, "if it is only for half an hour."

"Impossible," said Mr. Walton. "My dear Harding, don't ask me, there's a good fellow."

At this, Harding looked so much disappointed that Mary proposed to Miss Lloyd that they should go for a sail. Miss Lloyd acquiesced. Harding sent to Archer, but he declined the invitation. In the course of a quarter of an hour they were smoothly skimming along the sunny sea, with a fresh breeze filling the white sails, while Mr. Walton, being unable to continue the study of his part, was occupying himself in gleeful agitation, with his large brass telescope, watching their dazzling course over the bright waters.

With regard to the party in the boat, they all seemed to enjoy it excessively, if one might judge from their fresh and happy faces.

"I wish your sister Ellen were here," said Mary, "I think she would like this, and besides, she would perhaps sing to us."

"That she would," said Miss Lloyd, "and though she has some alarms about the sea, I am sure we could none of us have any fear of shipwreck while Harding was with us."

"I should confidently expect," said Mary, "that he would carry us all safely on shore, by some means or other."

"He carried you, and your father also, ashore, in his arms, did he not?" said Miss Lloyd.

"Not exactly ashore," said Mary, smiling—she was about to add something, but checked herself, perhaps perceiving that Harding was turning aside his head, with a very discomposed expression. After this, Mary and Miss Lloyd chatted pleasantly about Wales, Mary expressing an earnest wish that Ellen Lloyd would very shortly join them; but as for poor Harding, he seemed ill at ease, and quite unable to recover himself. He carefully avoided looking at Mary. The strongest men have their weaknesses, and difference of station in life does not supersede human sympathies so much as is generally supposed. If, however, Harding had

received a "fatal dart," he certainly was as unconscious of the depth of it, as he would have been hopeless of any good result.

But what of Voltaire, and Goethe, and Thorwaldsen's bust of Schiller?—had they prevented Archer from joining in this sailing excursion? In a great measure they certainly had; for although Archer was extremely displeased at Mary's humouring her father in his absurd undertaking at the theatre, he would hardly have allowed that to prevent his accompanying her, but for the arrival of all these books, which had reached him only an hour before, packed in three tea-chests. The bust of Schiller was to be sent in a few days by the carrier.

Archer had taken out all the books, and having strewn them all round him upon the carpet, was very busy in collating the volumes. While he was thus engaged, the servant girl came in, and presented him a little dirty bit of paper. It was a baker's bill for 5s. 6d. Archer's hand mechanically moved towards his pocket—he paused abruptly, saying, "Oh—ah, take it to your mistress." The girl went out, and Archer proceeded with his collation of the books.

Presently the girl came in again, with another little bit of paper. It was for a pound of composition candles—11d., and a pint of spermaceti oil for a night-lamp—1s. 4d., total, 2s. 3d. "Very well," said Archer, "take it to your mistress."

"My mistress says she has no change, sir."

Archer looked up at the ceiling. "Very well," said he, "leave it here."

The girl walked very slowly towards the door—held it half open in her hand for some time,—and slowly went out. Archer again looked up at the ceiling—then looked down at nothing; biting his lips. Soon after this he got up and went out for a walk.

THREE SONNETS TO A CHILD.

SMILE, Baby! for thy Mother home is coming,
Again to clasp thee to her yearning heart;
Both Memory and Hope her way illuming
To the calm nook wherein thou shelter'd art.

Thou can'st not run to meet her, Baby dear !
 Nor hast sweet-worded welcome on thy tongue ;
 But thou the music of her voice can'st hear,
 And o'er thee see her tender gazings hung :
 And little recollections, fond though dim,
 Enkniffl'd in thy soul through ear and eye,
 Shall lend thee graces of the Cherubim
 Saluted by the breath of Deity ;
 Stir all thy tiny limbs, and softly trace
 Sweet love-assurance on thy pretty face.

II.

Thou art thy Father's soul, I do believe,
 My golden-haired and radiant-visaged Child !
 Projected into light, and undefiled
 By the dull flesh which makes it ache and grieve
 Through this brief scene, where shadow doth deceive,
 Until by substance we are more beguiled :
 With the strange thought I have both wept and smiled—
 As one man suddenly from death-reprieve.
 O, speak to me of past and future things !
 Of whence thou camest into this warm clay,
 And whither thou dost tend in its decay !
 Almost I seem to see Cherubic wings
 Ope from about thee, for swift heavenward flight ;
 And I grow dust, in their departing light.

III.

O, sink not from us as a drop of dew
 From Life's fresh rose, to the obstructive sod,
 Where ear may hear thee not, nor fond eye view ;
 But our hearts strike against the sullen clod,
 For ever, till they break ! On morning new
 Never come instant night : and dearest God
 Grant, that to thy sweet dawn of human day
 A glorious noon and placid eve be fated !
 And that to whither goes poor dust away,
 We may descend before thee ! O, Created
 Of divine love and joy ! do not forsake us
 In this thy bud of being ; but disclose
 The fulness of Life's flower, and therewith make us
 A garden of all sweets, thou folded rose !

THOMAS WADE.

YOUNG WATSON; OR, THE RIOTS OF 1816.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART II.

In our last paper, we traced Young Watson and his companion Thistlewood, from their perilous adventures at Highgate, on the night of the 2nd of December, to the house of Hunt in East street, Manchester-square, where they found a temporary shelter and repose.

We must now make a few inquiries respecting Doctor Watson, who it may also be remembered was conducted by the patrol to Somers Town watch-house, from whence he was removed next day to Bow-street, and after examination before Sir N. Conant, was committed to Cold-bath-fields Prison, on the charge of wounding the two men, Rhodes and Golding, at Highgate.

During the term of Doctor Watson's imprisonment, several persons belonging to that "Bastille," as it was then called, pretended the greatest concern for him and for his son, assuring him, "That if he wished to make any communication to him, or to his friends, a letter should be conveyed with the greatest secrecy and dispatch." They came with the professed view of comforting him with assurances of his son's safety and security, but in reality to gather such information as might lead them to suspect the place of his concealment.

On these and other occasions the Doctor always assumed the utmost indifference, saying, "he was perfectly satisfied respecting the fate of his son, as he knew from arrangements previously made, that he was safe on shipboard, and far away from the reach of harm." In spite, however, of this pretended indifference, the Doctor was a prey to constant anxiety, and many an hour he had fearfully speculated upon the fate of his son, of whom he had heard nothing since they parted at Highgate, and many a night with an aching heart, he had listened to the newsman's horn, expecting every breath to hear the sad tidings of his capture and destruction.

On his re-examination at Bow-street, January 3rd, the Doctor complained of the unjust and horrible offences laid against him.

and said, "knowing his principles were just, and that he was innocent of those heinous crimes with which his name had been branded, he should feel it a duty he owed not only to society, but to his own character to bear up against his enemies." A true bill being found against him, he was committed to Newgate to take his trial, charged, "with intent to kill, &c." Put in irons until such time as he should be tried, the weight of his fetters caused him much pain and inconvenience, and he wrote to the Lord Mayor, complaining "that he should be loaded with heavy irons like a felon," and requesting a lighter pair might be placed upon him. This communication had the desired effect, and at the Lord Mayor's solicitations he was altogether relieved from the incumbrance.—It may not be out of place to state here that Doctor Watson, after six weeks' imprisonment, was tried at the Old Bailey, January 22nd, on this pretended charge, and acquitted, without the evidence being entered upon; as the man Rhodes said, the wound—a scratch on the thigh—might have been accidental, as they all fell down. Doctor Watson was accordingly discharged. Immediately on his acquittal being announced, the people in the court loudly applauded. This outbreak was, however, instantly checked by Mr. Baron Parke, but on the news reaching the outside of the court, the people in the street shouted, and huzzed; when Mr. Baron Parke with some temper exclaimed—"This comes of"—but looking towards the reporters' box, checked himself, and added—"never mind—I will not say anything."

In the meantime the search for Young Watson spread far and wide. The City of London had published a reward of 250*l.* for his apprehension, while a Proclamation issued by Government, December 6th, was placarded in all directions, giving a description of his person, with the offer of a further reward of 500*l.* from the Secretary of State's Office. The hue and cry was up, and woe on the devoted head of Young Watson should he be taken; for there is no question he would have been hung, if only upon the plea of forcibly entering a dwelling-house, independently of high treason and shooting Mr. Platt. Ministerial domination was then at its height, and in this rash unthinking squabble of a shouting mob, saw matter fraught with danger to the kingdom and themselves. Every artifice, every plan was put in force to convince the world at large that a formidable conspiracy for the destruction of the king and the overthrow of the Government

had been formed. The committee in the House of Lords stated, "they had collected such evidence as leaves no doubt that a traitorous conspiracy had been formed in the metropolis, by means of a general insurrection to effect a general plunder and division of property, and to destroy all reverence for religion!" In the House of Commons it was also stated in committee, that at the political societies, it had been discussed—"That Parliamentary Reform was only a half measure," and "That the landholder was a monster to be hunted down, and that a still greater evil was the fundholder: these were the rapacious wretches who took fifteen pence out of every quatern loaf!" It was also put forth, that the design of the conspiracy "was a sudden rising in the dead of night, to surprise and overpower the soldiers in their different barracks, which were to be set on fire, to possess themselves of the artillery, to seize and destroy the bridges, and to take possession of the Tower and the Bank. That drawings of a machine for clearing the streets of cavalry, and also a plan of various important parts of the Tower have been laid before your committee, and that the news of that fortress being taken, was impatiently expected at Manchester and other places. That the roads were crowded during the night with a number of persons waiting the arrival of the mail coach, and their disappointment was not concealed when they heard that the riot had been suppressed."

Lord Castlereagh also stated in the House of Commons—"That although the conspirators had not been joined to the extent they had expected, yet the means they had provided were sufficient to enable them to make the attempt with a rational prospect of success," and "That it would be confining the peril within too narrow limits to consider it sprung from the riots of the 2nd of December alone."

Such a mighty affair had it suited the convenience of Ministers to create out of the absurd squabble of the 2nd of December! That a treasonable conspiracy *should* be supposed to exist they were determined, and their spies were spread in all directions, to discover or create plots, as the case might be. "They made the giants first, and then, they killed them." They were in search of a monster, and they congratulated themselves on this happy discovery! Their game was started, and their bloodhounds scented at the heels of Young Watson: all eyes, all speculation was turned on him: the cry was up; and, Young Watson

taken, they could deal their tender mercies to all those obnoxious to themselves, or involved with him in the like practices.

The search was ceaseless and untiring. The outlets from London were strictly watched; nor was the continent exempt from the rigour of pursuit. Police-officers were despatched to Calais, to Boulogne, and to Holland, in quest of Young Watson; and every port in England, Scotland, or Ireland, had orders to be vigilant. Innumerable houses were searched both in town and country; no two persons could speak together in the streets, or in a house of entertainment, without being watched or questioned; and not a relative, friend, or acquaintance, however distant of their object of pursuit, but was subjected to the lynx-eyed inspection of mercenary spies or Bow-street officers.

- The situation of Doctor Watson in the mean time was most distressing. He was in ignorance of the real situation of his son, debarred from all communication which could afford him the satisfaction he so much desired, and involved in like danger with him, in consequence of his imprudence; although it appears the Doctor never joined the mob, and only followed in the hopes of persuading his son from his violent and imprudent course, well knowing "he had to contend with an impetuosity which excited at all times considerable alarm in his mind." Apprehensive of some evil, he had followed to reclaim him. Thus the father, in the eye of the law, formed a part of the mob, and witnesses could doubtless have been formed to swear to his actual presence, and encouragement of the rioters. Thus, had Young Watson, "the head and front of the offending" been taken, he would, without question, have been placed at the same criminal bar, and been involved in the same doom of guilty. Young Watson's escape, as before stated, saved the lives of others than himself!

The arrest of Doctor Watson, on the night of the 2nd of Dec., at Highgate, was at first considered by his companions a great evil, and a death-blow to their hopes. It was, on the contrary, the greatest good fortune that could possibly happen to them. Had Young Watson been seized by the patrol, instead of the Doctor, it would have been fatal to himself, his father, and his friends. Had Thistlewood been taken, no refuge could have been found either at Hunt's, or anywhere else in London, and the father and son would doubtless have proceeded on their journey, to their final destruction.

We will here mention an instance or two in proof of this, and at

the same time show what exertions were used for the arrest of this young man. Doctor Watson had at a former period attended professionally a family near Lynn, of the name of King. That gentleman reading in the papers the accounts of the danger and pursuit of Young Watson, and commiserating him, on account of youth and inexperience, observed to a friend, that "he would give him protection, if only out of respect to his father, whom he thought a most amiable man." This sentence reached the ears of the police. In a day or two officers came with a warrant to examine his premises. After inspecting the house, cellars, and roof, and turning over every scrap of paper, they departed after a very lengthened search, satisfied they were not on the right scent.

Early in the month of January, 1817, Vickery and Lavender, two Bow-street officers, arrived at Hull from London, in quest of a young man who had quitted that port for Holland, under rather extraordinary circumstances, and, of course, supposed to be the object of their search. A gentleman hearing of their route through that part of the country, rode off instantly to Mr. Jonathan Watson, a brother of the Doctor's, a most respectable gentleman and farmer, at Cawthorp, in Lincolnshire; and begged him, if his nephew were under his protection, or if he knew where he was, to get him out of the way, as there was no question but the officers would soon be on his heels. This caution, however kind, was unnecessary; as Mr. Watson had no knowledge of his nephew's place of concealment.

The officers shortly arrived: after producing their warrant, they proceeded to examine the premises, picking locks where keys were not readily found, turning over drawers, and throwing their contents about the floor. After inspecting the roof, closets, cellars, &c, they proceeded to the kitchen, where they were exceedingly minute in their investigation, looking into the oven, &c.

Mr. Watson's servants were put under arrest, and conducted before a magistrate, who questioned them very minutely as to their knowledge of their master's nephew, and all his relatives and friends, in that part of the country, underwent the same ordeal, including the Rev. Richard Dixon, of the Rectory House, Claxby, who had married a sister of Doctor Watson.

It will be seen from these instances that the arrest of Doctor Watson on the outset of their intended journey, was most fortunate; as no safe asylum could possibly have been afforded to Young Watson among his relations or known friends to whom he was

travelling, or if sheltered by them, his arrest must have been certain. We will now return to Young Watson, whom we left safely housed in East-street, Manchester-square.

During the day, Thistlewood sent Hunt to a friend of his and Young Watson's, a Mr. Evans, requesting him to let Mrs. Thistlewood know where he was, and to desire her to come to him. She did so the same afternoon. As Hunt had no means of accommodating the Thistlewoods, as well as Young Watson, it was necessary a lodging should be procured for them (the Thistlewoods). After a day or two's delay, apartments were taken for them in the house of Mr. Carr, an ornamental painter, in Tottenham Court-road, and it was arranged they were to go to their new abode at nightfall.

Four days had passed in the interim, and on the 6th, as previously stated, the hubbub and cry was up, and the walls were placarded with offers of reward for the arrest of Young Watson. The news-men were making a great noise in the streets, when Thistlewood sent for a paper, and read aloud the various sums offered for Young Watson's apprehension. Hunt's wife seemed much struck by the amount of the reward offered, and made use of some expression, as to "what people might be tempted to do for money." She probably had no meaning in this, but it caused them great uneasiness and alarm, and as soon as she had left the room, Mrs. Thistlewood insisted on Young Watson's instant removal to the lodging intended for herself and husband. This generous act—for be it remembered Thistlewood was himself in great danger—was immediately put in practice. They accordingly muffled Young Watson up as well as they could, and he left the house unnoticed by Mrs. Hunt, who was much surprised on her return at finding he had departed. He was conducted by Mr. Evans to Tottenham Court-road, and introduced to Mr. Carr, who received him as a son and friend. It is not our intention to trace Thistlewood through his concealments. Suffice it to say, he and his wife remained in Hunt's house for a few days, and then removed to the house of a friend in the neighbourhood of the Strand. Upon the proclamation being issued offering a reward for the apprehension of Thistlewood, his friend thought it no longer prudent to let him remain; he accordingly went back to Hunt's house for a few days longer. A lodging was then taken for him in the house of a stranger, in Woodstock-street, Manchester-square. Here he remained under the name of Thompson, until such time as he afterwards proposed leaving the

country for America. With his after doings this narrative has little or no connexion.

We will now renew our inquiries after Young Watson, whom we left at the house of Mr. Carr, in Tottenham Court Road. He was provided with an apartment in front of the house, from which he had a full opportunity of observing all that passed, and of being an eye-witness of the activity used by the police for his arrest. An anxious spectator of their zealous but fruitless exertions, he watched their movements, and many a time has he peeped through a loop-hole, and seen the officers on the opposite side of the way surveying every person who passed—young or old, tall or short, lusty or thin: any one who wore a coat of the colour described, or had a mole on his face, as explained in the proclamation, were objects of most jealous scrutiny.

One circumstance caused him much amusement, although placed in such a trying position. A young man, in a brown great-coat, was eyed most attentively by an officer, who stared him full in the face as he passed along, then turned round and looked after him. Not satisfied with this inspection, he ran, and overtook him, and stared in his face again. This second survey seemed to satisfy him, and he returned to his post opposite Carr's house, once more to watch, and lay in wait for the so much desired "young man in a brown great-coat."

Not many days elapsed before Mr. Carr's house seemed literally beset with police officers; prying about, gazing in at the windows, or inspecting any person who might enter, or pass from the house. Persons called under various pretences, of looking at the apartments, (which were stated to be let,) who made particular inquiries as to the number of lodgers, rooms, closets, &c., in a way so prying and inquisitive, as to leave no doubt as to what their purpose was, namely, the discovery of Young Watson, of whom they evidently had obtained some clue.

One man came with the professed object of having a board painted with a device for some charitable institution. During the progress of its painting, he called several times with two or three persons of like stamp, who, while he was giving directions about the execution of the design, busied themselves by prying about the place, asking questions, &c. One thing is not a little strange, the board when finished, was never called for—a sufficient evidence as to the real object of their visit.

Among others who came to make anxious inquiries about the

"poor young man," was a Mr. Pemberton. Mr. Carr had known him many years, but always entertained a great dislike to him, and to his principles. Upon these occasions, this man always introduced the subject of Young Watson, at the same time affecting not to have the least wish or desire to be informed of anything connected with him. At other times he pretended to know everything. This assumed knowledge he no doubt conceived would draw forth some word or hint he could turn to his account, but fortunately for the subject of these papers, he never succeeded in his intentions.

It is presumed that Mr. Evans in his anxiety for Young Watson's safety, had probably let fall to this man some unguarded expressions with respect to Mr. Carr. To his house therefore he constantly went, hoping to draw forth some information, by half words, or otherwise, that might lead to some clue as to the whereabouts of Young Watson. Fortunately for Young Watson his artifices fell short of their object.

It is not a little singular, that this man, to whom Thistlewood attributed his betrayal, and we believe from unquestionable proof—this very Pemberton, (who before Thistlewood's arrest was a poor man,) on his way home from the bank, whither he had been to receive his dividends, fell down dead in one of the streets leading to the river, with the money in his pocket! How obtained, we leave our readers to guess. His constant visits to the Secretary of State's office may perhaps afford some explanation.

Mr. Carr's house was built partly over a gateway; and that portion of it immediately over it was divided from the house, always being let off separately as a workshop, or for various other purposes. From this room there was no communication whatever with the house, and the only access to it was by means of a ladder placed underneath, and so up a trap-door, which when the room was untenanted, was kept padlocked, and the ladder removed. Such was the case in the present instance, the plate not being in use.

One night Mr. Carr was awakened by a rumbling, shuffling noise, proceeding from this unoccupied room, and at the same time his suspicions were aroused as to the cause. Young Watson slept in a room immediately over this workshop, but knowing there was no communication from it to the house, he remained content as to the present safety of his charge, and waited with some anxiety for daylight to make his observations.

Early in the morning he went out to reconnoitre, when he discovered that the sash of the window belonging to the room had been pushed back, which had before been always kept closed ! The building on the other side the gateway, and joining the room we have spoken of, was a public house, and it was supposed that some person must have climbed along the iron railing or balcony in front of the public house, and so into the room, but finding no communication from it to the house, no doubt returned much disappointed at the failure of the scheme.

Mr. Carr's situation had now become to the last degree alarming. He consequently went to Mr. Evans, requesting him instantly to remove his friend to some other and more secure place, as it was evident his house was suspected. Mr. Evans was in great trouble at this news, as he was utterly at a loss in what quarter to seek the necessary shelter, as a large reward was not only offered for Young Watson's arrest, but £500 was also held out for the apprehension of any one concealing him. Difficulties beset them on all sides. Carr's house was strictly watched, and would no doubt be searched, and how or where to find a refuge for the young man they knew not, as all their friends were more or less connected with the political agitations of the day, and consequently objects of suspicion. Then again, who would receive him at the risk of their own lives ?—for any one harbouring him would unquestionably have been dealt with at the utmost rigour of the law. This was indeed a trying position, and their solicitude for the preservation of his life was put to a severe trial.

This took place on the 16th of December, and Young Watson had been sheltered by Mr. Carr from the 6th. The next day he was removed to an asylum as unlooked for as the particulars of its being found are singular in detail.

A person named Moggridge—a tailor residing in Somers Town—had been for many years in the habit of making such clothing as Mr. Holl (mentioned in the earlier portion of this narrative) or his family required. Some delay having taken place in the sending home some requisite apparel, Mrs. Holl, on her way to town, called on Moggridge, requesting the clothes might be forwarded. After leaving the message with his wife, (Moggridge was out,) their conversation turned upon the all-engrossing subject of Young Watson. Mrs. Holl expressed much concern for his unhappy situation, although regretting the violence that had led to it, and, woman-like, dwelt upon the painful anxiety and distress of his

parents, under such trying circumstances. His youth and misfortune claimed her sympathy, and she lamented that so young a man as Watson was stated to be, should be hunted from place to place, like a wild beast, with the whole country as it were in arms against him, and a price set upon his head.

After indulging in such expressions of compassion as her sympathy suggested, she exclaimed, "Ah, poor young man, if he were at our house, he would be safe enough!" little dreaming these very words would so soon place herself and family in so trying a position. After some further conversation on the same subject, she left, and pursued her way to the City.

Moggridge during his absence from home, had, it appeared by the merest chance, (for he had not seen that person above three times in the space of seven years), called on Mr. Evans, the before-named friend of Young Watson.

The sight of Moggridge called forth from Mr. Evans an exclamation of joy, and he cried, "By heaven, Moggridge, you are the very man we want." He then explained to him the critical position of Young Watson, and wished to know if he would give him shelter and protection, as he was in great jeopardy in his present abode. Moggridge however declined giving the required asylum, for many reasons, but said he would make inquiries, and let Mr. Evans know in the evening.

On Moggridge's return home he mentioned to his wife what had passed, and at the same time entered into consultation with her as to whom they could apply for the necessary protection. They found great difficulty in this, as also in the selection of one whom they could confide so important a secret to, as the search for Young Watson was untiring, and officers, or spies, were placed at the corner of almost every street. The large reward too offered for his apprehension, as likewise for his concealment—rendered the task of sheltering him a matter of no small difficulty, as it involved such imminent danger to the person protecting him. Whilst deliberating as to whom they could place confidence in, or of anyone who would incur so great a peril, Moggridge's wife told her husband that Mrs. Holl had called about one of her son's clothes not having been sent home, at the same time repeated the words she had uttered to the effect that if "he were in her house he would be safe enough." Moggridge no sooner heard these words than he immediately resolved to go to Mr. Holl (who on account of his absence from all political agitation, had never

crossed his mind), and proposed to him the shelter of this unhappy young man.

Without delay he made his way to Bayham Street, Camden Town, then almost surrounded by fields, where Mr. Holl resided, and after some little preface, he explained the unhappy situation of Young Watson, and asked Mr. Holl if he would give him the shelter and protection he stood so much in need of.

This request was not a little startling, as Mr. Holl had no knowledge of any of the parties mentioned in this narrative, and had only heard their names as given through the medium of the daily prints; and more than all, he deprecated the violence which had led to such unhappy results. The preservation of a fellow-creature was however asked at his hands, and, spite of the dangers which might beset him, he at once consented to receive Young Watson under his roof.

It is not our intention to dwell too largely upon the merits of this act, or of the imprudence which hazarded, by devotion for a stranger's good, the welfare of wife and children. Suffice it, the promise was given, and though the prudent may condemn, the generous must uphold so strong an instance of high feeling and humanity—for be it understood Mr. Holl took no part whatever in the political agitation of the day. He looked upon this young man as a rash enthusiast, whose folly might deserve a whipping, but whose indiscretion hardly deserved so black a sentence as that the law held out. Life was at stake, and he at once put all selfish, perhaps prudent, considerations out of his mind, and was governed only by the dictates of his heart. His word was pledged, and he never broke it.

Mrs. Holl had not yet returned—no time was to be lost, and her husband had too much confidence in her good faith and approval of an act of humanity to wait her sanction. Permitting neither difficulties nor danger to influence his better feelings, he proposed they should go immediately to Mr. Evans and conclude their arrangements at once. Accompanied by Moggridge, he proceeded to Newcastle Street, Strand, where Mr. Evans resided. Not wishing to be seen, Mr. Holl waited in Stanhope Street, while Moggridge went to the house. After some twenty minutes' delay, he returned, accompanied by Mr. Evans, whom he introduced to Mr. Holl; few words were exchanged; but in that brief discourse it was arranged that Young Watson should be removed to his new abode the following evening.

Mr. Evans upon this proceeded to Carr's house in Tottenham Court Road, and informed him of the shelter proposed for him. This was gratefully accepted, and the friends mutually congratulated each other on so happy an escape from present danger and difficulty, and, trusted, that as Mr. Holl, who was an entire stranger to them, was not politically known, that Young Watson under his roof might find a safe and happy refuge from the increasing difficulties of his position.

The next evening Moggridge by appointment again went to Mr. Evans, and was conducted by him to Mr. Carr's house. Here for the first time he saw Young Watson and Thistlewood. This was between eight and nine o'clock on the 17th of December. After taking an affectionate leave of his friends, and of his generous preserver, Carr, and being disguised in the best way, Young Watson left the house in company with Evans and Moggridge for Mr. Holl's house at Camden Town.

Another instance of the good fortune which seemed to attend this young man's steps, and increase the number of his escapes, is evidenced by the following. Some hours previous to his removal, a Mr. Mackenzie, and a Mr. Perring, called upon Mr. Carr, where they remained in conversation until within a short time prior to Young Watson's departure, although without the slightest knowledge of his being in the house. It will be remembered that Carr's house was strictly watched, and every person passing to and fro, was an object at once of suspicion and regard. Mr. Mackenzie was the first to depart, and as it appears, was followed by the scouts stationed on the outside, to his own house in the neighbourhood of the New Road, Paddington. It is also supposed that after watching Mr. Mackenzie's house, they must have returned to their post, and on Mr. Perring's leaving some time after, followed him to his residence in Chelsea. It is not a little strange that Mr. Mackenzie's and Perring's houses were searched the next day! During the absence of these scouts, as though they had purposely quitted their posts, Young Watson left the house, and was conducted to Bayham Street, Camden Town, where he was received with the greatest kindness by Mr. and Mrs. Holl.

All trace of him was now completely lost; and such was the secrecy observed upon the occasion, that even his preserver, Carr, never knew, nor wished to know where Young Watson was conducted; and it was expressly understood, under the most solemn assurances, that neither Moggridge, nor Mr. Evans, should

mention his new abode, or the name of his protector! The chain of communication was now broken. The bird had taken wing, and the sharp eyes of the police failed to mark his coming down! Every art, every possible plan had been contrived to ensnare him, and now, when almost within their net, he again escaped.

He arrived at Mr. Holl's at half-past nine on the night of the 17th of December, 1816, where he remained until the 5th of March, 1817. Another extraordinary instance of Young Watson's good fortune must here be mentioned—Mr. Carr's house was searched only two days after Watson's removal.

II. HOLL.

AN INFIRMARY FUNERAL.—THE MORTAL AND THE IMMORTAL.

A HIRELING's eye
Unlovingly had watched her :—no one grieved
When the poor, suffering, lonely one had heaved
Her last, sad sigh.

A rusty pall
Scarce hid her coffin from the public sight,
With its broad, crumpled fold of tarnished white ;
And that was all !

No mourner near ;
Bearers in work-soiled clothes, with careless tread,
Hurried the cold one to her silent bed,
Witho ~~ut~~ ^{ut} tear.

Earth mourns her not,
And mingles with its dust her mouldering clay :
Her spirit wakens to immortal day—
And heeds it not.

No sighs above !
Life kindles every sense and power to joy ;
With angels, praise will be her glad employ,
For God is love !

M. C. .

CLUB-CROTCHETS AND CHEAP COMFORTS:

BEING

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WHITTINGTON FUND.

No. II.—THE GUESTS.

WHAT was said a month ago, with regard to the House of the Cheap Club, touched matters of finance and fancy.—What I am about to offer with regard to the guests who may assemble therein, is, an affair of greater consequence—inasmuch as it is a question of feelings and not furniture.

The present happens to be, whimsically enough, the moment of moments, when Election arrangements are *the* topic. But the Popular Representative, and the cooperator in our scheme of comfort and enlightened pleasure, stand on a totally different basis: must be chosen on diametrically opposite grounds. The man who is to speak for us, must be Whig, if we are Whig:—Tory, if we are Tory:—Starvationist, if we, too, desire our neighbours' famine:—and Puseyite, if, loving Romanism, we have still not courage to show our adherence thereunto manfully. The man who is to live with us, need be none of these things: unless we intend to assert our own Pedantry, or Bigotry, as final. Earnestness and intolerance, however, frequently forced into harness together, are not inevitably yoke-fellows. "Live and let live," cannot mean "Live and *make* live"! save with a class of persons as much out of place in a popular assembly, as the Grand Inquisitor, or the Head of the Jesuits, would be in the pulpit of genial, familiar Rowland Hill's Chapel.

Let me then, hope, that there is one utensil which will rarely be seen within the "borders" of the Whittington Club, however sanctioned by West-End usage—I mean, a Black Ball. To explain, however;—A candidate of known quarrelsome habits, (though, even in this, let every one beware of giving scope to the Scandal-monger!) or whose fixed idea of "going to bed mellow," as the song says, makes him apt to run against more staid and sober citizens, Malay fashion:—must, of course, be spared such opportunities of disturbance as our large and peaceable party could

furnish." But caste-distinctions, political variances—above all, personal antipathies—can have no such place with us, as they occupy in grander establishments. The vulgarity of Exclusiveness, the pinchbeck trumpery of a *King* Brummel's crown and sceptre, were, assuredly, too abundantly and flagrantly exhibited, some twenty-five years since,—to appear, again, under a healthier dispensation. Circumstances have, unhappily, given the writer a more than ordinary opportunity of studying the mischief wrought by this intolerable spirit in the Middle Classes.—I struggled up into life, in a society, the agonising principle of which was to show gentility by "snubbing one's neighbours"—where it was a duty for Church to call Chapel "*low*"—and a canon of Dissent for Chapel to sneer at Church as "*dark*." Everybody *would* be at "the top of the tree"; and "everybody would meet nobody, who was not in their set." Heaven save the mark!—So we had all the silver-fork-ism of the school of Theodore Hook's patrons (he being an exponent, not an *originator*) second-hand: or, to put it familiarly, got up in "*German silver*!" The best and brightest spirits sate in corners:—or their owners were stripped to the bone by malicious tongues, if they dared to show their faces and "speak up" without license in strange places. I have seen a beautiful, elegant, young girl, left without a partner at a ball for a whole evening, because she lived in a *tabooed* street. I have watched the cordiality, and ease, of a very small gathering entirely disturbed, by *Blarney* fashion, and *Shiggs* airs:—those who thought themselves "on the dais," or "above the salt," insisting upon proving their rank by audible personal remarks,—yecept *quizzing*—of the interlopers. And, in a circle, where, at best, there was not too much wit or wisdom, not too much learning to spare, nor too much thought to circulate, it was more melancholy, even, than curious, to watch grown people, as ~~they~~ were, tying their own hands; muzzling their own mouths; barricading themselves in prisons,—and voluntarily abandoning half their revenues,—and out of reciprocal fear, and folly, and contempt, sacrificing liberty, and pleasure, and privilege: with the assurance, moreover, of utterly failing in the object they sought for. What was their choicest exclusiveness, but a thing to be mocked by all real Exclusives deserving the name?—And these, again, have their Council of Ten—their Conclave of Three—their one Dalai-Lama:—so that, in fact, it follows, mathematically, that the rights of Finery are rightfully vested in one single person.

Needs it, then, to lay stress on Universality as a principle to be worked out to the uttermost in a Cheap Club?—to insist that there should be no disabilities for membership; save notoriously bad manners?—One would think not:—and yet exist certain elements that seem at variance with the principle of association, in Independence, as understood by the generality:—which has been shrewdly defined, to mean, “Every one’s agreement with *my own* Nonconformity.” I say, “*seem*” advisedly; because, when the last, and deepest meaning of the word—when the *heart* of the virtue—is reached: the widest liberty and toleration will be enjoyed; and owned to include the most refined care and considerateness of one man for another. For then it will be perceived that Selfishness is the worst of thraldoms;—that individual humours may constrain and encumber the free operations of human love and enterprise very nearly as strongly as the ordinances of Autocrat Fashion. Comfort for the Many will be found mathematically and morally to preclude a Benjamin’s mess for the One. There will be a strict watch kept over all preferences of Church above Chapel, of Whig before Tory,—over all demarcations of Trade and Profession. We shall never dwindle to the tone of “High Life below Stairs.” While we discountenance the temper which makes a man averse to be claimed by his calling—we shall rate one another, and ourselves (let it be hoped), by gifts and graces, with which sect and party, occupation and business, have nothing to do. B., who keeps a set of books, will not bite his thumb, at C., who folds his linens: nor at D., who unrolls bales of carpeting. E., who has to clear himself of the grime of an iron-mongery warehouse, will not be critical on “the dyer’s hand” of F. Whenever the arising of the censorious spirit is detected (and I dwell upon the possibility from knowing the foible to be intimately connected with The Englishman’s honourable desire to better his condition), let all whom it concerns take warning and physic to his pride, by recollecting what befel the Collegian in the Edinburgh Mail.

The story ran thus—Orford (to ticket a man with a name not his own) was one of the highest and driest fine gentlemen ever encountered: a being whose one idea in life was his own selectness, and the bounden duty of impressing the same on the world, in season and out of season. Persons of his turn sometimes encounter odd replies, no less than odd adventures. It was Orford who, staying in a country house, came down to breakfast

on a New Year's morning, in clean kid gloves, and with "clean kid" speeches. There was, however, only one victim for these, in the parlour, when the Collegian entered it:—a great, shy, country girl, with rose (or *raw*) red cheeks and elbows. No matter. Orford advanced, with his usual pattern step—and "Will you allow me, Madam, to present you with the compliments of the season?"

The young Lady answered "YES." What next could the Orford of Orfords say?

Well; our modern Euphuist had, "once upon a time," to travel per coach from London to Edinburgh: a proceeding of two days and as many nights, in which—especially, when the journey was a winter one, good or bad company went for something. One so choice, then, as Orford, could not but felicitate himself on finding the only other occupant of the vehicle besides himself, to be a gentleman of his own age:—well-mannered; well-looking; well-dressed: neither anxious nor averse to make acquaintance; neither oppressively learned, nor meagrely commonplace, in his discourse. Ere they had got to York, the two were agreed on Church and State—by the time they had reached Berwick, they were of "one accord" with regard to all matters pertaining to Rank and Fashion; and Auld Reekie received—for aught there was to inspire misgivings—a Pylades and Orestes. Up to this point, however, these kindred spirits had been too perfectly bred so much as to hint at any curiosity with regard to each other's names and stations. But ere they parted, that they might secure the pleasure of meeting again—good breeding must need give way, that Reciprocity (to use the words of the Milkman when persecuted by the laundry maid) might succeed. Pylades spoke first; tendered the unexceptionable card which announced him as Orford Blondville Orford—*of such or such a College, Oxford.* The Orestes was a trifle backward in putting in his rejoinder:—hung back, it seemed, ere he finally committed himself. Thus ran *his* style and title:

P. O. KIRBY,

(No connexion with any other Pretenders.)

Disagreeable-Smell Disperser.

No Cure, no Pay!!

So much for the clear-sightedness of Exclusivism.—So much for the theory of "the cart horse breed" peeping cut, by which the

weak, the consciously incomplete and ill-mannered try to excuse their own poor-spiritedness and suspicion of those "who have not been introduced."—It may be said, that I have wasted time in fighting a Windmill: that such a wretched and objectionable inanity can never be contemplated, or allowed to exist for a passing instant, in a popular assembly. I believe that it will not readily get an ascendancy there; but it may "sit in the gate" for all that, and interfere with the entrance and welcome of True People, more than those are aware, who have not watched it—and themselves—very scrupulously. Where, indeed, there is no sternly prohibitory feudal arrangement of ranks—which admits of familiar condescension within limits decided by the Party whose will is to arbitrate—there will always be, more or less, heavings, struggles, twinges: some, under pretext of instincts of refinement—some, under the Moralists' cloak of prudent and defensible uniformity among those with whom we are to consort. Time was (not so very long ago) when the Man of Genius was petted, paraded, exhibited, and left to perish, as one, who because of his genius, *must* be a *parvenu*, not a gentleman. There are Cathedral towns, at this moment, where the Banker is not rated as fit company for the Curate. I travelled once half a day along a foreign railway, with two English livery servants, who disconsolate as they were, from their utter ignorance of the usages of barbarous "foreign parts" would not unbend for mutual support in self-complacency:—because no one "had named" My Lord's man to The Duke's! Can one accumulate instance upon instance, ridicule upon ridicule, too emphatically—by way of "doing to death" such inhuman follies as these—by way of illustrating the intense vulgarity of spirit which keeps them alive? Can one ask too loudly that in a Popular Club there should be no exclusiveness, so ~~saving~~ as that which each man shall for himself, provide against, envy, hatred, uncharitableness;—against that censorious resolution to be *fine* which assumes the coarseness of all others who are found without the pale raised by each man's own personality?

There is another leading article in our Club's constitution, which, as disconnected from established notions of things in their proper place, claims a few words of observation. I mean the admission of female members (not to use the Abigail's word "*Ladies*."). This original scheme is not to be carried into effect without suspicion on the part of the difficulty-makers, and scorn

from those whose idea of helping the World is by sneering at every attempt to better it.

Doubtless, to all such as for good or bad reasons, desire to render Women helpless,—it seems a startling proposition, that their comfort and independence should be provided for. It is impossible, they will aver, for such provision to be carried into effect, without a sad and complete surrender of all that a Club was formed to bring about—Man's indulgence, at an easy rate! Yet Women travel alone—walk alone, without harm occurring to those who will not be harmed; and without the luxury of railway transit being thereby destroyed to Commercial Travellers, or the liberty of the pavement to the street Lounger! I should have spoken, *first*, of the modesty and delicacy of "the sex," were I not satisfied that that, however loudly prated about, is a secondary consideration with those I am now meeting. Except a Club is to mean a place set apart for Man's indulgence in Bad Manners, (with regard to which I have somewhat to say under its proper head), the only difficulty in the arrangement is its strangeness. If a solitary gentlewoman can eat her dinner at Verrey's, without either waiters, cooks, or company, being distracted by the spectacle merely because it is one of perpetual occurrence—without her receiving "an idea" (as the Irish have it) of an offer of marriage—or, what is more to the purpose, I presume, without her *tendering* one, be there ever so many doublets and hose in company,—why the same miracle cannot be performed in a selected assemblage of constant members, "warranted harmless," is an enigma which would puzzle The Sphinx; or the founder of the Sphinx, Mr. Buckingham! Why, again, said, gentlewoman should not enjoy her periodical (supposing her not to be the strong-minded Woman who

— "her faith in old Jeremy puts,"

and desires to study the past night's debates) in her quiet corner of the Library, as innocuously to herself and others, as when she takes her share of Macready's *Lear*, or Mrs. Nesbitt's *Constance*, from box, pit, or balcony,—is a matter not to be proved without a nicety of distinction, for which, it might be hoped, our members have no time—let alone taste. Meanwhile the prohibitive side of the question is stated oracularly—the difficulty propounded to be insurmountable, again and again, just as if there were no parallels or precedences—just as if, for every score of Lady members, one

surrogate, or clergyman, must be elected : to say nothing of a standing Counsel, well up in the immortal case of "*Bardell v. Pickwick*." When such complaints and misgivings are gravely stated, I am irresistibly reminded of a whimsical scene described by an old friend : who has the misfortune of being the Great Lady, of a plantation in Guiana, and is wearing out hope, energy, and genius, in trying, under impossible conditions, to civilise her husband's negroes : her life, being, peradventure, the saddest slavery of all ! On some birthday, or anniversary, the holiday was to be kept by a great dinner at the cost of Mrs. ———. This meant, by no means permission to turn the Black Cattle loose to forage for themselves, but the ordering of their bill of fare by the mistress—the arrangement of the tables—and, during the morning, some personal superintendence of the pots and pans : since the *Ariadnes* and *Phyllises* were apt to turn lazy and "let things burn" if "Missis" ceased to overlook them.—Well : the broiling, and boiling, and frying, and stewing on the most liberal scale, was at last, happily, got through. The repast was *dished*—in a more satisfactory manner than the New-Year's dinner of Mrs. Wiggins, immortalised by Hood,—and the Lady of ——— retired to her bower, with a book : happy to be rid of her housewifery. Scarcely had the poor gentlewoman sate for three minutes in peace, ere her retreat was assailed by a squall from *Ariadne* and *Phyllis*—joined by a whimpering chorus from *Andromache*, *Sappho*, *Nausicaa*, and Heaven knows how many more ebon Graces and Goddesses !—

"Well, what now ?" said the weary Proprietress, laying aside her book with a sigh.

It appeared that the gentlemen would not allow the plaintiffs to sit down at table with them—"It was not"—they insisted—"a *Lady's party* !"

To be serious :—That Women of small fortunes should not be permitted, on easy terms, to enjoy such daily comfort as a Club can furnish, is a class-prohibition only to be maintained on a principle of Despotism or Prurience, (as may be), which will not bear examination and claims real settlement. There was a time when the English public admitted into a flower-garden, was assumed to be veritably and indeed, a Bull in a China Shop. Yet look at the roses and the carnations, and the rare flowers and shrubs, which it would puzzle any one less learned than a Fortune to name, now blooming in St. James's Park ! There was a time when Conservatism would have emptied its vial of vitriol on the folly of the

Baumonts and the Angersteins, who entrusted Claudes, and Del Piombos, and Titians to the keeping of the general public. Yet what has befallen our national pictures, save from one crazy *gentleman*? It is not enough, to suffer no rules of exclusion to prevail: whatever they be, whether framed according to the cant of Chivalry, or the cant of selfish Indulgence—the spirit must be rooted out: on every ground of generosity—of justice and of precedence. It must not be a case of excuse: concession: or expediency: but of simple rights,—simply administered. Thus treated, the mixture of sexes in a Club will cause little more disturbance than in a church or a market. Folly will force itself in everywhere—neither St. Senanus nor St. Kevin could keep clear of “bother,” as Mr. Moore will tell you, for all their misogynism prepense—but no where will Folly so resolutely force itself in, as where Exclusion reigns without reason!

And now, after the above sober sense (of the common-place aspect whereof, one might be ashamed, did one not know that the highest truths and the sublimest poetry are common-place), I will deliver myself of a crotchet in parting: ere, from Guests, I proceed to their Entertainment. Of course in a cheap Club, there can be no Honorary Members: indeed, it is a curious fact, that the persons thus designated, for the most part, belong to the class best able to pay for its pleasures. But can there be no provision for strangers and casual residents? Should there not be a welcome for such? Should not the American, who, like energetic Mr. Bayard Taylor, crosses the Atlantic, to satiate his honourable curiosity with regard to the Old World, by taking “Views Afoot,”—like the scatterer of olive-leaves, Elihu Burritt, or the true-hearted Frederick Douglass, be not so much permitted, as *courted* to make our House his home too?—to say nothing of the volatile and pragmatical Frenchman, who knew everything about London (!!) before he had quitted the *Cafés* of the Boulevards, better than after he ruefully made acquaintance with the eating-houses of Drury Lane?—to say nothing of the dear patient, plodding German, with his large appetite, and his huge curiosity, and his tiresome demands on our sympathy, and his perpetual study of the small number of shillings included in a given sovereign?—I should like to be sure that some measure such as could include tourists like these was considered by those having club direction and influence—that not only the Lions, who may make a feature at a *souree*, and furnish forth matter for compliment in a speech after dinner, or a line in the

Report—but the less noted, not to say more obscure stranger, should be encouraged to sit by our fires, and “taste our ale:”—to gather wisdom (not wind) from our journals, and experience (not prejudice) from daily intercourse with us. That we should gain a pretty handsome *per centage* of enlightenment and economic experience (to say nothing of higher and better profits, never to be lost sight of,) from such an intermixture, is not the worst reason for its advocacy, among all the followers of Whittington, whose motto is, “How best to prosper”!

THE PILGRIM.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

- When thou art young and life is fresh and gay,
And thine eye glistens, and thy heart beats high,
No fears to check, no tears to wipe away,
No retrospect to sadden with a sigh:
Strong in thy youth and happiness, beware!
Pilgrims and sojourners thy fathers were.

When in prosperity and all seems bright,
And the desire of weary years obtained;
When glad Hope makes the future dance in light,
And all forgotten in the past that pained—
Bear thy joys meekly! the dark days are nigh:
Pilgrim! the smile is brother to the sigh!

• When youth is parted, and thy hopes and joys
Like last e'en's garland all lie wan and torn,
Or cast aside like wayward childhood's toys,
While the lone spirit steals apart to mourn;
Let this thought whisper courage to thy breast,
Thou art a Pilgrim passing to thy rest!

- If thou have loved “not wisely but too well,”
If Fate have severed, or harsh words estranged,
If in thine ear shall ring the last farewell,
And the whole face of earth to thee be changed,
Chain down the tempest in thy yearning heart,
• Ask not for love a Pilgrim as thou art!

Listless and weary, when thou art among
 Scenes that have long since lost all charm for thee ;
 Dull 'mid the revel, lonely 'mid the throng,
 With memory and sad thoughts for company;
 Lock in thine heart thy sorrow, and pass by :
 A Pilgrim hath few claims to sympathy!

Love nothing much—thou can'st not keep it long ;
 Thou to thy friends may'st change, or they to thee ;
 Hate not '—but school thine heart to bear the wrong ;
 Fear not '—the future thou may'st never see ;
 Courage, O Pilgrim! Life will soon be past ;
 Thy God is left thee, and thy grave at last.

LITTLE GENTLEFOLKS ;

OR, SHOWS OF THE SEASON.

BY PAUL BELL.

London, July —, 1847.

I AM not about to trouble myself, or you, single or double Reader! with second-hand sayings of the "Terrible Children," pictured with such fearful reality by the swarm of French H.B.'s: still less again to depict "Atoms of Aristocracy," so umbrellically hatted, so heraldically plumed, so velvetably mantled, and amply sashed, and silkenly shod, whom dear Academicians have already painted—and Moons self-sacrificingly engraved, "out of pure love of Art!" The Babes of Babylon,—their pleasures at park, and play, and party,—inasmuch as Mr. Wordsworth knows that they be fathers of the Wise Men who are to rule this Gotham of ours—are a subject, I may, possibly, treat at length, with my Mrs. Bell's aid, when she comes up. Little Gentlefolks of a large growth are my theme this time,—a class to which I would fain see a little sound and civil schooling administered. Not by the Miss Mary Birch who pleasantly chastises adults into submission to all the dislocating dances of the day—but by some Conversation Sharp, who should call them up for examination, correct the false quantities in their exercises—warn them that any new attempts

at "cabbaging" would but end by plunging the perpetrators into "hot water,"—turn back the careless—and bestow a "*punde*," stinging as the schoolmaster's name, on all evil-doers twice found out in the same little offences. But, alas! no one competent seems forthcoming. Your London world, for what I can see, to the contrary, is *sprawled* over by every one who chooses to be sufficiently impudent, and happens to possess a *sticky* nature. You have now no Dr. Parrs, with the right hand to flog the presumptuous, with the left to take liberties themselves,—in one breath to storm down some rash Pretender, in the next to single out some blushing girl, with a lisping "Susan, you interest me! Come and light my pipe!" Your Society, in short, has become a Democracy, without the abuses of the *ancien regime* being banished therefrom. Why, then, in the absence of more august peals and appeals, should not I, P. Bell, "ring my chime" at the doors of the Little Gentlefolks—under *periculum*, though it be, of being bidden to "move on" by that more peremptory Peeler—The Policeman?

Do not suppose, by this, that I am about to enter the dwellings of the Poor Knights or Limited Noblemen:—to deal with unfeeling curiosity, upon persons of small incomes. Charles Lamb has shown us in his picture of Captain Jackson's imaginative pretences,—Sir Walter in his more farcical chronicle of Caleb Balderstone's contrivances to prop the crumbling credit of Wolf's Crag—that the airs and graces of the famine-bitten to hide their hunger may have their poetical no less than their coarsely-material side. And the general compassion felt for poor Miss Lucretia Tox, on the recent wedding of Mr. Dombey, bears also its proof collateral of the truth and profound wisdom of my remark that "Poor" does not necessarily mean "little;" and that "Little," unhappily, need not imply "poor."

Let me instance,—Captain Jackson's daughter Louisa, proprietress of the "thin warble," and the "cracked spinet," shall be invited from the meagre fare and the make-believe comfort of Leonidas Cottage, to pay a visit to a country house. Or it shall be Miss Tox in her weedy bonnet, or our own great Lady of the Row, Miss Martha Le Grand, whose explanation of a wondrously-worn wardrobe is that "she never changes her style." And the Country House shall be a rich one—the table "flowing with milk and honey"—the guests, one and all, in the same agony of gentility.—Fitz Woodvilles, Plantagenets, Longswords, Brazen Howards,

the like—and the visit shall be to take place at a race time, when there are carriages *à discretion* (as we say in France) to ride in, and Military to win gloves of by the score; or when a New Church is to be opened, and sixteen Clergymen come to breakfast, eight of whom are understood to be in quest of “some Woman of formed character, and amiable disposition,” &c., &c., &c., &c. I call to witness all the friends of the three Wise Virgins who make the above trefoil, whether there be not a certainty that each and all will hesitate. Owing to the wardrobe? Not quite: but because “in these great houses, when one has given a great deal of trouble to the servants,” &c., &c. Consciousness of stint in the article of vails has deterred many a poor gentlewoman from a tempting and plenteous holiday, far more than the old world spencer, or the scanty, washed muslin, “which always looks smart.” These are not Little Gentlefolks—Heaven and the Fairies help them! though queer, fantastic, and tiresome, with all their fidgetty bustle to hide and to manage and to keep up appearances! But can one withhold the epithet from a Duke and Duchess of Fontenoy, when they manage to get a year’s wages for Dairy-Woman—and Pheasants’-Eggs-Hatcher—and the three Under Churners and the seven Scullions who do nothing for the Cook—out of a parcel of poor authors and penny-a-liners and philosophers—seduced across the country by express invitation at a time of the Midland Meeting of the Mystery Association,—when the Duke and Duchess sit to the artists employed for all the Pictorial journals, and desire to have their charms and their crockery—their pictures and their pansies, pencilled to the life, by the dear dull Dutch Doctor, who is never absent from such a congress and never fails to write a book about England as “thick as a cheese?” Are not My Lord, and My Lady, *very* little, think you?—less than the Tex who has the tiniest tea-pot and the most starved skut? Do not, for this, our dear Dutch Doctor, go back to Leyden, declaring that the English are not the angels complimented by St. Augustine—that is, a people of heroic stature!—but a nation of Pigmies!

Let me mention a near view of the world of Little Gentlefolks, which our visit to London has afforded to us; and do not call me spiteful, because the transaction happened to be one in which we (my Lame Boy and I) were personal actors. I mentioned, I think, in my last, that if we were made Lions of, it was totally without our own concurrence. It would be bad for my son, and not pleasant to myself. What we are we are, and there’s an

end of it. I said, moreover, if I mistake not, that Mr. Jerold had had great trouble in keeping the place of our residence a secret—more, I must say, than so unimportant a matter is worth. You will judge, then, of my surprise the other morning, when a card was brought up to us, with a rather high name upon it (which I shan't divulge), and a message, that a *person* was below, “who was exceedingly desirous of five minutes’ conversation with Mr. Bell.” I am gruff, I own it; and in London it is necessary to be cautious. There are the Charity Poles, much smarter than you are yourself, who make their way in and then beg you to buy a half-crown book. There is the Italian Lady, whose Ambassador is always gone to Richmond, on the very day before the *signora* desires to embark in the Antwerp Packet. There are the divinely-minded pair, who are “venturing to go round to collect every one’s little mite for the Heathen”—meaning themselves!—Of all these “*Little Gentlefolks*,” I thought; and as I chanced to be shaving at the moment when the card was brought in to me, I sent word down that I *was* shaving, and that any one who wanted me must come again in half-an-hour.

Up came an acquiescent and most friendly answer. The *party* (’tis an odious phrase, but I know of none less obnoxious) “found it a pleasure to wait my leisure,”—a message which set my Lame Boy off: and he went limping up and down the room, keeping up a jingle about “*measure*” and “*treasure*.” “Brush up your hair, father: and put on your best waistcoat!” said the imp. “This must be some fashionable Poetess, who has fallen in love with your ‘Heads and Tails.’”

I chid the Boy for a piece of nonsense unbecoming to both of us:—though I could not conceive what any person bearing such a name, could want with me. Presently the wheels stopped before the house again—making quite a sensation in our dull street. This time, up came Madam:—I must say, a striking-looking person: though my graceless boy declares she has a beard—and from the very first moment would call her nothing else but “*Mustapha*.”

Do you know, sir—do you *not* know—what is meant by *Manner*?—how a lie shall be slid against you so sweetly, that, although you feel it to be a lie, you cannot help holding out your hand, making your best bow, and saying “*Thank you!*”—how you shall sit to be complimented on your squint, till you are satisfied that even eyes are out of the Line of Beauty—how you shall be

promised advancement in your ear, till, for half-an-hour after, you feel (as Captain Jackson might have done) the spiritual pride of a Bishop of Exeter—or the weighty responsibilities of a Chancellor—nay, even, a touch or so, of a Miss Angela's limitless boupteousness, or of the intoxicating privileges of Royalty? Were you never claimed for relation, with a fascinating "*We?*"—were you never cheated out of your dues with a bland and open "*And you know, my dear friend, we agreed so and so?*"—yet all the time felt the cheat:—bound fast, by some mesmeric charm, from protesting, or showing indignation: or making the slightest effort towards self-assertion or relief? O for an Unknown Tongue, under such oppression? O for the comfort of the Great Man of Candy! who, on receiving a visit from an Englishman of consideration; between every clause of the Interpreter's discourse, (framed, no doubt, like that reported in "*Eothen*,") bowed his head with grave politeness, and replied, slowly and sonorously, "*Ca dab!*" "*What does the cinnamon-coloured gentleman mean?*" asked the inquisitive John Bull, at last,—"*What is he saying?*" "*He says, my Lord,*" was the satisfactory reply—"that Your Highness lies!"

Well—to return—I will not profess that impatience had reached this pass, with me, while my guest was speaking; but, somehow or other, I felt the whole concern very wonderful, and ringing rather hollow! "This was a pleasure which she and Sir Mark had long proposed to themselves! And Sir Mark was so distressed that he could not accompany her! Just, however, as he was getting on his horse, there had come a message from Windsor—which, we all know, was not to be disregarded—but she had been resolved not to be prevented. She *could* wait no longer—and here she was!"

That, at least, was a fact self-evident. But, what next?—What did it all mean? I am always fearful of wearing other men's laurels; and therefore—somewhat awkwardly, my Boy says—explained to my polite visitant, that I feared she was in error with respect to me: that I was not very famous: nor hardly worth the courtesy of a visit: that I was not the pleasant author of the "*Life of Canning*," and the sensible new comedy—that I was as little the graceful Sculptor and Member of the Etching Club:—that I had, till then, conceived my poor little works unknown in Belgravia, and unheard of in May Fair. "Far from it," was the cordial reply—"They had them all in Yorkshire!"

they knew some by heart!" My boy made game of me, ~~face~~ for not asking, "*Which?*" Then, he was busy, making a sketch of a profile: though he says he could have come by as good a study from a side view of a Brown Bergamot Pear, with a beard on its upper lip!

"I presume," proceeded the mellifluous Lady, "that you are the father of my young friend, there, the Artist!" At which, my Samson, for all he says, he did not mind—turned as red as scarlet; and I saw his chalk give a *dig* into the paper, which made an end of the Head of Mustapha.

"Yes," I said,—it was so: well pleased, if it should turn out that my Lame Boy, not I, was the attraction.

Then, would we make herself and Sir Mark happy, by giving them the great pleasure of our company at The Snails, ("our cottage close to Sion,") on Friday, the fifteenth?

I hesitated:—we were both of us—I said, with thanks—so much occupied in London, as to have no right, nor time, for hay-making or play-making.

The Lady's civility rose a degree. She was delighted to hear that my Boy, "her friend," had so many engagements.—But surely an afternoon in sweet country air would do us both good: and the air at The Snails was singularly sweet, and capitally country! And everybody had heard of the Strawberry beds at The Snails—and there *might*, perhaps, be one or two young friends who would sing a little. We *must* come to her!—Sir Mark had made her promise that she would not return to The Snails without having procured him the pleasure of our acquaintance. She *could not* venture to face him, without having secured us.

I thought I saw my Boy look as if he would like it: and not, I assure you, on my own account, assented reluctantly, and was on the point of asking, how a pair of home-spun pilgrims like ourselves, might most easily get to Sion; when, behold! she was gone. "No attendance, my dear sir," said the Lady, airily:—to my great admiration of her simplicity. Something of the kind, I suppose, I may have said: for I heard my Boy's laugh: and not choosing to give him an opportunity of being pert—"And what are you drawing now?" said I.

"A Liontrap," was the saucy fellow's answer; "and Mustapha looking in.—Here she is back again, I vow."

No:—but it was a much more august person than herself—

her fine footman : who would have forgotten himself so far as to walk into our room covered, but for the saucy "Hats off!" of my magpie. "My Lady forgot," said the man, "to tell your young man to be sure to bring his books." And the hat was on : and the man off : and the hall-door shut ; and the street quiet again, ere we could ask for an explanation of so odd a message.

"My books!" cried my boy. "Why, Father, what can they want with my books, at Dancing Teas, or Singing Strawberries and Creams? If Mustapha had asked for *your* books, that would have been some something more like the right thing.—I say, Father, there's humbug in the business, I'll bet you a shilling there is."

Did you ever know the Father that would own to a cheat which his Son had been first to detect?—There is no staff we seniors give so unwillingly from our hands, as the divining-rod of superior discernment. And if there is a word which puts me out (we have all of us our pet words and our antipathies), it is "*humbug*." So—to make a clean breast, for the instruction of all who may be in a like predicament—I lost patience with my provoking son : bade him hold his tongue, and told him that he did not know the world.

Every one who is familiar with the romance of literary life must be aware that strong sympathies alone are required for fast friendships—and that authors are liable to such abrupt approaches. What if my Lady and Sir Mark *had* been struck by my unworthy productions? We had heard of such things in Halcyon Row. We had read "The Lion," and Mrs. Trollope's "Charles Chesterfield," and "Ranthorpe." And *he* was the person who would profit by the opening. It might, or it might not be the difference between a lame country drawing-master and a R.A. who corrected His Highness The Prince's sketches.

Castles in the Air—as dear Mrs. Gore will bear me out in saying—are sometimes "run up" by contradiction, with the royal disregard of expense. I had seen Miss Le Grand build them by the Street and Crescent : whenever I ventured to doubt the marketable value of the scrap of waste ground she called her Orchard, but where wet clothes, not apples, hung. Thus my rebuke of Sampson's impertinence had disordered me, to the point of injuring my usually (I will say) good judgment. I thought more of The Snails on the fifteenth, than a man of my age should. What if Sir Edward should be there, being desirous of meeting

me? or he, whom Mrs. Blackadder, by way of being genteel, ~~would~~ always call *Boswell*? What if Michael Angelo wanted a new study for his "Vanity Fair?" I rehearsed the whole scene; their graciousness; my diffidence—their holding out the Golden Sceptre—my touching the same. After many a lowly "Too kind!" (Miss Le Grand's answer to common "How do you do?")—a trouble of which I had never heretofore dreamed, seized me. What manner of garments would it be proper to wear among the Singing Strawberries and at The Snails?—Then, I had dim visions that when Authors went to Court it was proper that they should take copies of all their works handsomely bound: and wondered how Mr. G. P. R. James managed. One of Miss Le Grand's most frequent stories was of what Queen Adelaide had said to the Reverend Ozias Cockle, on the latter presenting Her Majesty with his sermon, for the Lying-In Hospitals. Perhaps something of the kind might be expected in great houses. Believe me, a Castle in the Air is not to be completed without much anxiety as to all its stories, both upper and lower! I am more thankful than I can express, that my Mrs. Bell was not with me during those few days! The new suit of black is paid for: and I will never tell what it cost.

My court attire (somewhat modester than dear Goldsmith's bloom-coloured apparel) had not, however, been tried on—when, early in the day of the tenth, while my Boy was sitting drawing, and I at my desk, a note was brought in. It had a smell of musk, poisonous enough to put the Sanatory Commission on the scent for the day; and was sealed with something which my Boy compares to the wrong side of a half-crown reflected in a spoon. I have cut off the seal for little Anne; and here is the substance of the "inclosure" for Mr. Jerrold's readers:—

"THE SNAILS, July 9th.

"Lady —— loses no time in acquainting Mr. Bell and his son, that finding herself mistaken as to the latter being a musician, she cannot receive them at The Snails on the fifteenth."

I pushed the note to my Lame Boy—for the moment too entirely ashamed of my folly to utter one word. He turned very red: but it was because he saw I was vexed. He has never cut a joke about me since.

So this was what the civility of the Queen of the Snails had meant: Music for the Aristocracy, and Plebeians to find themselves in coach-hire! Great Artists to succour Little

Gentlefolks! My boy declared, that he was confident that he had seen *Mustapha's* phaeton in our street, the day before: "asking," he supposed, "from the Postman, or Mr. Lillyvick the Water-collector, whether we did play on the Jew's-harp or not—whether we got up our faces with a black which stood in the open air." I discredited his story at the time: but some light was thrown thereon in the *Court Crawler* of the sixteenth. There, among other fashionable intelligence, figured a flaming report of

Musique et Fraises. Lady ——'s *Matinée*.

Heaven bless us! what greatness had been well nigh thrust upon me. Among other royal and noble personages had been the (Half) Crown Prince of Saxe-Würstlingen; the Heir Apparent of Assam, Siam, or Seringapatam (I forget which) with his suite—and Dr. Polyglott by way of interpreter. There had been the three great Heiresses—the Juno—the Venus—and the Minerva of our golden Olympus—and THE DUKE—"revelling," said the *Crawler*, among the "graces and the strawberries:" Then, after the grandees came plainer persons, the "*Messieurs*" A. E. and I. O. U.—to go no farther. The glorious chronicle of this sweetly rural festivity—the air of which was to have done us so much good—was wound up with a panegyric on the concert, which was principally contributed by "a *recherché* party of amateurs, The Misses and the Messieurs *Etcetera*: whose performances had all *Une telle* the thorough-bred *je ne sais quoi* of *dilettanti*—and whose ennobling position in the highest circles renders them superior to the rage of lucre"—aided by some professional guitar playing and singing from Signor Bellini and his son!

The *Crawler* added, with its usual perspicacious accuracy, "that these were the sole surviving relations of the distinguished composer of 'Norma,' who had been rescued from their obscurity by the notoriously fostering patronage of Lady ——," &c. &c.,—to which followed the well-known doxology of adulation.

"Why, Father!" almost screamed my Boy, in the delight of a discovery—"those must be those half-starved looking people who play on the guitar at number 6 B! Mrs. Tankard told me their names were Bellamy!"

Even so it proved to be. We have, subsequently, come to know both Father and son: (I, to gain, thereby, a close insight into Prodigy Life by which your readers may be the better); and it turns out that my Boy was right: that the Queen of The Snails did pay them a visit on the *Ninth Ultimo*—did promise them,

too, country air, strawberries, patronage, and the fervid gratitude of the always-prevented Sir Mark : that the poor people had toiled to Sion, through the heat and the dust, "on speculation" as the Father owned—and there was a sort of squalid and *trading* tone, in his confession which made me sick at heart—that the Hostess had introduced them to nobody—Sir Mark being never at his wife's parties ; had hardly thanked them for their playing and singing ; and that not only they, but also the Wüerstlingens and Assams and Golden Venuses and illustrious Dukes—to say nothing of the *Messieurs* I. O. U., etc.—had complained loudly of being entrapped thither on false pretences. Not one Strawberry was to be seen, or found, or heard of, about The Snails ! They, the Bellamys, had subsequently made inquiries : (and here, to be just, let me observe that Artists seem always nervously unwilling to make inquiries *before hand*). The Great—no, the Little—Lady was well known it seems. She it was who had gone down on her knees to Paganini : She had chaced Malibran—Heaven knows where ! She it was who had been only prevented by Teutonic perseverance, from donning one of Sir Mark's box coats and hats, and casting in her lot with the German serenaders, when they assailed the Brompton villa of Mademoiselle Jenny ! and distanced in this, and subsequent like advances, she has since grown critical and depreciating : and said cutting things with regard to Master Betty's Meteor and Mob popularity ! She was well known to the real Bellinis *et id genus*—who would no more of her strawberry leaves—and hence, unable any longer to snow "distinguished foreigners," like a woman of spirit, had of late commenced patriotically snowing "native talent," and sunk (must I say ?) from the Bellinis to the Bellamys !

So much for a Little Lady on the largest possible scale !—one of a class merely—and the class a large one—who are the fittest possible subjects for the microscopic observation. It is desperate, to fancy, that in the scale of animated nature, there should be found creatures subsidiary to these Emmets ! Yet such are all who minister to, or employ them ; or, like Bell or Bellamy, allow themselves to be cajoled into the slightest acceptance of their advances. We have no business to rail too righteously against the antics of Dwarfs ; if we hold a clerkship in the Dwarf manufactory. But I find this Pygmies, their littleness, and the World's consent, grow upon me, just when I should have done. There is, alas ! room enough for a second mission into Lilliput.

THE CLIMAX OF THE MIDDLE AGE MANIA.

THE EXHIBITIONS AT WESTMINSTER.

At the beginning of the last month the competition for oil paintings took place, and the works of the competitors were exhibited at Westminster Hall. There were 120 pictures, not one of which was positively bad. That those which gained prizes are quite entitled to them no one, we believe, who has seen them, can doubt.

It is not, however, our intention to dwell on this transient exhibition: it is another and more permanent one to which it is our purpose to direct attention—that presented by the New House of Lords—to all intents and purposes a “Show Place.” The whole scope of its designers has been to please the public by suddenly revealing a blaze of finery, very little consideration being given to the purpose and objects of the apartment. Now, therefore, that public admiration has subsided, we deem it a fitter opportunity to examine this production closely and coolly than when its “wonderful effects” won the praises of every superficial observer.

The first instalment of the great debt to the people and the parliament due by that exalted firm, of which Mr. Barry the architect is the acting member, and of which the Royal Commissioners of Fine Arts are sleeping partners, was paid on the 15th of April. After nearly ten years’ struggle with bricks and mortar—with stone-masons’ “strikes,” and ventilating quackery—with dissatisfied artists who were beaten in competition—with mediæval sculptors—with plumbers, painters and glaziers in the style of the Middle Ages—with makers of modern-antique furniture and manufactures of Gothic decorations—with in short mediæval maniaes of every shade of artistic delusion—the House of Peers was opened. It has already received that grave and reverend Seignory, known in this country as the “Lords spiritual and temp

It is natural that public expectation should have been most vividly excited towards this small instalment of a great promise. It is

the first sample from which they could judge of the probable effect and scope, and character of the bulk—one little bit of the Present from which they could peer into that vista of the Future ; at the end which they may see, as through an inverted telescope, the entire palace complete. Indeed there was scarcely a circumstance omitted either in the preliminary proceedings, or in the progress of this national edifice, calculated to raise bright anticipation to the highest point. In the first place, besides providing the legislators of Great Britain with a roof to cover them, the new palace of Westminster was intended to give such an impetus to art, as art had not experienced at any previous epoch of architecture or history. With this view every possible means and appliance was created : a committee of taste was formed with royalty at its head ; and every sculptor and painter in the kingdom was invited to offer his aid and his skill in adorning the gigantic design of Barry. Sound judgment in selecting from the cloud of candidates was to put aside the prestige of celebrity, and the influence of name ; proficiency was alone to gain each prize, and competition was to conquer the fiercest assaults of jobbery. From the new edifice, English art was to commence a vigorous career, and a national school to have a local habitation and a name. Ever since it was begun, the Royal Commission have had the credit of so diligently superintending the progress of the work, that no portion of it—from the stupendous magnificence of the Victoria tower to the minute tracery of a frieze or a boss—but has been modelled in little, “sat upon,” and considered with the fond hope of ensuring such harmony of parts as would produce a grand, unique, and comprehensive whole.

The effect has been a vision, which has, for the last ten years, been floating before the public, of a legislative palace which will—if the present generation survive long enough to see it completed—combine all possible elegance, splendour and brilliancy of detail, with grandeur, dignity, utility and fitness of mass. The decorations, it has been dreamed, though not deficient in brilliancy, would be—by the subduing and harmonising influence of the Royal Commission—subordinated to the architectural tone and business purposes of the various interiors which the walls enclose. British patriots, therefore, have been swelling with the hope that at some distant day there will stand in Westminster an edifice worthy of the age and of the nation.

The opening of the New House of Lords helped to dissolve this

ion from the expectant imaginations of the aristocracy when it was shown to them on the night of the 15th of April. We, who were present, cannot trust ourselves to describe this gorgeous and strangely angled interior, and therefore prefer abstracting the temperate and tasteful description of it which appeared in the *Daily News*.

"It is the House of the Cloth of Gold. At the upper end is the throne, a mass of tabernacle work and gilding more like a shrine for St. Thomas à Beckett, or at least our Lady of Walsingham, and just that kind of seat where fancy would place Edmund the Martyr or Edward the Confessor, not William IV. or Queen Victoria. Immediately above the throne is Mr. Dyce's fresco 'The Baptism of Ethelbert,' too high to be seen to advantage, and on either side of the fresco rich red draperies powdered with stars, and crowns, and lions, in yellow, suspended to conceal the recesses left vacant for future frescoes. At the lower end of the house is the reporters' gallery, and immediately above that, three more vacant arcades for frescoes. The eye ascending beholds a flat panelled ceiling filled with shields, devices, and legends, which puzzle and fatigue attention. Ranging lower you observe that the house is lighted with twelve windows, six on either side, and that one of the windows is filled with painted glass, containing full-length figures of early kings and queens, made by Mr. Hardman, of Birmingham, in the spirit of mediæval art—out of drawing in every line, and every one with hands like glove-stretchers. These are done as a 'pattern' for Messrs. Ballantyne and Allan, who have the commission for the stained glass, to work by. Between the windows and at either end of the house are niches, eighteen in number, for statues of the Magna Charta barons, but two alone have as yet been erected—Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Robert Fitzwalter, 'Marshal of the army of God and the holy church.' These are by Mr. Thomas, the able sculptor of the whole of the statues throughout the building. Immediately beneath the windows runs a light and elegant gallery of brass-work, filled in compartments with coloured mastic in imitation of enamel. On the soffits of the gallery (or cornice immediately beneath the gallery), are the arms of the sovereigns and chancellors of England, from the reign of Edward III. to the present time, and below these are the seats of the peers, five on either side, covered with red morocco, and luxurious to sit down upon. The body of the house is occupied by a large table of oak (plain for a wonder), and the red woollack of the chancellor. The carpet is blue, powdered with stars, in the old star-chamber fashion, and the carpet of the throne is red, spotted with heraldic lions and roses. After this general description of the house, we may turn to some of the details.

"There are parts, however, of the house that differ from the bulk of the building, and one is pleased to escape from an architectural display, not unlike Garter in his coat, by turning to panels where gold-leaf and colour have done nothing to disturb the repose of what you see. The side panelling of the house, both above and below the brass gallery, is carved in compartments, the lower tiers in what is called the 'linen pattern'; the upper tiers in enriched arcades and ornaments, with legends of 'God save the Queen.' The corridors running at the sides and without the house are also plain; and here you find stone spandrels and bosses unchoked by colour, and with the

marks of the chisel still visible upon them. It is really a relief to get here and escape from the splendour you have seen—the multitude of lions ‘calming the terrors of their claws in gold.’ and the extreme bad taste of painting Langton and Fitzwalter of a bronze colour, and introducing a lion and unicorn with vanes within doors, where it is impossible that a wind could be found to stir them.”

The effect of all this, when suddenly presented to the entrant, is, it cannot be denied, pleasing. The eye is dazzled, and the imagination is for the moment captivated; but only for a moment; for when the judgment begins to operate, the charm is at once found to be identical with that communicated in beholding a beautiful toy, or a cunningly-manufactured curiosity. You find that your admiration has been won by the finical fidelity with which the barbaric beauty of a past and dark age has been reproduced. The associations called up by your eye, though most agreeable, are truly discordant, when the pleasing impression sinks into the mind, and commences the operation of thought. Then it is you ask, What is this?—a hall for legislative wisdom to deliberate in, or a fairy palace?—a chamber in which the solid welfare of a large proportion of the civilised world is influenced,—or a fragile production of Mr. Gunter, the confectioner—an edifice by Mr. Bradwell, the eminent manufacturer of the last scenes of pantomimes?

In short, when the effect of the praises which have already been lavished by some portion of the press on this flimsy interior has cooled off,—when the public eye has recovered its sight after the blinding gorgeousness of the decorations, the deplorable conviction *will* follow, that the opening of the new House of Lords has awakened the sanguine for art from a very noble vision, and put to flight all expectation of the immediate resuscitation of true taste. Not that the dream has been dispelled by the rough hand of a coarse and shocking disappointment, but by the light touch of a bright and dazzling deception; for the new House of Lords, as a house for legislative purposes, really is a deception; but we must own a very pretty one.

Bring the apartment to what bar you will, it is a mistake—morally, historically, and artistically, an error. Let us see how an inspection of it affects the mind morally—the very first point of view in which all works, pretending to the rank of works of art, should be considered—for the end of all art is emotion.

Architecture, and its helpmate, Decorative Art, have only done

their office well when they have raised in the mind emotions accordant with the special purposes for which their creations are intended. The gay decorations of the Theatre or ball-room help on the impression of pleasure and recreation of which they are the scenes. The sober plainness of the Hall of Justice leaves the faculties to the free exercise of the grave duties to be performed in it ; the massive grandeur of the Cathedral imparts a sentiment of awe and of veneration ; but what emotion can be expected from a House of Lords tricked out in party colours and gold-leaf ? Will the spectator feel that he is in a chamber devoted to the performance of the highest functions of the State ? Will it recall the sufferings of Essex, or the eloquence of Chatham ? Or will not the black-leaded plaster casts, the grotesquely-costumed figures stained in glass, the dazzling ceiling, the rose-powdered carpet, the mastic-studded rails, and the orchestra-like reporters' gallery, put him in mind of a modern mediæval fancy ball, and make him sigh for Jullien's band, and a partner in ruffio and laced stomacher ?

The attempt to suggest historical associations has been made with equal ill-success. From one of the original specifications put forth for the instruction of the artist-competitors by the Royal Commission of Fine Arts, it was to be inferred that the hall should have been suggestive of *various* periods of history, by means chiefly of frescoes illustrating prominent events in British annals. The house, as it is, on the contrary, is suggestive of only one period of history—unhappily, the worst possible for the interest of true art—that when Gothic art was in its infancy ; when forms were badly conceived and clumsily limned, for the want of skill ; when kings and queens were stained on glass with straight claws, because fingers and toes were beyond the imitative powers of the primitive draughtsman ; when the British Lion was made to bear a desperate resemblance to the equally-fabulous griffin ;—when, in short, monkish art was too young to round off the grotesque into the beautiful. The *rennaissants* decorators have servilely copied these bad forms—and this brings us to consider the subject in its artistic bearings.

Blind to everything but the dark ages and the blazing beauty of primitive colour and heraldic gaud, they have produced a general effect by which it is impossible to lead the imagination captive through the “dim vistas of hoary antiquity ;” and this impossibility resides in the very first principle from which they start.

Overlooking one of the true causes of the sensations awakened by antique forms and objects—veneration—they have kept out of view the fact that the very newness and freshness of the blazonry with which their work is covered, destroys that emotion. They have forgotten, that no sunning of the mortal artificer can create the effect which the most efficient, though the slowest of all workmen, *Time*, so unerringly produces. It is because the slow destroyer has dimmed the flaring gaudiness of mediæval decorations that they please the eye of the amateur, because *Time* has toned down and softened the puerile splendours of a monkish age, which were characteristic of a state of infant art, and which are only interesting *now* historically, as indications of what art was. But deliberately, painfully, to reproduce these puerilities in the healthy utility and the vigorous manhood of this age, can only be deplored as a substantive anachronism. Everything calculated to associate the hall with strength and power has been “sicklied over” with spangles and paint. The oak which furnishes

“The wooden walls of Old England”

has contributed the throne of the new House of Lords, but only to be concealed by gilt and coloured frippery. The stone carvings are hidden behind red, blue, and yellow pigment, and the walls are covered with childish legends, traced, luckily, in such extremely gothic characters, that nobody can read them. In justice, however, we must not omit a single characteristic of the present time. One of the legends establishes a full recognition of the “Fifth Estate”—the Press. Over a lobby of entrance is written in Gothic characters, “TO THE REPORTERS’ GALLERY.”

But what is the use of a reporters’ gallery within walls where the cry of “Hear! hear!” is uttered in vain—where eloquence might as well have no tongue—and where he that hath ears to hear can *not* hear? It is said, that the Frenchman who first made sugar from beet-root, produced a capital article—to look at. It was exquisitely white; its crystallization was dazzlingly perfect; it had, in short, only one fault—it was not sweet. The story applies to this new hall for oratory and audience; nothing can be prettier to look at, but it is adapted for many things better than for speaking and hearing.

Thus, then, has the vision which we have indulged respecting Westminster Palace been dispelled. Instead of a structure as noble in detailed execution as it really was grand in design, we

shall have—if the present style of decoration be persevered in—a bad imitation of the worst age which could have been selected for the artist to copy from. Where, then, are all the designs, professions, and institutions, not only of the Fine Art Commission, but of the architect himself? Truly they have been swept away. The whole body have fallen down flat to worship the mediæval idol. The Puseyites began this idolatry, and the *Puginites* have consummated it on the altar of bad taste.* By the sacrifice of pure English art, neither the architect, who has altered his original design to adapt it to the new Gothic mania, nor the Fine Art Commission, appear to have had wills of their own. They have been drawn into the mistake of stopping that *progress* which is the strength and glory of this age, to put us back a half-a-dozen centuries. Despite their original published invitations to modern artists, they now tell them, “You must not be artists of to-day, but professors of the paintings and sculpture that flourished six centuries ago.”

Let, however, this specimen of the whole, afforded by the new House of Lords, have its proper effect on public opinion, which must rise and express itself emphatically before the Middle Age Mania is spread over the rest of the gigantic palace. As yet it has only partly disfigured the building, and, fortunately, the sin exists chiefly in the decorations. The architect's main design, though modified, has not been hopelessly distorted by it. The larger, grander parts of the structure will always do honour to the genius of Barry. The Victoria Tower will, in every respect, be the grandest pile of its kind in the world; but alas, the new House of Lords, what is it? A grievous, gorgeous, gilded, flimsy, false-timed blunder. It will represent to a future age no trait—it will leave behind no expression of the national characteristic of the middle of the nineteenth century. It will merely indicate that about this period the Middle Age Mania was at its height.

A SERMON ON UNIVERSAL CHARITY,

"AND WHAT WAS THE FRUIT IT BORE.

BY G. DE LYS.

A SHORT discourse was preached, at the parish church of —, by a young clergyman, on the first Sunday after his appointment, at £40 a year, as curate to a canon residentiary who held that living, with other preferment. He had never before addressed any congregation. The parish contained several families of great respectability; which term must always be understood to signify wealth, and those other adjuncts akin to wealth, that not only place the possessors above all necessity of conforming themselves in any respect to each other's tastes, pursuits, and habits, but make them also in a great measure independent of other men's favourable opinion and good will; which the poorer and meaner sort must cultivate, according to the same law by which they cultivate the ground, with toil and sweat, as giving them a title to the creature comforts of life, nay, oftener still, the only means of supplying its merest wants.

It was a very orderly parish. Rich and poor, all within were regular church-goers; for our young curate's predecessor had, throughout a long residence there, always punctually and zealously discharged his high duties. Faithful, to his Great Master, he was a tender and generous friend to the poor, a stay and comforter to the sick and desolate, a kind and able counsellor to the conscience-stricken and the doubtful, and an active minister of peace among all. Therefore all in the parish were of his congregation. But, at his death, some differences of opinion on polemical matters, which had been restrained from outbreak by his healing doctrines and example, broke forth among the more respectable of the communicants into, to say the least of it, an intense and peremptory desire to ascertain what might be the controversial bias of the new pastor. And none doubted but that somewhat in that sort might be to be gathered or inferred from the inaugural discourse. And each was hopeful of discovering therein, as in a chart laid open before a practised eye, the indication of some

strong holding ground, some snug and land-locked cove of shelter, for his own small dark privateer craft of warlike controversy to cast its biting anchor in.

But in this expectation all were disappointed. Of High or Low Church tendency—of a leaning to the Arminian or to the Calvinistic side of the Articles—of a preference for Evangelical or Tractarian interpretation of the sense, natural or non-natural, wherein points of Faith are to be rightly understood—of all this nothing indeed could therein be found, how jealously soever sought for. Even as the visionary water-springs and palm groves which mock the dreary wayfarer of the desert with promise of some loved shadow for repose or sparkling draught to slake his burning thirst, but vanish in succession as they rise before his dazzled and craving hope,—so would a faint glimpse sometimes present itself to Fancy, a dreamy picture in the far-off distance of some blest oasis of refreshingly exclusive doctrine, where the contentious and weary might rest and banquet; and, ever and anon, an eager impulse beat quick and strong in answer to an opening sentence, which seemed to promise much, yet passed away, leaving what was most looked and longed for more vague and doubtful even than before. All was of the simple Catholic doctrine of Him who set the little child in the midst, and said “of such is the kingdom of Heaven;” who preferred the worship of the Publican before that of the Pharisee; who calleth to the heavy laden to come to Him, and He will give them rest; and whose voice was heard upon the waters of Galilee, saying, “It is I—be not afraid.”

The text was from the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles—“But the greatest of these is Charity.” And the discourse was of the nature and obligations of Universal Charity. It appeared to some to be a text singularly chosen for the occasion. For how could it apply itself to the subject of an appointment to a laborious curacy at £40 a-year? Nevertheless, all left the Church highly pleased with the discourse. Several expressed their approbation in letters sent by the next post to their friends. A letter of congratulation, lastly, was addressed to the young curate himself by his far distant Rector, to whose ears the intelligence had come as a flattering tribute of praise for *his* considerate goodness in having vouchsafed to the parish a curate, who had made such early display of powers and disposition to serve God and his flock. These letters we will give, in order, as they were communicated to us:—

The first was from a single lady, of respectable independence

in the parish, of much and long experience, and whose judgment was much deferred to by a large body of correspondents of her own sex, age, and condition, on all subjects of religious and social propriety.

LETTER I.—FROM MISS JUDITH SHARPE, OF STONE COTTAGE, TO MRS. JUSTUS CRAMPTON, OF EDGE-ON-THE-SOWER, SOWERBY, YORKSHIRE.

MY BELOVED FRIEND,

I haste, according to promise, to send you an account of our young curate's first sermon. I can truly say that, as far as it went, it was, both in manner and substance, all that *even you or I* could desire. I say, *as far as it went*. There were, doubtless, topics omitted which we should, both of us, be inclined to think most desirable in the introductory effort of a person to whom the requirements of his flock naturally turn for satisfaction, if not for confirmation, on some points of belief as well as discipline,—you know what I mean—on which you and I have so often conversed in such happy agreement, but on which, unhappily, so many divisions are to be found within the pale of our church. On these points, I lament to say it, absolutely nothing could be inferred, even as to the preacher's own impressions. But we must hope for the best. Nor was there in his manner that tone of authority, that confidence of stewardship, one so much wishes to see, particularly in those whose ministry is among a congregation containing within it so many of the lower, and vulgar, and grossly ignorant sort, as in this parish. But this may come, and I trust will, with more use of the pulpit.

His text was, on the whole, not ill chosen. Paul, 1st. Corinth., Chap. XIII., verse 13. "But the greatest of these is Charity." A doctrine much needed amongst us here; Heaven knows, to be specially recommended in the largest and most Christian sense. He told us all boldly of our faults. I say us;—for you know, my dear, I don't pretend to be better than my neighbours. I do believe, I may say it of myself, without arrogance, that if there be one perfection whose importance I have ever more specially acknowledged or humbly striven for with a more hopeful zeal than any other of the perfections necessary to a Christian calling, it is this very one of Charity, in its widest and universal influence, knowing how imperfect we all are; the best of us. To you, I will say it, dear Mrs. Justus, (for with you I have no reserve), I do not remember having ever heard anything that set me more a-thinking—more

perhaps, I am ready to admit, than ever before—on this great subject. He took the Apostle's definitions in their order; enforcing each with so much modesty and good sense, but at the same time with an under-current of shrewd and searching illustration, capable of being as clearly and particularly applied as if he had known those he was addressing as long and thoroughly as I have, and as if he had said to A, B, and C, (who shall be nameless,) "I appeal now to your consciences against yourselves." It was very remarkable, this; and gives me a high opinion of his discernment. I leave it to you, my dear, to judge,—for you know this unhappy parish *almost* as well as I do. If you had but heard the dauntless and missionary tone in which he gave out these words, and commented upon them:—"Charity suffereth long, and is *kind*. Charity *envieth* not. Charity *vaunteth* not itself; is not *puffed up*!" Fancy now the squire's pew, which you know, with its scarlet lining and fringed cushions, just under the pulpit which he spoke from; and in that pew the squire himself, and those awfully spoilt children, whom one *could* so whip; and his odious wife, with her French polka pelisse sticking out there! "*Puffed up*" indeed! I'll be bound the Corinthians never saw anything like *that*! And *he*, from whom hardly a civility, so much as a dinner at the Hall, or even a bow at the church-door must be expected, —except, indeed, near election-time—and *then* to be sure he *is* condescending enough! And *she*, who from sheer envy cannot see one's name down for an annual 2*l.* to our Christian-Fellowship-according-to-Church-of-England-Discipline Day School, but she must needs top one with her ostentatious 5*l.*! And then, "*Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil*!" I, *could* not but take *one* peep over the corner of my pew into the *next* pew to me,—you know it,—to see how *this* was borne by no less a person than that Mrs. Joab Pierce, the rich salesman's widow there, who can't speak two words together of intelligible English, and is one of the life-patronesses of our school, and certainly not behaving herself very *seemly* among her betters, with that show of artificial flowers at church on herself and her two big daughters, and their eternal eye-glasses,—and bustling going into church, and bustling going out, whilst other people *would* be collecting their thoughts for pious meditation,—and she, the most violent-tempered, censorious, poor thing of any I can name in this quarrelsome censorious neighbourhood. Never happy but when she *thinks* she is inflicting a wound.

'I wonder how *she* felt. At all events I was glad, for *her* sake, to see she *looked* as if she would not forget it; and I warrant our young clergyman will be no favourite of *her's* for the lecture he read *her*. In short, as I said before, the sermon was a *most* valuable one; though I fear its doctrines have fallen sadly by the wayside, where they will be trampled on. I am bound in charity to hope not.

But I must now leave you, dearest Mrs. Justus—I must attend the Charity Day School. For it is my week. And I am the more bound to go, as that Mrs. J. P. happens to be my colleague, as weekly visitor. And I would not be five minutes late. For I *could* not trust the school for *one* minute of the five to *her* sole management, and answer for the consequences of her unspeakable vulgarity, ignorance, bad temper, and bad judgment. So I break off. But, knowing you will rejoice with me in all I have so imperfectly said of this excellent sermon, I remain, my beloved friend, as ever,

Yours most affectionately,
J. SHARPE.

LETTER II.—FROM MRS JOAN WARLY PIERCE TO THE REV. GRISLEY SWINNER,
HARDEN TOWNS, FLINT. CANON RESIDENTIARY OF ———.

REVEREND SIR,

You laid me under an obligation, so to speak, that I should write you, at earliest convenience, my candid opinion of our new minister, as his first effort might have given it me. I hasten to take this opportunity by due course of post so to do, beholden as I am to your expressed wishes, according to the best of my poor abilities. And excuse all faults. I should do the young gentleman an injustice,—which I hope I never may be found to do an injustice to any fellow-creature, knowing of the same,—if I did not say he made a great impression on us all. Not but there was, I am free to acknowledge, a many particulars on which in this benighted parish I will have the boldness to think he might have denounced, much to our instruction and comfort; which he didn't. Not that I intend any amputation on the young gentleman, or would presume it. Though I *have* heard doctrine, Reverend Sir, from them as shall be nameless to *you*, that I much wished might have borne fruit to edification and sound controversy on this favourable occasion. But, from beginning to end, though often led to hope he might have given us something on the points I have so often listened to with

improvement, (not from our late curate, good sir, but from his *betters*,) on the backslidings of Popery and Sectarianism, Antimonialism, Sublapsarians, and Supralapsarians, and Anchorites and Amoritos which was smote with the edge of the sword, and the like, which, as I said before, he did not cast any healing light on any of them, which is much to be lamented;—though venal. Nevertheless, both my daughters and me, which went early and staid it out, with our humble respects to you, Reverend Sir, and all your worthy family, and we beg particular Comp'ts to Mrs. S. and all we hear is expected soon to be added to your blessed family, and may your Reverence have your quiver full on 'em,—which we hope they are in good health, as thanks be to Him we are at this present,—agrees in opinion that the Sermon was to Edification, and so, in my poor way will endeavour to give you the best account I can of it.

First, his delivery was undeniable, though wanting a trifle in unction, which may come. Grant it may! But what is these externals to “that which passeth show, good mother”? (See Psalmist.)

Now what do you think was his text? If I venter, with all difference, to think it the best he could have chose, and if I may venter to riddle your reverence as to what you may guess that text was, I saying it is *my* favourite text, I almost think I hear your reverence make answer and say, “Mrs. J. P. I know what it was—I know your heart. It was ‘The greatest of these is Charity.’” And so it was, dear sir. “But the greatest of these is Charity.” And nothing about “Faith,” and “Hope,”—which is neither here or there,—but only “Charity.” And, as far as I may speak, I never did hear this heavenly doctrine more fruitfully expounded in our poor vermicular. How my heart went with him as he decanted upon the thirteen Corinthians! “thinketh no evil”—“suffereth long”—“is kind”—“envieth not.” Sir, there are such things as bowels, and we pity our erring neighbours; which I have always felt bound in, so to do; and I ponder their iniquities in the night season. And could I but hope for the ripening of good doctrine like this in the hearts and minds of the uncontroverted! And could I but hope for the effects, as my heart yearned to my neighbours who was even in the next pew to me, which she shall be nameless;—for why?—you, Reverend Sir, know who I mean; and I must say, saving your reverence, good sir, as cantankerous an old cat as ever was in a Christian congregation; who is envying of everybody who makes a handsomer

donation to our school, and a-putting down of her shabby two pound ten annular, which I'll be bound she would call it a "bestowing of all her goods to feed the poor," and a "giving of her body to be burned." At least that's my introsusception.

But, to return to the points of the sermon—and oh, with how longing a desire do I look for that blessed maxim to strike its fruits deep into the earth and bear its triumphant roots aloft, wherein, as our pastor truly said, is the very essence of all Christian charity, and for why?—it "thinketh no evil."

And how the blessings *can* we hope we are in the right way if, like some, which I grieve to say there is too many of them, and could name them, leastwise some of them who really and truly thinks nothing but evil of their neighbours, which is then flesh and blood—and what concern have we with our neighbour's piccadillys, having all, the best of us, beans in our own I's, and "is not puffed up." Which my second daughter, known to you, sir, when the minister came to this head, as I looked at her, to see if she wasn't thinking of *something*, the dear give me just one intelligent glance of her down-cast eyes, turning of them up in silent devotion, the picture of a true angel, with her pink-and-white magnolias and three rows of French lace on her bonnet, and just once, as if to say, "I understand you, mother," she spelt on her pretty fingers, for me to see, the six letters S. Q. U. I. R. E.; I do declare, I believe truly, if it had not been in church, I must have smiled outright. For there *he* was, to be sure, in his great gawdy pew under the north window, and the whole family, through which you might see the yellow barouche a-waiting with the coachman and the two footmen in blue plushes, and silver knee-bands, begging pardon for my freedom in the same, like heathens of old they might be, and to be sure they might better have been inside, in prayer, with the bay horses a-norting, as if a-purpose to disturb the congregation, which the great Danish dog was continually a jumping up at their noses. From my heart I pity them, which so says both my daughters likewise, and would do them any good that laid in our powers. But, alas, good sir, for the "sounding brass!"—and what is She but a "twinkling symbol?"

But here I must break off—For I am, this week, one of the two ladies visitors of our Charity School, which capacity I have filled ever since my blessed Joab was removed to a better place, who respected you, being eligible to the same as widows and maiden ladies; and it's the time, and something tells me I couldn't in

conscience leave the duties to be performed by an individual, whom I will not mention, whose christen name begins with a J and her Sur with a U, and a S and a H, who is, I am sorry to say, my Collick at this present on the work. But I never *shall* forget this sermon on Universal Charity, and remains, reverend sir,

Your obedient Servant,

PRISCILLA WARLY PIERCE.

* LETTER III.—FROM SIR HARDRESS POUCHLEY, OF HIGH HALL MANOR,
TO THE SAME.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I am happy to be able to express to you my satisfaction at the choice you have made in the young man whom, with my concurrence, you have sent down to this parish to supply the place of the late curate. At all events, his inauguration sermon yesterday was of a sort which, as far as the tendency of it went, I could not but approve, and which I think you would have been pleased with also—which are the main points. I feel it, as you know, to be a duty I owe to myself, as a magistrate, and patron of this living, and proprietor of the lands and free warren of this parish, to take some interest in the doctrines which are preached to the common people.

He is a young man of creditable and gentlemanlike appearance, and, in so far, does honour to your choice. I might, perhaps, have wished he had taken a somewhat more authoritative tone with them, and had referred somewhat more directly to submission in matters of Church and State, a subject I always felt to have been too much neglected by our late curate, and on which it might have been as well if he had received a previous hint as a useful topick for his first sermon. But some allowance must be made for his natural diffidence, it being known that I and my family were in the country, and should be at church. And we may hope that more use of his pulpit may bring him out on these subjects. On the whole, however, I was so well contented with what I heard, that I sent my servant to him, after church, with an invitation to dine here; to mark my approbation of what I had heard, and to give him some direction as to the points I think it desirable he should lose no time in attending to with the lower orders. I was, I confess, a little surprised at his excusing himself from dinner, upon some plea of a sick woman, or something of the sort, whom he said he wished to pass the evening with. But he

wrote to me to say, with his respects, that he would take the liberty of calling some time in the course of this, Monday's, afternoon, in the hope of finding me at home ; when I shall not fail of saying what I wish.

But a word on his sermon. It was on Universal Charity. The text, from St. Paul, was well enough in its way, and no harm whatever in his manner of handling it ; though in some parts, as indeed could hardly be avoided, considering the commonplace nature of the subject, uninteresting enough. There was one passage, however, which struck me as being particularly applicable to circumstances of no small importance in the present day, and therefore judiciously introduced. I mean that in which the Apostle so sensibly animadverts upon the vulgar notions of charity—that indiscriminate sort of charity, I mean, which only spoils those who are the objects of it, and is always sure to be abused. “ Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,” &c., &c., &c., “ it availeth me nothing.” “ The man,” said he, “ who carelessly flings away from the superfluous stores of his wealth, nay more, from even what he may feel to be important to his own comforts, to relieve the more pressing wants of another, and goes home rejoicing in the belief that every duty of brotherhood and charity has been fulfilled, deceives himself, and perchance it availeth him nothing. It may have been but to rid himself of a spectacle of wretchedness, which is always irksome and painful to behold. And this a well-ordered conscience would tell him is not charity. It may have been but to purchase thanks from the object of his munificence, or perhaps to win praise and good opinions from others—and this availeth even worse than nothing. For it manifests, not that he hath the virtue of charity, but the vice of ostentation.”

How true this is ! I think the indiscriminate squandering of money among persons not really respectable, and calling *that* charity, is a breach of duty which cannot be too strongly inveighed against. You know, my worthy friend, the burthens now pressing on the land—and, among them, the maintenance of the poor in wages or relief is the greatest—and the common people should be constantly reminded of this. If the pauper submits himself cheerfully to the condition in which Providence has been pleased to place him, and the labourer is, as the same Apostle says, “ content with his wages,” whatever the amount may be that his superiors think fit to give him (I believe, by the by, this is said by

St. Paul of soldiers, but of course is meant to apply equally to all under authority) that is enough.

For my own part, I have always considered that the truest and best Christian charity consists in setting a good example to our poor neighbours ; and our curate spoke in his sermon of Example as being a part of Charity. And I feel confident you will not be of a different opinion from us upon this. For instance, I think it right to show good order and management in my household affairs, always supporting the station and dignity in my style of living which befit a man of family and landed property, but never countenancing idle expense and display. I make my steward collect my bills, and I balance my accounts myself, quarterly. I make it a rule also, which I am sure you will feel is right, not to have my horses or carriages out on Sundays, in order that my servants may not have unnecessary work on that day, except to take myself and Lady P. and my family and visitors to church ; and I make it a rule on that day to invite the clergyman to dine at the hall, who does duty, on a plain dinner, at which, by-the-by, I have always a roast surloin of beef and a plum-pudding, which has never ceased to be a custom in my house on Sundays, to mark the difference of the day, with seldom any other wines but sherry and port, except now and then a bottle of that claret of Crockford's, which I remember you spoke well of. And these things I think it right to do as the principal person in the parish, for an example, which may suggest to all others the propriety of doing the like.

From all this you will perceive that I am well pleased with our curate's first display. I must now conclude, being called away to commit two prisoners, who are here in the constable's charge, notorious plunderers, one of them detected, last night, poaching in the plantations, and the other stealing hawthorn from a hedge of one of my tenants,—which is all the more unpardonable because the offenders are married men, and each has a family of children, with whom they were specially bound to pass the evening by the parental fire-side, instead of roaming about for depredation. This makes it a duty in me, from which I must not shrink, to deal with them summarily and severely.

I am, my dear sir, always yours truly,

HARDRESS POUCHLEY.

LETTER IV.—FROM THE REV. GRISLEY SKINNER, CANON RESIDENTIARY OF
—, TO THE REV. CLEMENT FRANKLY, CURATE OF LITTLE EASINGTON.

DEAR AND REVEREND SIR,

I lose no time in expressing to you my great satisfaction at the accounts I have received, from more than one quarter, of the impression produced in my parish by your sermon of last Sunday. Indeed, I am happy to say that Sir Hardless himself has written to me in very favourable terms of it. I am sure this cannot fail to be a source of high gratification to you; feeling, as I am sure you must, that to obtain the favourable testimony of the principal persons in his parish, and the approbation of his superiors in the church, must be always the first object for every clergyman to keep in mind. Not to mention, what you cannot be insensible to, its great importance with a view to further preferment hereafter. I approve highly of the text and subject which I understand you chose for your sermon—the beauty and efficacy of Christian Charity. Go on and prosper.

I am, Dear and Reverend sir,

Yours in all truth and affection,

GRISLEY SKINNER.

P.S. It escaped me to mention to you that you will find that the quarterly draft for your salary, which you will receive regularly, is not an even sum of ten pounds, owing to the deduction for Property Tax.

THE COMING REFORMATION.

PART IV.

“Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
That which they have done but earnest of the things which they will do.”

TENNYSON.

MY DEAR PERCY,—In my former letters I have explained what seem to me the strong and the weak points of the two great parties called Tories and Radicals. They both respond to a real necessity. The Tories will always have a great “show of reason,” proclaiming, as they do, the principles of Order. The Radicals will always find an echo in the breast of the masses, proclaiming, as they do, the

principles of Progress. But the grand political problem will ever remain this: how the two principles of Order and Progress are to be united in one doctrine.

At present, the strength of Toryism lies, as I said, in the fear of an undue predominance of the principles of Progress—the fear of ill-considered change. The strength of Radicalism, in like manner, lies in the fear of an undue predominance of the principles of Order to the exclusion of those of Progress—the fear of a Retrogression, or at the best of a stationary inactivity.

From neither Tories nor Radicals can we expect the desired solution. What of the Whigs? On a superficial glance they seem to hit the precise point: they take from Toryism its idea of Order, and from Radicalism its idea of Progress; stopping short of the excesses of each. Let me quote the eloquent exposition of perhaps the greatest of all the Whigs—Edmund Burke. Speaking of our Constitution, he says: “This policy appears to me the result of profound reflection; or rather the happy effect of following nature, which is wisdom without reflection and above it. A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors. . . . Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole at one time is never old, nor middle-aged, nor young, but in a condition of unchangeable constancy moves on through the varied tenour of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus by preserving the method of nature, in the conduct of the state, in what we improve we are never wholly new; in what we retain we are never wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner and on those principles to our forefathers, we are guided, not by the superstitions of antiquarians, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood; binding up the constitution of the country with our dearest domestic ties; adopting our fundamental laws into the bosoms of our family affections; keeping inseparable and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities our states, our hearths, our sepulchres, and our altars. . . . Always acting, as if in the presence of canonised forefathers, the Spirit of Freedom, leading

in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity. . . . Those opposed and conflicting interests, which you considered as so great a blemish in our old and in our present constitution interpose a salutary check to all precipitate resolution; that action and counteraction which in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers, draws out the harmony of the universe." . . .

This is grand writing it must be confessed, and there is more of it; indeed I do not wonder at any one's becoming a convert to Whiggism who studies it in the glorious pages of its greatest writer. But, removed from the fascinations of his eloquence, Whiggism has a very different aspect. In fact it has almost a ludicrous aspect. I am constantly reminded by it of the reply of that ingenious youth, who loved to steer between extremes, and when asked for his opinion as to the earth's turning round the sun or the sun's turning round the earth, said, "Sometimes one, sir, and sometimes the other." In trying to agree with both sides, he was thus certain of being in error. This is the case with speculative Whiggism. It sometimes votes for the Order of the Tories, and sometimes for the Progress of the Radicals, not perceiving that the two opinions are wholly at variance. The theory of Toryism is compact and consistent enough: it says, "Our Institutions are as perfect as human Institutions can be." The theory of Radicalism is no less explicit: it says, "Our Institutions are effete, are the product of a bygone condition of things, and must be cleared away at once." Whereupon Whiggism says to the Tories, "Truly, our Institutions are perfect, *ergo* must be preserved;" to the Radicals, "Assuredly we must advance with the times, we must allow of Progress, *ergo* our Institutions must be cleared away." As the contradiction here would be too glaring, Whiggism modifies it by saying that the reforms should be temperate, slow, gradual—the destruction should be carried on piecemeal. The whole is expressed by an ingenious metaphor: "We must renew the vigour of our constitution by the infusion of new blood." Oh, how often have I heard some fat-headed politician philosophically utter that metaphor (he believing he was uttering a maxim!) how often has it been used to settle an argument, and it is still a marvel to me how intelligent men can ever have been deluded by so false an analogy. Infuse new blood, indeed! what into a *dead* carcass? Is that to reanimate the body? Neither in physiology nor in politics can such a phrase be anything but foolish sounds. The old man,

tottering to his grave, will not have his step made firmer though the blood of a hundred youths were taken from their veins and infused into his body; nor can the Institutions grown too old for the nation, be preserved from decay by the infusion of any new ideas. Göthe profoundly says, that everything which falls, deserves to fall; that is the law of weakness. Instead of propping it up, you should build something stronger. Ideas which are the life-giving forces of society incarnate themselves in Forms or Institutions; when these forces are spent, the Forms remain as Formulas, and wise men will exert themselves to get these Formulas cleared away, being mere obstructions. It is poor wisdom to endeavour to thrust beneath those skeletons a new spirit, hoping thus to re-animate them. Let Forms disappear, and each Idea clothe itself in its own Form.

Whiggism is a chimæra. Seeing that Order and Progress are necessary principles, it makes up a patchwork doctrine from Toryism and Radicalism: and—glorious logic!—while convinced that both these parties are wholly incompetent to regulate society, yet its final conclusion is that they should *both* be applied in combination! This is, as I said, out of two errors to make a truth.

Either society is to remain stationary or it is to advance. Whiggism cannot be allowed to say, It shall do both. If it is to remain stationary, Toryism is right; if to advance, then Radicalism is right.

These dilemmas result from the anarchical state of all our political opinions. The Whig feels with us that neither Toryism nor Radicalism is right; and yet not having any principles of his own, he is forced to borrow those of the two parties opposing each other, and thus out of two absurdities educe a congruity.

Whiggism is in truth a mere evasion of the difficulty from not having any principles. Whigs are the temporisers necessary in our state of speculative anarchy; the Unitarians of politics—neither Infidels nor Believers. Their great merit is having recognised the twofold nature of the fundamental problem: the necessity for reconciling the two antagonists, Order and Progress. But their speculative incapacity is shown in every attempt to reconcile these two.

It has been well said by Comte, “that the celebrated maxim of Thiers: *Le roi règne et ne gouverne pas*,” has by its immense and rapid success shown how completely extinct is the real spirit of monarchy, and that it shows “the transitory nature of a govern-

ment founded on such an inconsequent policy, which is, however, the exact expression of what now-a-days is called the "*constitutional spirit*." A puppet king, who reigns but does not govern, is assuredly a strange spectacle for the political philosopher—a striking example of a Formula subsisting long after its spirit has departed; and an illustration of the "*constitutional spirit*" about which Whigs talk so much. In this way is "our glorious Constitution" to be kept free from the assaults of innovation! The spirit of monarchy may be dead, but at least we preserve the puppet form—the monarch. The spirit of aristocracies may be decaying, but at least we will preserve its Formulas, and defend the sacred laws of primogeniture and of hereditary legislation. The spirit of our Church may be changed, but we at least can preserve its Ceremonies, its Bishops, and its Pluralities. And all this out of love and deep reverence for our Constitution!

Such—on high speculative ground—are, I believe, the real characteristics of Whiggism. Coming down into the lower and turbulent sphere of practice, I know several modifications must be suggested: there, many of the Whigs are but undecided Radicals. But the grand characteristic may be expressed in a sentence: "*The Whigs are Tories in opposition!*"

Thus, Percy, you see how Toryism, Radicalism, and Whiggism—the three parties disputing for government—are one and all incompetent, and the necessity for a New Party becomes irresistible. First let me call your attention to this great fundamental fact that Society has gradually undergone a complete change—from being Military and consequently Monarchical, it has become Industrial and consequently Democratic.

This change is, as I said, fundamental, and brings with it the necessity for Institutions fundamentally different. What an error to suppose that Industrial ideas can ever be infused into Military Institutions in the guise of young blood! Who does not see, as soon as the real condition of Society is stated, that such an attempt is hopeless? Who therefore can accept the Tory or the Whig solution; or who that still more contradictory solution offered by the New Party, which calls itself Young England, the tendency of which is to revive in all their vigour Feudal Times? The mere statement of the question is a condemnation of every party except the Radical party, and that has no constructive principles. The New Party therefore of which I signalise the advent, must be something wholly unlike existing parties. Inasmuch as

our Faith in Monarchy is extinct, and our theories of society are, at present, weak and vacillating, the New Party must commence its existence by the elaboration of a new Theory of Society founded on its Industrial Tendencies. Its Democracy will be unlike that of all previous Democracies, because Society itself is unlike all previous conditions in the history of mankind.

The problem being: "To reconcile the two equally necessary conditions of Order and Progress:" the first difficulty is to ascertain our Method. Now the History of Philosophy shows upon irresistible evidence that every department of human inquiry has exhibited three Methods, entitled by Auguste Comte, "*The Theological* or supernatural, the *Metaphysical*, and the *Positive*." In the first, phenomena were explained by the direct agency of a God; in the second, by the agency of some metaphysical abstract entity; in the third, by the operation of natural laws. I cannot stop here to prove the truth of this view; you must seek that in the great work of Comte, (*Cours de Philosophie Positive*), or in Mr. Mill's *System of Logic*. Allow me here, for the sake of my argument, to assume the law of evolution therein laid down as proved. Allow me further to assume—and no one will deny its truth—that in the department of physical science the positive method is the sole method by which any progress has been made. Finding this method uniformly triumphant, and the two other methods uniformly incompetent in the sciences, Comte justly asserts that it is the only true method, and that it must be applied to moral and social questions with the same rigour as to scientific questions if any solid result is to be attained. Accordingly in late years we have seen Morals and Psychology anxiously seeking for some positive basis; History is striving to pass from the rude state of a mere "chapter of accidents" to that of a science; and Political Economy has some claims to the name of a science. If the laws which regulate human volition and intelligence can be ascertained and reduced to a science, what obstacle is there to the ascertainment of the laws of government? In a word, why should there not be a Theory of Society founded on the immutable Laws of Human Nature?—not its difficulty; for although that is assuredly great, there is nothing in it which lies beyond the sphere of our apprehension, like the problems of ontology—not its complexity; for although that also is great, we have nevertheless as great a variety of means, so that there is compensation.

To determine whether a subject is within the sphere of our investigation, we have only to ascertain whether there are sufficient *facts*, and whether these facts are so appreciable by us as to be traced to *laws*, i. e. to their modes of operation. Now the elements of a social science unquestionably exist. It only remains for philosophers to detect the grand primary laws of social action, and all the secondary laws will soon fall into their proper places, and a social science be established. I most earnestly direct your attention to Comte's work, and to the sixth book of Mill's *Logic*, for full satisfaction on this important subject. There you will find the great outlines sketched, and a clear view of the method by which the science will be elaborated.

In positive science we see the two conditions of Order and Progress luminously illustrated; for while every encouragement is given to fresh discoveries, the new developments only *expand*, they never *destroy* the old established principles. Thus *stability*, which in metaphysical inquiries has never been possible, because each new thinker upsets what his predecessor laid down, is in science perfectly compatible with the most unlimited *progression*. The errors which succeeding discoveries dispel, do not, in their fall, drag with them what originally was true; the æther of Newton is given up without its affecting in any way the truth of his law of gravitation. In like manner when once the fundamental laws of society are discovered, although fresh developments will constantly take place, they will only displace a few errors, they will not *shake* the laws.

I know it is the fashion of random politicians to sneer at theories. They are *practical* men. The great proof of which is that they imagine a system of government reposing on no general doctrine. They are practical men and hate "generalities." In their contempt for generalities they act upon special theories, and those bad theories. They are in the condition of manufacturers, who making the practical applications of scientific principles in their manufactures should imagine that scientific principles were all nonsense—the babble of pedants. Nevertheless, all thinking men are aware that special measures not proceeding from a general doctrine are the mere experiments of Quacks; and such are all our political measures. So long as political phenomena are viewed as accidental or as special, instead of being viewed as the necessary and invariable results of social laws, there can be nothing but empiricism in government, nothing but anarchy in our

political conditions. We have gradually eliminated from the physical world all personal intervention—all individual caprice. The wind blows according to immutable laws ; we have banished the caprices of an *Æolus* : the ocean does not heave and roar in obedience to the fluctuating passions of a *Neptune* : the thunder is no longer the offensive weapon of an irritable *Jove*, it is simply electricity. But having thus eliminated from physical science all interventions of individual power, we have still to eliminate them from social science ; we have to learn that masses of men are subject to laws as invariable as the laws which regulate the motion of the planets. This idea is so contrary to our prejudices and all our old opinions that it will be long in gaining ground, but it must gain at last. In our domestic circle we are so accustomed to appreciate the influence of individual power and caprice, that we cannot easily conceive that influence being annulled. Yet nothing is more certain than that what is true of the individual is not true of the mass ; and if it is necessary to have a science of individual character—ethology—it is no less necessary to have a science of society. The laws which regulate masses of men, must be sought in history, quite as much as in the physiology of man. When people talk, as they so often do, of the *accidents* which determine events, or of the individual caprices and resolutions which shaped the course of mighty changes, they assume that there are no *laws* of social action, but that individual *will* accomplishes the whole. This is what Comte calls the Theological Phase of science, and is just the sort of explanation given by the ancients, when they supposed *Neptune* was the god of the sea. You constantly meet with passages plainly asserting that had a certain individual done a certain thing “ the whole course of the Revolution would have been arrested ; ” as if the will of one man could arrest a national development !

In my last letter I touched upon the anarchical tendency of the boasted Freedom of Thought, which cannot mean, as it is now interpreted, freedom from the tyranny of Truth. Were once the laws which regulate social development scientifically elaborated, we should no more have the endless and profitless disputes on political topics, than we now have on astronomy. Nevertheless, entire liberty, in any rational sense of the word, would be given to each man ; but the present infinite divergencies would be ended : a full scope for activity would be given ; and the labours of each would go towards perfecting the whole. Instead of, as at present,

all political thinkers being occupied in destroying each other's errors, in preventing the dangerous ascendancy of each other's principles, and in making timid tentatives as experiments on the living body of society, they would then, though in widely different paths, all labour for one end, and a steady advance would be the result.

Do not suppose I am heralding a Millennium ; do not imagine that the social science which I here anticipate will be easy of formation. I have no ambition to rank amongst the facile theorists who with a dash of the pen throw off a new constitution. I candidly confess that I have no conception of what the condition of society under the Coming Reformation will be like ; for although I pronounce a social doctrine indispensable, I have no social doctrine to offer. It is one thing to see a social want, another to relieve it. And sciences are not formed in a day. Only metaphysicians are impatient. The positive philosopher has learned to wait. I content myself, therefore, with announcing the necessity for a social science, and with announcing that it must be coming, for the state of things unmistakeably shows that.—Ever yours,

VIVIAN.

THE YOUNG MEN OF OUR TIMES.

Who can describe fairly the times in which we live ? To look upon them from one of the numerous points of view that might be taken—to study them in one of their many relations to the Future—would supply work enough for any writer. The particular point of view which we would occupy for a little while is an important one. We would consider what effect the present times have upon the characters of our young men. We spoke tamely—using the wrong article—in calling this point of view *an* important one : it is the only view of *the* times that will be important at the end of some twenty years. Not what buildings are we raising—what railways are we making—but what characters are we forming ? That is the question for the Future.

But such a beginning portends a dry essay on such subjects as “moral influences” and “the constitution of the human mind.” I shall deal in no such sublime generalities ; but content myself

with making a few pen-and-ink sketches of some "Young Men of Our Times," with whom I have been acquainted. The novelists have bought up all the glaring characters in the market; but in the obscure shades of society we may find some subjects, which will have an interest for us, if we look more at the inward history of the mind than at the outward garb of incidents. Come forth from the shades, then, my old friend, Peter Penderton, and let me present thee to the public as a specimen of

THE USHER.

Poor Peter was doomed to the career of an usher in a boarding-school, by the coincidence of his father's failure in business, and his own progress in Latin. All his class-mates saw that he would never rise in life when he rose to the top of the class, and stood there steadily for more than a year. He was too deep in Virgil ever to become a great sea-captain, or soldier, or traveller. We pitied him: he was a doomed schoolmaster. We saw his destiny coming upon him: he was appointed as a monitor over the lowest class, before I left Mr. Stephens's academy. His appearance contributed to his misfortune. When sixteen years old, he had attained his full height of five feet eight, and wore a grave, long countenance. No wonder; he had read through the Satires of Horace, Cicero's Offices and Orations, and a great part of Herodotus, before he was fourteen!

He returned from school to his poverty-stricken parents, who regarded his learning with admiration and hopefulness.

"You have in your head what is better than a fortune, Peter," said old Penderton—"no man can take it from you. See—your governor, Mr. Stephens, rose from nothing! You may rise—you will rise!"

Mr. Penderton had not studied the theory, that for every man who rises to something, there must be many who go down to nothing.

Peter had done growing in height before he left school; but his figure was only an outline—thin, pale, classical. The nose was precocious, and the cheeks required some filling up to soften the abruptness of the prominence. This filling-up was expensive. In other words, Peter had a prodigious appetite, his mother kept a scanty table, and the doomed usher sometimes looked ready to begin again at the conclusion of dinner.

The prospects of the pantry led to serious consultation.

Mr. and Mrs. Penderton lay awake talking all one night. The next day young Peter wrote a letter to Mr. Stephens, of Beechvale Academy, and, in the course of a fortnight, Peter took the third desk, and was installed as the junior usher, with a salary of 10*l.* per annum. We pass over his first year of ushership with few remarks. He had a difficult place in some respects: if familiar with the boys, he offended the governor; and if too stiff and reserved, he fell under the ridicule of the boys who had been his fellow-pupils. Next to Cornelius Nepos, he had to study his dress, which was becoming very threadbare and scanty. His trousers, in particular, were some four inches short of the fashion. To remedy this defect, he had recourse to very long straps, which were a novelty in that day, at least at Beechvale. For the preservation of these appendages, he wore them inside his shoes, and was so frequently busy in arranging them to various degrees of tightness, that he gained from the boys the cognomen of "Old Straps." The governor, hearing of this, issued an order that any boy who applied to Mr. Penderton the title of "Old Straps" should be fined to the amount of sixpence.

After two years of "*Propria quæ maribus*," and Nepos, Mr. Penderton longed for a new suit, including trousers that would not require such tight strapping. Accordingly, he suggested to Mr. Stephens the possibility of an advance of salary. The governor admitted the possibility; but added, that it was "remote." He might, in the course of two or three years, have an opening for Mr. P. as second master, with a salary of 20*l.* per annum. Meanwhile, Mr. P. might, perhaps, gain some further experience by a change of situation. So Peter left Beechvale a second time, carrying away ten shillings and good testimonials. Mr. Stephens advertised "A desirable situation," "Facilities of improvement," "The advantages of home," &c., and received in one week exactly 149 applications, from young men determined to "devote" their "whole talents to the interests of the academy."

Strange to tell, Peter did not leave Beechvale without regret. He even shed some tears, as he confessed to me; for the usher had feelings. It is odd, and sounds more like a novel than a fact: but, contrary to the rule of advertisements, Beechvale was a pleasant place, in reality as well as in the newspaper; there was a very pretty valley, with beautiful beeches, and a shallow river flowing among them. There Peter had walked, reading or indulging the vague musings of youth, on many summer evenings. And

there was something more that would not allow Peter to go away with a light heart. There was a pretty Lydia Stephens at Beechvale, a girl whose growth Peter had watched from year to year—the only person there who had ever suggested a lively thought to the usher, or called up a smile to his long, grave countenance. Peter remembered her sparkling, black eyes; they interposed themselves between him and Horace.

In “keeping up his Greek,” as he called it, by a daily reading of eighty lines in the Iliad, he frequently found he had been cheated out of forty hexameters by a recollection of Lydia. Any passage in any classic—“blue eyed Minerva,” or “ox-eyed Juno,”—anything that mentioned “eyes”—would call up the image of one fatal to classical acquirements. Peter felt that this weakness would hinder his preparation for a better situation; and therefore, he wrote very distinctly a “*nota bene*” in his book of memoranda, as follows:—“To read daily eighty lines of Homer, and *not* to think any more of L. S.” How this memorandum served its purpose I cannot say. Peter remained at home for some weeks; but not without making many applications for employment.

During this time, he found out the nature of his destiny, from which he vainly attempted to flee. He inquired after impossible situations, such as “Secretary to a nobleman or gentleman,” “Amanuensis for an author,” &c.; but the replies to his queries only impressed on his mind the truth, that an usher must remain an usher for life. In addition to the Iliad, he amused his leisure by making some little progress on the flute, as he found that nothing soothed his recollections of Lydia so well as certain easy variations on “Away with Melancholy.” His chief employment was in writing letters and waiting for answers.

At length one of his applications received attention from a clergyman who kept a select boarding school. The Rev Thomas Paywell wrote to Peter as follows:—“Your salary will be 20*l.* per annum. I trust your mind is made up with regard to the differences of opinion now unhappily prevalent in our holy mother church, as I am very particular in attention to the theological views of my pupils.” There—that is enough of Mr. Paywell’s letter. Let it be understood that we mean no satire on the clergy; but if there are among them any who profit by Mr. P.’s system, let them be exposed as fairly as if they were vulgar, and without bands. The Rev. Thomas Paywell had a vicarage 200*l.* a year. He also received a select number of pupils.

generally about twenty—each paying 40*l.* or 60*l.* per annum, and for their instruction he paid an usher the munificent salary offered to our friend Peter! In this situation the usher remained two years—two long monotonous years, only to be imagined by one who has risen, day after day, to hear the everlasting Latin grammar, and has dreamed, night after night, of the most vexing blunders in syntax committed by the incorrigible dunce to be found in every establishment, however select. Sometimes, however, Peter was visited by thoughts and dreams more pleasing. He remembered Beechvale and Lydia, and allowed his mind to indulge in the remembrance, without asking himself if he had any serious attachment to the spot so frequently presenting itself to his memory. He was very clear in his notions on Virgil; but with regard to his own emotions, Peter might have taken lessons from any reader of a circulating library. At the end of these two years, the usher was again seized with his former unreasonable notion of an increased salary. He modestly suggested the idea to Mr. P., who was by no means surprised. Oh, no! he knew it was only a form of monomania common among ushers and other dependents.

“Sir,” said he, “you *are*, as you remind me, older than when I first saw you. It is just possible that you may obtain elsewhere a salary higher than your present one. For my part, I know young men are to be had by scores; and it is a fixed principle in this academy that the usher shall receive 20*l.* per annum. From that principle, sir, I shall not deviate.”

Peter would not give up his unhappy monomania about an increase of salary; so he said good-bye to Mr. Paywell. After settling the accounts of his bookseller, his tailor, and his shoe-maker, he mounted the coach-box with exactly ~~two~~ pounds more in his pocket than he had when he left Mr. Stephens. “This is rising in life,” said Peter to himself, “but slowly—very slowly;” and then he diverted his thoughts from all cares about the coin of the realm, by reading his pocket copy of Horace.

Peter’s great affliction under Mr. Paywell had not arisen from a want of money, but from exclusion from society. Of course he could not mingle with any low society; for he was an usher in a very respectable school; nor could he have any footing in genteel society, for mothers whispered to their daughters; “He is only Mr. Paywell’s young man—the usher.” Thus he was sentenced to feel himself out of place whenever he left the school-room. This was the privation of which he complained most frequently in his

letters to me. And, because it is a hardship founded on the prejudices of society, and not in any necessity of life, let us try to abolish it.

He had not been a fortnight at home, when, obeying the first suggestion that offered itself, he wrote to Mr. Stephens. There was something at Beechvale—Peter could not say what—that made a salary of 20*l.* there worth more than the same sum elsewhere. The application was luckily timed, for the second master at Beechvale Academy had just left his place, having suffered from an attack of the prevalent disease—a discontent with his salary. The governor had a favourable opinion of our friend's character and acquirements, and at once accepted his offer.

There will be something ridiculous, perhaps, in connecting anything sentimental with the common-place career of an usher; but we must state facts as they occurred: so let us be pardoned if our style here makes a transition into the romantic. Why should not sentimental readers, who have wept over the sorrows of lords and knights, and mysterious gipseys, spare a little sympathy for Peter?

It was a beautiful evening, at the close of the midsummer holidays, when our friend walked up the pretty valley to which Mr. Stephens had given a name. It was not without excitement that Peter caught a glimpse of the trim holly-hedge around the garden belonging to the school. He stayed to look at his initials carved on one of the beeches during his boyhood. He saw the old apple tree—he had once assisted Lydia in gathering its fruit. He really felt a fluttering of the heart as he laid his hand on the garden-gate; but he endeavoured to subdue his emotion by the sobering thought—"I am come here to teach boys Latin for twenty pounds a year! What have I to do with romantic sentiments?" This consideration, however, would not serve its purpose. He opened the gate and looked into the garden. The trees were bending their fruit-laden boughs over the flowers, and on the little grass-plot stood Lydia, surrounded with roses, and more beautiful than all Peter's dreams had pictured her. The usher felt like one who had intruded into Paradise, and feared that some angel would drive him out; but Lydia welcomed him very kindly, and led him in to the refreshment of the tea-table.

That night our friend lulled himself to sleep with this meditation:—"Really there are some very beautiful and desirable places in this world. There are joys—even for an usher."

I was the junior teacher under Peter, and we were very good

friends. He was a zealous tutor, and gave all possible satisfaction to the governor. There was an animation and spirit in his appearance and conduct, which I had never noticed during his school-boy days. He solaced his leisure with practice on the flute, and tempted me to follow his example; so that in the course of a few months, ~~we~~ had the satisfaction of getting through "In my Cottage near a Wood," in two parts. Peter even succeeded so well that he sometimes accompanied Miss Stephens's piano-forte. On these occasions he was highly excited, but he explained it by saying that he was "passionately fond of music." This seemed strong language for an usher, and I began to wonder at the change in my friend's character. He was positively romantic, and played the flute on moonlight nights in the garden as late as ten o'clock! He fulfilled his duties, however, so well during the day, that the governor was willing to allow this nocturnal eccentricity, and Lydia praised the taste of the serenader. But I was more surprised than ever when Peter confessed to me, as we walked one evening by the side of the river, that he sometimes wrote verses. The contents of one little song which he read to me were quite startling—it was a confession of love! "Have you got to *that*?" said I. "Why not?" said Peter; "but it is only poetry—imaginary—all imaginary." Soon after, I began to find some traces of reality in Peter's verses—his heroine always had fine black eyes, though he called her Lucy instead of Lydia. "Peter!" said I, "take care!" "I know I am an usher," said he, "but my fancy may be allowed to wander a little in my verses." "Ay, but your fancy *never* wanders," said I.

At Christmas Miss Stephens went away for a long visit to some relatives in a distant part of the country. Peter's Muse now became very melancholy, and my suspicions were confirmed. One of his sonnets actually concluded with a hint that the poet might be found some morning drowned in the river. He began now to talk of going to America.

Toward the close of spring our young lady returned, and I expected to find more cheerfulness in Peter's conversation; but, for several days after her arrival, he was reserved—almost silent. I feared that the prediction of the sonnet mentioned above was about to be realised. After a week's moping, Peter confessed to ~~me~~ his secret—he had written a letter of proposals to Miss Stephens. Two days he had waited in anxiety; but Lydia returned no answer, and then Peter had addressed the governor,

very humbly begging permission, &c. Mr. Stephens replied as follows :—" I need not assure you that your letter gave me great surprise. I am totally at a loss to reconcile its purport with the views I have hitherto entertained of your character as a man of modesty and good sense. You must fully understand that you have no prospects in life to warrant your dreaming for a moment of the responsibilities of a wife and a family. To set your mind fully at rest on the subject, I can assure you that my daughter is engaged, and will be married in the course of a few weeks. Let me pray you, as you value your own peace of mind and welfare, to dismiss at once all notions unsuitable to your position. Remember, my dear sir, you are an usher ; and in that important, though obscure office, I am sure you have talents that will make you respectable and useful. After all, I would endeavour to look at the matter in the most favourable light, remembering—to alter Seneca's adage a little—*amor ' brevis insania est.*' It will be convenient to me that you should stay in your present place until midsummer, and I have no doubt your good sense will lead you to make your remaining time here agreeable to all parties. With the best wishes for your welfare," &c. Such was Peter's confusion when he read this reproof, that he forgot how to conjugate "*possum*," while hearing a grammar-class.

" It seems then," said Peter, as we walked by the river, " that love, like all other things, is to be purely a matter of money !"

" To be sure," said I. " Does that fact dawn upon you now for the first time ?"

" Then if we have no money, we are not wanted in this part of the world," said Peter.

" Certainly not," said I ; " it is a very great favour that we are allowed to exist. How dare you complain ? You have twenty pounds a year."

" My parents may not live long," said Peter. " If they did not detain me, I would go to America, buy an axe, and fell timber. I might find a sociable bear in the back-woods."

In a few weeks we had the happiness of seeing Lydia whirled away to be married, while all the boys were sucking oranges. Soon afterwards Peter received excellent testimonials from the governor, and said farewell to Beechvale.

His career after this, though too quiet to make a story, was more honourable than felling trees in the Canadian woods. It required a virtue greater than even industry—patience—long-

enduring patience. He gained a situation as a private tutor, in the family of a gentleman, who paid a salary which enabled the usher to amend the circumstances of his declining parents. For them he lived and worked, buried far away from the world in a little village. His father died, and then for two years Peter supported his mother, who had lodgings in a neighbouring hamlet. There was something affecting in the circumstances of her death. She had been a very industrious wife, and up to the last month of her life she persisted in plying her needle, making shirts and other articles for sale; though Peter often argued against such over-strained industry. "I have good eyesight," she replied, "and I could not put away my time without my needle."

One evening Peter was called to attend on his mother, who had been ill for some weeks, and was suddenly seized with fatal symptoms. The son hastened across the moor to the hamlet, taking with him all his money to procure the best medical advice. When he entered the cottage his mother was dying and almost speechless. She clasped her hands together with delight, as she caught a glimpse of his face through the mist of death gathering over her eyes. Then she pointed, with hurried movements, to a little drawer in her table—"There!" she gasped—"there!—it is all for my Peter!—I thought—the poor boy would need it;" and so saying, she died in the arms of her son.

The landlady opened the drawer and found, carefully hidden in a corner, a paper packet addressed—"To my dear, dutiful son, Peter." It contained a little more than two pounds in silver—the secret profits earned by the mother's needle.

A few months after his mother's death Peter embarked for America. I received a letter from him a short time since—he is still *only an usher*.

What is the purpose of a sketch like this? I could have made it more amusing by throwing some fictitious incidents into it; but the bare facts will serve for a moral. Do I propose a scheme for opening the way to fortune to all ushers and other young men, condemned for life to hold subordinate situations? No: the majority of mankind must always be poor. Wealth is only a luxurious disease—a plethora—never likely to spread very widely. We must all be slaves of the pocket; but we need not be slaves of the soul. Among the consequences of our grand distinction between the rich and the poor some are real and unavoidable; but others are fictitious, and must be swept away. Let riches enjoy their

proper privileges. The rich man must have his tour, his wine-cellar, his turtle, game, hothouse fruits, and box at the Opera; and the poor man must enjoy his laugh at all such trifles. But let us not allow the aristocracy of pounds, shillings and pence in the intellectual world. The only true solace of life, for the greater number of men, must be social and intellectual. Let intellectual tastes and sympathies be the bonds of sociality; let the prejudices of *caste* be scouted, and the pretensions of cash be sent to their proper place—the counting-house; and then such a member of society as the usher, though condemned to poverty, will not be shut up in solitude and total obscurity. By such reasonable means, the usher might spend a happier life, even without an advanced salary. We do not expect to abolish either wealth or poverty; but God grant us a speedy riddance from the absurd prejudices connected with them!

J. GOSTICK.

New Books.

THE PROTECTOR. A VINDICATION. By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, D. D. 8vo.
Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

HOWEVER often recited, the story of Charles and Cromwell must always interest. It is true, that every cultivated Englishman is acquainted with almost each day's occurrences from the blustering 22nd of August, 1642, to the bitter 31st of January, 1649. But yet it can be reiterated, and be reproduced, and re-abridged; to suit each author's particular view, without wearying the reader. We were not sorry, therefore, to see Merle D'Aubigné's volume, although we did not expect from a foreigner any new elucidation either of fact or comment. Dr. D'Aubigné, or (as he particularly requests it may be expressed), Dr. Merle D'Aubigné had gained in this country, and indeed throughout the Protestant world, popularity for his "History of the Reformation." This we think was bestowed upon him more on account of his fervency as a theologian, than his powers as an historian; although it must be conceded that he has a certain picturesqueness and vigour of style, that secure the attention of those who think more of mode than matter. Writing impulsively from an energetic faith, he bestows a glow on his pages, that intellectually he might not have been able to give them. He has become the champion of what are termed evangelical principles; that is, the Calvinistic side of Protestantism, and has thus won a large

public to himself. Of his sincerity and his ability, there can be no doubts; but still a fervent theology may not be the best training for an impartial historian.

Dr. Merle D'Aubigné has been impelled by the course of his studies to see that our civil war, as it is termed, was truly a religious one. And that, therefore, the characters of the leaders in some degree affect the validity of the arguments that support each party. The high church writers made their leader not only a good and great man, but a saint and a martyr. He thinks that the same should be done for the dissenting party; and Cromwell should be enshrined, at least in history, also as a saint. It is certainly true, that immediately after the Restoration every writer who sought popularity, did so by heaping every possible opprobrium on the leaders of the defeated party. The reaction had every possible aid, in the wit as well as in the profligacy of those who ultimately regained the public ear. Nor have the dissenters, at least that particular portion of them to which the Cromwellians belonged, ever been in a situation to command the suffrages or enthusiasm of the people at large. The Church of England alone, even in the temporary reaction of 1688, held the position to influence public opinion. It is, therefore, astonishing that even so much justice has been awarded to Cromwell, imperfect as it may have been, and it is of itself a sufficing proof of the intense energy and power of his nature and spirit.

We think, however, that Mr. Carlyle's able and comprehensive volumes were a sufficient record wherein to come to a conclusion as to the individual, and that there was little occasion at all, and still less from the mode in which it is performed, for this set and partial vindication. The Doctor has, indeed, felt somewhat of this himself, as he tells us that he originally only designed to pen a review, but that as the subject swelled under him, it grew into a volume. Doubtless, as whatever he writes has a universal sale, there were not wanting stimulants of all kinds to induce him to make it a substantive work.

Giving full credit, as we do, to the Doctor, for an earnest and sincere faith in all he utters, we can hardly blame him for this vindication not being more artfully made. We must take it as the expression of a belief rather than a subtle exercise of logical power. It has not been performed as a thesis but uttered as a conviction. But although we think Dr. Merle D'Aubigné himself honest in his intentions, we do not think it fairly executed. The very truth of his zeal has warped his sense of justice, and disturbed the precision of his reasoning. All through the Vindication he assumes the very matter in dispute, producing Cromwell's own assertions as proofs of his sincerity. There never was any doubt as to the documents, and almost as little as to the fervency and fanaticism of Cromwell's character. The question is still open, in spite of this Vindication, and must probably remain doubtful until that day when the secrets of all hearts will be declared, of the amount of duplicity he used to the furtherance of the

great deeds he was engaged in. To bring forward his own letters and assertions in proof of their sincerity, is of no avail. That he thought deceit sometimes necessary could be proved from his own writings.* That the religious expression of the time had become a manner and mode, there is also no doubt: and as little that the intriguing spirit of war and contest had also bred a laxity in the use of the most solemn words.

If, however, this volume settles nothing, it is worthy of perusal as a rapid and clear narrative of the important events; and also as containing the opinions of one able from his earnestness and his pursuits to throw out new ideas. It has also the merit of being written with an enlightened Christian feeling; deploring the shedding of blood, whether on the scaffold or the field; though his vindication of Cromwell's merciless campaign in Ireland is hardly in accordance with his otherwise mild pleadings. His enthusiasm kindles with his theme, and ends in a climax of laudation that we cannot think deserved. That Cromwell had ideas beyond even the rule of these kingdoms can easily be believed, and his patronage of the Waldenses might foreshadow his championship of the universal Protestant cause. Had his life continued, or had he been younger, doubtless his energetic spirit would have manifested itself even in a more universal field than Marston Moor or Worcester Close. Indeed this point of his proceedings and character it is that makes him so popular at Geneva. We cannot give a better specimen of the style of the work, than in the following extract on this subject, and with it we shall conclude our necessarily too brief notice of a book rendered important by the position of its author, and his extensive popularity:—

CROMWELL THE TRUE DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

“Oliver carried into practice in the seventeenth century that famous motto which was the glory of one of the greatest Englishmen of the nineteenth—‘Civil and religious liberty in all the world.’ Practice, in our opinion, is much better than theory; but the example set by the Protector, which had no precedent, has unfortunately met with no imitation. the French Protestants were abandoned, both at the peace of Ryswick in 1697, and again at that of Utrecht in 1713, although hundreds of Huguenots were perishing in dungeons or groaning on board the galleys. If Cromwell's spirit had continued to govern England, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes would never have taken place. May we be permitted to pay a feeble tribute of esteem to the great man who was the protector of our ancestors, and who would have been the vindicator of Protestant France if he had lived, or if he had survived in successors worthy of him.

“His attachment to the great cause of evangelical Protestantism extended over all Europe. In Switzerland, for instance, he endeavoured to arouse and reanimate the interests of the Reformation. ‘You stand so much in awe of your popish neighbours,’ said his minister in May 1655, to the evangelical Swiss, ‘that you dare not budge a foot in favour of any Protestant church,

lest the popish cantons should fall upon you. If Geneva should need you, the greater number among you would answer, We cannot for want of money ! We dare not, for fear of our popish neighbours !

"Cromwell, knowing at the same time that the Romish cantons were strongly supported by the princes of their faith ordered his minister (22nd February, 1656) to assist the evangelical cantons to make a good and honourable peace, and to that end to counterbalance by his endeavours the interposition of the public minister of other princes, who may be partial to the popish cantons.

"He interposed also in Germany in defence of the religious liberty of the reformed states. In a Latin letter from a very considerable person, which was forwarded to Cromwell in January, 1655, we read : 'The whole popish cohort is plotting against us and ours. We must consider and inquire into everything with prudence. We must deliberate on the means to be employed for our common preservation ; for we know the aim of all our Babylonian adversaries. The Lord of Hosts be the Protector of the Protector and of the Church.' This writer added : 'The persecution continues in Austria and in Bohemia, and it is very easy to foresee a general league of the Papists against the Protestants of Germany and Switzerland.'

"Against this, Oliver made provision. If he could not reach them with the arm of his power, he sent them proofs at least of his sympathy. Collections were made by his order in behalf of the persecuted Protestants of Bohemia ; and again, in 1657, when delegates from the Polish and Silesian Protestants arrived in England complaining of the persecutions directed against them, public subscriptions were immediately opened in their favour throughout the whole country.

"Desirous of giving regularity to all these movements, Cromwell conceived the idea of a great institution in favour of the evangelical faith. He proposed to unite all the various members of the Protestant body, and by this means place them in a condition to resist Rome, which was at that time preparing for conquest. To this end he resolved to found a council for the General Interests of Protestantism, and he was probably led to this idea by the establishment of the Roman congregation for the propagation of the faith. He divided the Protestant world out of England into four provinces : the first included France, Switzerland, and the Piedmontese valleys ; the second comprised the Palatinate and other Calvinistic countries ; the third, the remainder of Germany, the north of Europe, and Turkey ; the colonies of the East and West Indies (Asia and America) formed the fourth. The council was to consist of seven members and four secretaries, who were to keep up a correspondence with all the world, and inquire into the state of religion everywhere, to the intent that England might suitably direct her encouragement, her protection, and her support. The yearly sum of £10,000, with extraordinary supplies in case of need, was to be placed at the disposal of the council, whose sittings were to be held in Chelsea College.

"No doubt many objections might be urged against this plan. It was, perhaps, to be feared that, in certain cases, such diplomatic interposition might injure the spiritual character and true life of the reformed religion. But Cromwell's chief object was to maintain religious liberty in all the world, as he was maintaining it in England. It is right that the Protestants on the Continent should know what a friend they had in the illustrious Pro-

tector. A Catholic historian, one of those who have perhaps the least appreciated his christian character, cannot here repress a movement of admiration. 'When we think of the combats of the Protestant religion against the Catholic faith,' says M. Villemain, 'it was undoubtedly a noble and a mighty thought to claim for himself the protection of all the dissident sects, and to regulate, in a fixed and durable manner, the support which England had granted them on more than one occasion. If it had not been interrupted by death, Cromwell would no doubt have resumed a design so much in accordance with his genius, and which his power would have allowed him to attempt with courage.'

"Such was the Protector's activity. In every place he showed himself the true Samaritan, binding up the wounds of those who had fallen into the hands of the wicked, and pouring in oil and wine. . . . He is the greatest Protestant that has lived since the days of Calvin and Luther. More than any other sovereign of England, he deserved the glorious title of DEFENDER OF THE FAITH."

THE PROTÉGÉ. By MRS. PONSONBY. 3 vols. post 8vo. H. Hurst.

GRANTLEY MANOR. A Tale. By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON. 3 vols. post 8vo. E. Moxon.

RUSSELL. By G. P. R. JAMES. 3 vols. post 8vo. Smith, Elder, & Co.

THERE are so many temptations to novel writing, that it is not surprising so many attempt it. If a fervid fancy or an overwhelming sensibility afflicts an educated individual, a relief is afforded by giving vent to his irrestrainable fancies or feelings in the three volumes of the fashionable novel. If a creed is to be defended, or a law attacked, it affords an admirable means of indirectly advocating or attacking; and, worst decadence of all, if a new theory, or even mercantile speculation, requires puffing and pushing, this mightiest literary invention of modern times is used for it. It is therefore not wonderful that although no particular calling to the occupation is manifested at present, that an equal number are yet daily issued. That the number of readers decline, we believe; but, with the unphilosophical producers of novels, this is of no effect, for they disdain to proportion their supplies in any accordance to the demand.

The three works we have selected for especial notice have all a different character, though they all partake of the same style of execution.

The "Protégé" is intended to be a novel of character, as the story has but little involvement in it, and no ingenuity of construction. The characters are numerous, and tolerably diversified, but have no distinguishing traits of excellence. They are drawn without any gross violations of common sense or probability, but betoken some of that original power of observation which is necessary to the delineation of new phases and combinations of human characteristics. In fact, they

are on a level with all common efforts at character, portraying at the best but the operation of a passion or an appetite indulged into a humour or eccentricity. Of the complication of human motives, and the diversity of human conduct, there are no examples. The chief personages are a calm duke and duchess, a wilful heir-apparent, a sincere but fanatical parson, and an opposite, in a worldly, coarse, selfish specimen of the same profession. The intended hero, the *Protégé*, is described as one of those persevering, self-denying, lofty sentimental gentlemen that lady-writers love to exhaust their fancies upon, but who, in real life, are very seldom found in so high a state of preservation. The heroine—if there really be any heroine—is a very high-born beauty, in whom the pride of high birth overcomes any of the more tender and feminine feelings, and who is so penetrated (and the authoress seems to delight in the notion) with the superlative position conveyed by a long genealogy and rank, that she looks upon herself as a sort of trustee—a mere casket—to perpetuate, from generation to generation, this something-nothing, that like an aroma pervades her existence. That such notions are prevalent, we admit, as it cannot be denied lunatics have had similar unreasonable fancies, but that it should be considered as a pleasing or valuable trait of character, by persons not supposed to be gifted in the same way, does appear to us absurd.

The book is made up with the description of these and numerous other characters, and with disquisitions on politics, morals, religion, and philosophy in general; but we cannot find in these, any more than in the delineation of the characters, anything denoting peculiar sagacity of observation, or powers of reflection. There is indeed a want of decision and purpose running through it, which somewhat obscures one's notions of the authoress's ideas on the very subject on which she dissertates. One very amiable lady, anxious to love and be loved, is represented in no very favourable light, and is reproved ever for loving her own child.

"Grantley Manor" is also by a lady; but is more ambitious in its aim. Its great effort is to delineate individual character, and almost every one introduced is an eccentric. There is nothing vague in the attempt to portray the various individuals, although we cannot think it successful. The greatest effort is lavished upon a young lady who is intended to be gay, joyous, confiding, and high-minded, though somewhat wilful. But her own utterances and conduct by no means agree with the descriptions lavished upon. Her gaiety often descends to mere flippancy, and in avoiding common-place speeches she frequently drops into pert and vulgar conduct. In contradistinction to her, we have a lady with superhuman forbearance: a half-Italian, gifted with the faculty divine; a wonderful musician and improvisatrice; who, involved in a secret marriage with a Protestant, is torn in pieces by a sentimental contest between her religion and her affections. To draw

common combinations of character, is given to very few, but to still fewer is it meted to give, with the effect of reality, the eccentricities of the race. We do not think Lady Fullerton has succeeded. She has indeed mixed, in an extraordinary mode, contradictory qualities, but we cannot acknowledge their truth nor semblance to anything really human. There is also, in the literary style of the book, a continuous effort to be plain and simple, engendered by an apparent horror at falling into the usual style of such works, that being unsuccessful, only looks and reads like affectation. This is an error that well-bred and well-educated persons are apt to fall into, from a notion that it gives an air of nature to their writing; but the perception of a reader of common intelligence can by no means be juggled in this manner. As an instance of what we have specified, we refer the reader to the conversation supposed to take place at the house of "a lawyer of great reputation, much frequented by old judges and young barristers:" a mixture, by the way, not very likely to occur. Whether a barrister of high standing and attainments, is likely, in a mixed assembly of ladies and gentlemen, to ask, as a matter of sprightliness, "What did he do with his wife then—*burked* her somewhere or gagged her?" or to say, "How he must have *bullied* his wife to keep her quiet." This mode of expression, although certainly not high flown as in the usual novel, is equally assuredly not "natural," which is the only reason, we presume, of its introduction. The authoress herself gives proof of high cultivation and having adequate notions of true refinement, and falls into these absurdities and misrepresentations entirely from a desire to be true, although she is evidently unacquainted with the manners she pretends to delineate.

The sentimental prevails in both these novels, and the hyper-cultivation of the feelings leads the authoresses of such works to dwell upon and exaggerate any emotion and thought, until the soul is subdued by a perpetual succession of trivial emotions, begotten by the undue stimulants perpetually applied to the expectations and fears of the morbid idlers indulging in them. "Grautley Manor" has many indirect pleadings for the Roman Catholic persuasion, though it has nothing bigoted in its advocacy.

"Russell," by Mr. James, declares its own character. Of course it includes many delineations of well-known characters: many descriptions of old oak chambers: of many old-fashioned interiors: of many hair-breadth escapes of heroes and heroines. Many elucidations of manners, and a due admixture of sentiment and historical detail. The machinery of this kind of novel has been reduced to a formula; and very little opportunity of novelty is left for it. We are bound, however, to say, though no very intense admirers of Mr. James's style and mode of producing fiction, that this novel has agreeably surprised us: there is in it a vivacity and spirit that we scarcely thought him capable of. The characters are sketched vigorously and freshly, and even the

descriptions have a force and vitality we could not expect from the frequency of their repetition. The extremely interesting nature of the subject may in some measure account for this. The fortunes of such distinguished men as Lord Russell and Algernon Sydney, could not fail to kindle the genius of the tamest writer. The manners of the time too, must always yield matter of suggestion to one possessed of any imaginative power. The strong privileges attached to one class, the strong peculiarities of all others, certainly afford ample room for picturesque description. With the women, especially the handsome, it was a continual contest for the protection of their character; and with the men, a spirit of adventure, running into recklessness and crime, pervaded all classes. Although we cannot award to Mr. James the merit of truly depicting so extraordinary and characteristic a period, yet we may safely say that he has contrived to give interest and vitality to a formula universally adopted by the historical novelist, that gives a genuine interest to his book.

We have very peculiar notions as to the utility of this class of literature at all, but as we cannot now state our reasons for desiring an entirely new type for its development, we shall defer, for the present, any further opinion on the subject.

A few words at the conclusion of this—the Fifth—Volume may here be permitted by way of Preface to the Volume about to ensue.

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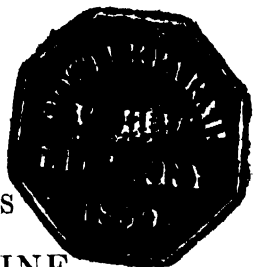
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THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER.*

CHAPTER XL.

THE POET AND THE MECHANIC.—ARCHER'S ADVICE TO HARDING ON THE SELF-EDUCATION OF A WORKING MAN.

BUT after all, what were a few months? Time soon passes. They must make the best of the interval. By waiting a little longer they would soon come to understand their own feelings for each other thoroughly, now that they had begun to consider these things closer. Not that Archer thought that time would make any difference in his feelings or wishes—he was sure it would not. However, as Mary requested this postponement, he had agreed. Circumstances might also take a favourable turn with respect to his uncle, and also in his own position in literature, which he resolved to make some fresh effort to improve. An occasional magazine-article or review, long digested, and written with great care and refinement, did not produce a sufficient addition to his small income, he could but admit. He would therefore seek other quarters for similar productions; or perhaps write a philosophical novel, a subject for which had often presented itself to his mind. He determined to set about these things as soon as he could sufficiently collect and arrange his ideas.

At present, however, Archer felt in a very unsettled state, it was natural he should, upon such a check to his impulses. He took a long and solitary morning's walk upon the beach, discoursing at times to the sea; and finally he bathed. In the afternoon he went to visit Harding at the dockyard.

* Continued from page 406, Vol. V

Here Archer found many objects to arrest his attention and excite an interest. But in his admiration of the surprising works of the place, he did not pass lightly over, as it is so common to do, the men who were employed upon them. The more skilled among the workmen were especial objects of interest to him, and chiefly, of course, his attention was fixed upon Harding. Their meeting was most cordial, and a mutual pleasure. Archer went again next day to see him, and invited him to come and take a walk in the evening with him on the ramparts, after he left the dockyard, which would be at six o'clock. This proposal Harding gladly accepted.

At the appointed time Archer repaired to the ramparts. He saw Harding already walking there, dressed in a dark blue pilot coat, buttoned close up, and a low-crowned beaver hat, with a broad brim, and broad silk band. He might have been taken for the gunner, or carpenter of a man-of-war, "ashore on leave," only that he walked steadily straight forward, and without the roll and lurch which characterise seamen.

After some desultory conversation, Archer asked him if he adopted any plan for self-improvement. He said, no—no regular plan, but that he read some of the cheap periodicals of the time, such as "Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts," "Howitt's Journal," "The People's Journal," "The Mechanic's Magazine," and now and then a weekly newspaper; and that he and two others subscribed for "Punch," which he finally kept as his own, by agreeing to have him last.

"All these are very good for you," said Archer, "but you ought to do more for yourself than this."

"And sometimes 'Tales of Horror,' or the 'Terrific Register,'" continued Harding rather hesitatingly; adding, in a deprecatory tone, "one feels very dull and heavy after work sometimes."

"So you stir your mind up," said Archer laughing, "with a horrible Newgate story, now and then, or the biographical reminiscences of some ghost in a bloody sheet."

"Very seldom, though; and I believe, sir, it really is a waste of time. But the good things I get hold of in other works, though they add so much to my knowledge, do yet, at the same time, make me more than ever aware of my ignorance. They continually refer to things concerning which I need help—or at least to be shown how I may learn to help myself."

"Ah! the self-education of a working man," said Archer, "is

a very difficult undertaking; partly, from his want of sufficient time; partly, from the want of means; but more than all, for the want of proper direction in the employment of such time and such means as he really possesses."

"Perhaps, Mr Archer, you would be so kind as to give me your advice in this matter."

"I shall most willingly do so; and yet not without some apprehensions and demurs, lest, by any misdirection of the few hours you can obtain before the mechanical labours of the day commence, or after your day's work, I should do you the great injury of causing all these efforts without any adequate result. However, I will tell you what I consider the best course for a working man to adopt in his arduous task of self-education."

"I shall be very grateful to you, Mr. Archer. And, besides, I shall have more time for it in the winter quarter now approaching, when we leave work in the dockyard at half past four o'clock."

"Then you might very well work for your mind, from six or seven o'clock to ten."

"Or eleven, or twelve o'clock sometimes."

"Yes. Now, in the first place, I shall take it for granted, that the working man thoroughly knows his own business—is sufficiently a master of the trade or handicraft by which he earns his bread. This being understood—and I may fairly say this to a man like you, Harding, who is so masterly a hand in all departments of his work—I would then ask you, and any mechanic like you, a question at which you will certainly smile. Do you ever read poetry?"

"Not often, sir."

"Will you tell me why not? I have my own impressions of the reason, but am curious to hear yours."

"Perhaps I have no imagination to meet it with?"

"That would indeed be a final answer; but that is not your case. Your mind is of course rather hard and matter of fact, like your daily work, but you have enough imagination to comprehend poetry up to a certain point; and, as to comprehend it, is to enjoy it, I wish to know your reason for not reading it."

"Well, sir—I find I either do not care for it, because I gain nothing from it,—or else it is above me, and I do not understand it."

"This is just what I expected," said Archer.

"But poetry was never intended for a working man, as I think; neither do I know, sir, what to make of the opinion the world entertains of poets and poetry. Hot and cold are blown upon them; and black and white are talked about them."

"Poetry and poets," replied Archer, "are indeed in a most anomalous position in the minds of mankind. In the abstract, they are treated with the highest admiration and regard; practically and personally they are treated lightly, if not laughed at. Well, then, that a poet should of all things in the world propose poetry as a fit study for a working man, would ensure a large amount of laughter from the majority of hearers. Imagine, therefore, this recommendation of mine to be made; that it is extremely laughed at; and, as there comes an end to merriment at some time or other, even when at the expense of visionaries and dreamers, let us now suppose that this laughter has at length ceased. I shall now perhaps be allowed to offer my reasons. — I consider, then, that after a working man is master of his handicraft or means of existence, what he most wants, is to get some *beauty into his soul*. His nature needs this, whether the man is aware of his want, or not. As for all the sad realities, or the more common-place events of actual life put into verse, I do not refer to any such things. They will do no good to a working man's dormant or troubled spirit. They neither rouse, nor soothe, nor elevate. He knows all the realities and common occurrences of his life too well already. What he needs is something that shall carry him out of himself—beyond the wretched or harsh and heavy circumstances that surround him—something that shall lift him up into an ethereal realm—a brighter world of ideas and hopes—a new and heavenly region, such as he dreamed of when a child. What we dream of in childhood we should, without neglecting needful realities, continue to dream as men, though constantly ascending in the form and character of those dreams. This is poetry; this is to get *beauty into your soul*, and help, and inward wings for fresher life; this is the true utilitarian poetry. As for practical poetry—shipwright's songs, weaver's songs, the mechanic's little warbler, verses for the million, poetry for the people—they will do nothing of any permanent utility, and, like Soyer's soup and poor-man's plaister, they only keep out the wind, and fill up an interval of time, so that a man may have a chance of life if ever a bright day should come. What I propose to you, is to seek the bright day by the shortest cut—to hasten

through the shady sweet-briar lanes into the sun-lit fields—and not to waste your time and hopes in walking through cockney suburbs, and dusty tea-gardens by the side of a dyke, or through back streets and alleys full of brokers' shops, with all their musty-minded old furniture, and sentimental pans and pipkins, under the misguided notion of mental improvement, and that these are things that come home to the hearts and souls of mankind. These things are not for poetry, and their versifiers are not poets. Those who write *down* to you, help to keep you down."

"This is the only sort of poetry, as they call it, I ever see," said Harding; "I never cared much about it.

"The less the better."

"But I still do not understand, sir, what you recommend me to read in this way; and I also should like to ask you about some other things besides poetry."

"Ah, I see you are a little alarmed about the poetry question. If you can get a day's holiday, and come and pass a few hours with me at my lodgings, I shall be very glad to give you all the assistance in my power."

"I could have a day to-morrow, Mr. Archer, if that would suit you."

"By all means; yes, come to-morrow. You need not fear but I have other things to recommend to your attention besides poetry. I should next recommend to you, to read modern history. That you may properly comprehend the political condition of your own country, some historical reading is indispensable. Difficulties, however, occur here, almost as great as those which beset poetry."

"At all events I can read the 'History of England,'" said Harding. "I have partly done so."

"What I meant by difficulties," said Archer, "is the want of truthfulness and strict impartiality in the historians, and their want of public spirit and enlarged views. Their histories are nearly every one of them merely records of the great events of king's reigns as they relate to the kings and nobles, and rich men of the country, and the important foreign relations; but the great events relating to the people are generally passed over with a slight remark, or with a false colouring. A true and complete history of England does not exist in any single work. As a proof of the condition of history, let us take any great national events involving foreign countries, even in our own day—say in Spain or India—read the English account, then the French account, then

the American account, and then read the comments made in Germany, or in Ireland—and what a romance does it all become !”

“But surely this is not the case with our own history of England—written here, in the country, with all the records of the facts to be found, locked up somewhere, I suppose, in colleges and museums. How could they venture to tell lies ?”

“Well now, Harding, for instance—you have heard of Wat Tyler ?”

“Yes.”

“Just tell me all you know about him.”

“He was a blacksmith. He killed a tax-gatherer, who was about to offer some gross violence to his daughter, with a blow of his hammer.”

“Go on.”

“And served him right.”

“Well, what next ?”

“After that, he became a rebel, and got a ferocious mob together, and went to meet the king. The king spoke very civilly to him ; but he made some insolent answer, and was knocked off his horse by the Lord Mayor of London, and killed somehow. The rebels made a disturbance at this, but the mob soon dispersed.”

“A good rough sample,” replied Archer, “of the general impression, conveyed by all the English histories. But listen to the undisguised truth. Wat, the Tyler, did kill a tax-collector, for offering a gross personal offence to his daughter, under pretence of establishing a legal claim to an odious and oppressive tax. This private exasperation was the torch that set fire to the already inflammable mass of popular indignation ; and a great rebellion was the result. It was headed by Wat Tyler. It was no mere mob—no vulgar riot ; it was a vast and undisciplined army—a rising of the people to the extent of a hundred thousand men. In the ‘History’ written by Hume, they are called ‘the common people’ and ‘the low people.’ This army of the people drove the tyrannical nobles and their retainers pell-mell before them, and committed many shocking excesses, as armies commonly do, when mad with excitement. The king fled to the Tower for refuge, and the people were masters of London. They proposed terms to the king ; most reasonable terms—such as the ‘abolition of slavery ; freedom of commerce in market towns, without tolls and imposts ; a fixed rent on lands, instead of services due to villenage,’ &c. The king agreed to all those terms,

and signed the documents. The people thus obtained charters of privileges—and a free pardon for the rebellion. The king then issued forth from his refuge. All was in a fair train for reconciliation, when the king with his suite met Wat Tyler, at the head of a body of his partisans in Smithfield, apparently by accident; but this does not matter. During the parley, Wat Tyler said something which was construed into offence by the Lord Mayor (whose 'loyalty had been sharpened,' as Charles Knight tells us, by the insurgents having destroyed some of his private property), upon which he suddenly stabbed Wat Tyler in the throat. Tyler fell from his horse, and was despatched by some of the king's followers. The surrounding people rose in fury at this, but were checked by the king riding forward among them, and pacifying them with bland words, until his soldiers arrived in great force. The people were immediately dispersed, and a dreadful revenge was soon taken upon them. All the treaties, and contracts, and promises, were broken by the king, without even a show of decent hesitation. The king announced this by proclamation! The hangings in chains, and beheadings were incessant. No less than one thousand five hundred of the people were *executed*!"

"Horrible! Ah, I see—Wat Tyler, then, was not a mere ignorant savage and rebel, but a working man at the head of a great mass of people, demanding some justice and liberty."

"And not more than they now possess. As for Wat Tyler's character, motives, and intentions, they are doubtful: there is no doubt about the king's."

"I have forgotten to tell you that I have read some voyages and travels."

"That is a very good thing to do occasionally; and I would also exhort you to take every opportunity of attending any lectures that may be given at Mechanics' Institutes on scientific subjects—particularly chemistry, mechanics, geology, physiology, and astronomy. You would be the better prepared to understand these lectures, if you would first read any simple and rudimentary treatise upon such of these sciences as most excited and interested you. Mathematics, and drawing, particularly perspective drawing, and the drawing of geometrical figures, would surely be of more especial service to you. If you have a taste for music, you might very well do something in that way; or if you have an aptitude for languages, you would do well to

study French, and chiefly with a view to speaking it, which might prove very useful to you. All these things, and far more, have been done from time to time, by working men like yourself. Be hopeful therefore, and persevering, and in a few years you may do the same, or something else as good."

"I am afraid," said Harding, "considering the time I can afford, that I cannot venture upon so many things."

"I mean you only to choose those you feel most aptitude to study."

"But what you say, sir, about history, puzzles me, and shakes all my faith in books. I never supposed that Wat Tyler had any right on his side."

"This," said Archer, "is only one event out of the great historical ocean of unfaithfulness. Let us take another far wider range. What is your impression of the objects of the French Revolution—of our twenty years' war with France—and the chief cause of Napoleon's downfall?"

"This is rather too much at once," said Harding with a smile, and shaking his head. "I had rather not tackle it."

"Just say what you think—as an Englishman."

"Why then I think, of course, that England was in the right—and I say—down with all our enemies!"

"Yes, yes, to be sure," laughed Archer; "and if you spoke the result of your national feelings and opinions, derived from all you have read, heard, and fancied, you could say much more. Now, tell me."

"I should say that the cause of the French Revolution was the determination of all those who had nothing, to possess themselves of the property of all those who had much; and that the horrors of the Revolution were caused by the blood-thirsty natures of the French people, who were nearly all drunk or mad at this time."

"Come, that is pretty well; and now for our twenty years' war."

"Our twenty years' war with France, was because England was the champion of humanity and good order, and a friend of the legitimate kings of France, whom the English were resolved, at all costs, to replace upon the throne which had been usurped by Napoleon."

"The Corsican Monster?"

"Yes. As for Napoleon himself, I think he was a great

commander—very ambitious, and despotic, and cruel—yet in some respects a great man, too ; that he *would* invade and make war with everybody, till the French overran Europe, and were only stopped by England. The cause of his fall was the Battle of Waterloo.”

As Harding said this, he laughed with Archer, being well aware that it was but a very rough draft of so large a map of history and biography.

“ Your answer,” said Archer, “ is exactly what I anticipated. It speaks the opinions and impressions of hundreds of thousands, nay, millions in this country—perhaps of the great majority of the middle and working classes, who have any notions at all upon the matter. Now, pray listen to the truth. Let us have our roast beef, and have also some respect for reason and justice in speaking of our neighbours.”

“ Well, I can’t forget I ’m an Englishman ; at the same time, I hope I can give fair play to the French.”

“ The main object of the French Revolution,” proceeded Archer, “ was to obtain a Constitution. The slavery and misery of the people had lasted for ages. The American Revolution, (which France aided), the writings of several great French authors, and a famine, all combined to arouse them to resistance. A weak government, and an exhausted exchequer, favoured the attempt. They rose in rebellion : they took the Bastille by storm : all their efforts were successful, and they obtained a constitution regularly agreed to, and settled by the King. A number of the princes of the blood, nobles, and great landed proprietors, who were ruined by this popular movement, emigrated, the greater part of them coming to England—most unfortunately thus honoured by their choice. These princes and nobles shortly began to intrigue with friends in France, and eventually with the King, with a view to their return, and to bring about the old state of things. The plot was discovered. The people rose in alarm and indignation, seized the King ; he was found guilty, and decapitated. The King’s son (the Dauphin) was imprisoned, and died there ; but the King’s brothers escaped. England having received most of the refugees, appears to have thought herself bound to espouse their cause ;—at any rate, she espoused the cause of legitimacy and divine right against the cause of constitutional liberty and the people. I say England did this ; but let us place the full weight upon the right shoulders. It was not the act of the English people, but of

the English Tory government, the Prime Minister being Pitt. The war-cry was raised in the cause of kingship and despotism ; and Austria, Prussia, and Russia joined England, and their combined armies marched to the French frontiers to place the legitimate successor of the decapitated King upon the throne of France, restoring the former order of things, in opposition to the Constitution. The French people became furious at this interference and hostility ; they repulsed their assailants, became ferociously suspicious of all around them, and madly enacted the horrors of the Revolution."

" But where was Napoleon at this time ? "

" Napoleon now came into action as an artillery officer. The allied armies increased, and continued their attacks upon the French frontier. The French continued to defend themselves ; Napoleon rapidly rose to the first command, and was continually victorious. He drove the armies from the frontier, and pursued some of them into their own countries. He conquered Italy, Prussia, and Austria. He subjugated kings and emperors, and then made treaties of peace with them."

" But will this account for all his invasions, and love of war ? "

" No. Some of his invasions were with a view to enforce his Continental System, in order to destroy the commerce of his great foe, England ;—he could not get at us in any other way so effectively, had his system succeeded. But there was no excuse for his invasion of Egypt and St. Domingo. As the excitement of these wars continued, the national mind of England naturally became inflamed against the French, and Napoleon had become fond of his horrid trade of war, which impelled him to his last disastrous attempt to enforce his Continental System upon Russia. He lost his enormous army ; reverses and ruin threatened him on all sides ; and, *accordingly*, the emperors and kings whom he had subdued, all violated their treaties, and again allied themselves with England against him."

" Was this the Holy Alliance ? "

• " Yes ; you may well ask the question. This pious combination, supported throughout by the prodigal wealth of England, (created by the matchless industry and skill of our tax-burdened people,) and led on by the steady valour of our soldiers, accomplished the final overthrow of Napoleon, and placed a legitimate Divine Right nonentity upon the French throne, in defiance of the people. The grand error of Napoleon, and chief cause of his

reverses, his ruin, and fall, was his desertion of the principles of liberty and popular representation upon which he had risen. Not content with having *made himself* the greatest emperor of the earth, he was yet anxious to ally himself with those who were born with crowns in their cradles, and to make his own sovereignty hereditary. He fell, because, being the man of the people, who were devoted to him, he allied himself with the kings who feared and hated him."

"And did England, besides fighting for all these things, pay for them also?"

"She fought for them all, and paid for the greater part. First, she fought against the establishment of a Constitution in France, (the true principle of the French Revolution), and the statistical estimate of the money we expended in that war from 1793 to the peace of Amiens in 1802, amounts to upwards of four hundred and sixty millions. If we add to this the money borrowed to maintain this prodigality, and the interest upon this in thirty years, it will more than double the sum I first mentioned. Next, our war to support the principle of Divine Right and French Legitimacy against Napoleon, cost enormous sums, much above one thousand millions. Again we had to borrow money—and again comes the interest upon the debt—I am afraid to say how much. The gross amount, however, of the expense to England far exceeded two thousand millions."

"But what have we gained by it? We, as Englishmen, are willing to pay, as well as to fight, for any good to our country, or the world. What has been gained?"

"Nothing. The 'Three Days' in France defeated all the intended results, both in principle and practice. They restored the French Constitution, which had been sought by the French Revolution; they destroyed then, and for ever, the principle of Divine Right and Legitimacy; and they enabled the French people to choose their own king. Our monstrous national debt is our only result."

"And the rest of the Holy Alliance?"

"The only result to Russia, Austria, and Prussia, was the restoration to their legitimate despots of their ancient despotisms unchecked, together with the power to re-enslave Spain, Italy, and Poland, and to reinstate a heap of petty German princes. The 'Three Days' in Paris destroyed the principle of all these wars with France. What a comment on physical force! The

heroes of the 'Three Days' had the moral force of the nation on their side : they were the spiritual sons of the men who took the Bastille, and first obtained a Constitution."

A long silence ensued.

"Well, Mr. Archer," said Harding, fetching a long breath, "I am an Englishman—and you are an Englishman, for all that ; but it seems to me, somehow, that this is the hardest day's work I have ever had ! My head buzzes with it. A pretty sort of History of England will be written some day !"

At this they both laughed, shook hands, and parted for the night.

"Come early to-morrow, you know," said Archer, turning round ; "come as early as you like. You shall have no more history."

• CHAPTER XII.

THE EARLY BATH ; AN UNSENTIMENTAL DESCRIPTION.—HARDING'S DAY WITH ARCHER.—BOOKS BY THE FIRE.—AUTHORS' DREAM-BOOKS, AND A MECHANIC'S DAY BOOK.—RAMBLE AT SUNSET.—DREAMS IN FULL WORK.

ARCHER woke the next morning much earlier than usual, having gone to bed over-night with the impression that he had told Harding to come early. It was not six o'clock. He certainly did not expect Harding at such an hour as that. However, as he was awake, he determined to get up forthwith, and go down to the sea-beach, and take a hasty bath, and a brisk walk before breakfast.

He opened his bed-room shutters, and let in the dusky light. No one was up in the house ; he had therefore to grope his way through the passage, and unbar and unlock the door. He hurried down the silent street, with all its closed doors and shutters,—passed the fortified bridge leading to Southsea,—and gained the common. A more uninviting scene than Southsea Common, particularly upon this occasion, could not well be conceived.

It was a very cold, dull morning, in the beginning of November. A white frost was upon the common. There was a north-east wind, and plenty of it. A distant clock struck six. Archer stood still, and rubbed his cold finger-nails, hesitatingly. He heard the melancholy voice of a chimney-sweeper, on the way to Southsea. How solitary everything appeared ! His cheeks

were cold with the wind—his nose ached—even his eyes felt cold. He determined, nevertheless, to have his swim. It will of course be conjectured that Archer was well used to this sort of thing, being what may be called a seasoned swimmer, which supposes bathing at *all* seasons. No doubt he found the morning very trying, notwithstanding ; but he had been excited and troubled of late : something fresh was in his mind, and a re-action of fresh energies was the consequence. He hurried across the common.

Approaching the beach, he looked up at the hazy, colourless clouds, and saw the cold, hook-backed half-moon emerge from a drift of muzzy, blue-grey vapour. It was an old witch-face, with a peaked cap, and peaked chin, faded nose, and obscure eye.

The tide was up to the lower part of a bank of shingles. As the tide was rising, Archer was obliged to seat himself near the top of this bank, with the north-east wind behind him. The moment he took his coat off, he felt as if he received the blow of a cold broadsword across the small of his back. Truly, it was sharp fun. He again hesitated ; but, thinking he should now be certain of some horrible cold or rheumatism, if he did not obtain a shock that should produce a rapid circulation, he hastily threw off his clothes, and rushed in.

With equal celerity he rushed out again—hopped and limped over the flints up to his clothes, which were all struggling in the wind, to escape from beneath the stones he had piled upon them : and with red-cold hands and feet, and aching ancles, he sat, stood, and staggered upon shingles—which, from some cause or other, are probably the hardest and sharpest in the world,—every article of his habiliments contending against their usual disposition upon his person, inspired by the east wind, which appeared to have reserved its most perverse efforts until he came out of the water.

He hastened to the nearest road bordering the common, along which he ran, in order to obtain the shelter of occasional banks and hedges, while he continued the exercise he so much needed. Having persevered in this until he felt sufficient signs and tokens of returning warmth, he passed along the upper edge of the common, where the loneliness was now about to lose its " charms " by the advent of certain band-boys from the town, coming to practise the bugle. Before Archer had arrived at the path leading to the drawbridge, he heard the strange, rupy tones of abortive brass coming across the windy common, and mingled

occasionally with the advancing wail of the sweep, returning from his dusky victory over some cottage chimney. There was a dull red spot in the east, with a dull streak or smear underneath it, marking the probability that the sun was rising in that direction, as well as he could, under such distressing circumstances.

By the time Archer reached his lodgings he was all a-glow, and sat down to his bachelor breakfast-table, beside the fire, with great complacency at his recent performance. He laughed as he thought of his old uncle. "If anything was to be got by it, you would never have made such an effort," said he to himself, in his uncle's voice; and then he stirred the fire like his uncle, and continued his breakfast with a pleased expression of countenance.

At nine o'clock Harding arrived. He had been up, and out for a walk since seven, thinking it would be too early to come.

"That's a pity, Harding. If you had been with me, you would have had something more sparkling than a walk. Do you ever bathe!"

"Yes, sir; but not this weather."

"I suppose not; indeed it would be madness to do so now, if you are not used to it. But this reminds me to say something which I omitted last night. It does not apply to you, Harding, because you are one of the many instances one often sees, of careful personal appearance in a working man: I speak generally: and the very first thing I should recommend to a working man in his efforts at self-improvement, would be that he should adopt some regular system of personal cleanliness. Do you swim well? You say you take a plunge in the sea sometimes."

"I often do, in summer."

"Next summer do so every morning, continuing it to the end of autumn, and begin again early in the spring. After the first year you may safely do it in winter. I scarcely ever miss a morning. Now—sit nearer the fire—and let us have a good talk."

"I should much rather listen."

"By no means," said Archer, "I shall need your replies, in many cases, to enable me the better to judge of what may be best for you, so far as I can venture to advise. I think advice is generally a dangerous thing to attempt, and I am most anxious not to misdirect you. Besides, you can tell me many things I do not know, about the artizans and mechanics, and the working classes generally."

"I do not expect I can do so, Mr. Archer."

"But I feel sure of it. Now tell me—Have you thought at all of our conversation last night?"

"Very much; and I could find enough in it to think about for a long time."

"I am glad to hear you say that; and yet how little have I shown you, as first hints and openings of subjects and objects you will have to examine with all your senses, and work at with all your mind. I promised to inflict no more history upon you for the present. I will therefore only make a few passing remarks upon several books I have been looking out for you. I wish to lend them to you for two or three months. Here they are."

"I shall be greatly obliged to you, Mr. Archer—but I have a sort of fear—as I look at those books, that I shall not be able to understand them."

"Why not? Do the backs or bindings frighten you, or is it that your imagination magnifies their contents into difficulty and confusion?"

"Something does. But perhaps, sir, you will help me a little with them beforehand?"

"With pleasure. This is a volume of Sonnets by William Wordsworth. He is the greatest English poet of the didactic class, and also a genuine pastoral poet. He writes in the clearest and most straightforward style, generally with little adornment. I have marked all those I wish you to read—nothing can be finer. The rest are prosy, or of intolerable dryness and dullness. But never use those epithets, I beg of you, in speaking of Wordsworth generally; they are not his great characteristics, but only his objectionable ones. Always judge of a man by his merits, not his defects."

"The world would not seem so bad, if we always did that. Is there any more poetry, sir?"

"Do not be alarmed. There are several other poets I am anxious you should read; but not yet. I begin with these Sonnets, as a noble steady-going march of English poetry, seldom-soaring too high for the majority of good understandings, and never sinking to a common earth. I shall next give you the Lyrics of Wordsworth, Southey, and Leigh Hunt; also some of the prose works of Leigh Hunt, particularly a book of his called 'Imagination and Fancy,' which is a delightful introduction—perhaps the best in the language—to the study of the finer

poets. I purposely reserve Shakspeare, that you may have him come fresh upon you, when you are better able to receive him. I wish this were always done,—it would be a great event in life. Finally, let me repeat what I said to you last night—that what a working man most wants, whose physical condition enables him to commence self-improvement, is to get beauty into his soul—and that those poets who write down to him, help to keep him down. The writers who cannot lift you up out of yourself should keep to prose—poetry has a different office.”

“I think I see the force of this, sir; and yet I once read a poem, which affected me very much, though it only referred to the every-day work of a poor seamstress.”

“Hood’s ‘Song of a Shirt’ you mean?”

“Yes; that was it.”

“A fine and rare exception. No—not an exception—the song did not only refer to her daily work, but the cruel wearing out of her body and soul. Equally poetical is the profoundly pathetic lament by the same poet over a poor ruined girl who had drowned herself. In like manner I regard the ‘London Lyrics’ of Barry Cornwall, Mary Howitt’s ‘Lyrics of Life,’ Mackay’s ‘Voices from the Crowd,’ and some few others of our own day. But why are these exceptions, or more than exceptions? Because they are poetical versions of hard realities—not matter-of-fact copies in colloquial dialect versified. That is the distinction—one that leaves an impassable gulph between the two. Read clever political exhortations, satires, and squibs in rhyme, if you will; they make no pretensions to being poetry: but never waste a moment of your precious time over verses adapted to the ‘meanest capacity,’ concerning not merely uninspiring things, but lowering things—odes to suburban cow-sheds—satires on parish soup—sentimental elegies on brooms and dust-pans—the every-day dirt, clay, and hard-ware that surround you.”

“Yes, I see there is nothing to lift a man up out of his heavy circumstances in such things, and thoughts about them; but what I am in fear about, is that without far more study than I can ever hope to give, I shall never be able to understand that higher class of poetry you allude to. It seems all so different to prose, and so much more difficult.”

“This is, in a great measure, an imaginary fear. See now—here is the volume of the great American essayist—Ralph Waldo Emerson. I will just go to my desk and copy two or three

sen pieces. They are about building a house—not with bricks and mortar. I shall have done directly. The Muse—or Spirit of Poetry—builds a house. There is no architect can build like this spirit. Now read with me what I have written. Look—There is no architect can build as the Muse can. She is skilful to select materials for her plan; slowly and warily to choose rafters of immortal pine or cedar, incorruptible, worthy her design. She treads dark alpine forests or valleys by the sea in many lands, with painful steps ere she can find a tree. She ransacks mines and ledges, and quarries every rock, to hew the famous adamant for each eternal block.—Come, there is nothing difficult in this, is there?”

“Not much; perhaps nothing, if I were to look it over once more; but then this is prose, is it not?”

“No, it is poetry, and ought to have been written in the form of poetry, which I believe to be the chief thing that alarms you. See, here is the next verse, as it is printed in the book, and as the others ought to be written—

“She lays her beams in music,
In music every one,
To the cadence of the whirling world,
Which dances round the sun.”

“Well, you understand that as well as what we first read? It only needs closer attention, and to give freer way to the feelings and the imagination than prose; a readiness to take images and figures of speech for granted; to embody them in the vision of the mind; and half the difficulty is overcome. If the architectural Muse in the above poem, instead of ‘laying her beams in music,’ had laid them to the lumbering sound of timber, and to the blows of an iron hammer, what would you, as a shipwright, have gained by such a poem?”

“It would be no treat to *me*.”

“Instead of which, you receive into your mind, music—and a picture of the luminous earth spinning round the sun.”

“I begin to see what all this does to a man’s spirit. I only fear it may be beyond me.”

“Do not fear any such thing. Well, I did not mean to say so much about poetry. I will not press any more history upon you just yet; I mean, as matter of conversation; still you must have a book or two. Here is a ‘History of England. I have long since written many comments in the margin of the pages, concern-

ing unfair statements and omissions, with reference to the people and their rulers; to affairs at home, and to foreign wars, particularly America, and France, and in India. This little tract is 'Forster's Essay on Popular Progress,' which may be relied upon as a faithful historical account. And this is the most full and concise history of Rome yet published: it is by Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, a profoundly learned, and impartial man. These will be enough for some months, if slowly and carefully read. Stay, here is a volume of the most delightful kind of intellectual gossip, equally full of instruction and amusement, unaffected sterling thought, and variety. It is called 'Hazlitt's Conversations' with Northcote the painter.' "

Harding remained silent. He sat eyeing the pile of books with a very grave countenance.

"But there is one thing," pursued Archer, "which I ought to have inquired more particularly about at the outset. I assumed that you were a thorough master of your work, as a shipwright."

"I believe I may say I am so, as far as I have to do."

"So far as you have to do. No farther?"

"I do not quite understand your question, Mr. Archer."

"Could you build a ship from the foundation?"

"If I had plenty of good hands under me, I could lay down a ship's keel, and build her up in a good shape, so that she would be very strong for a cargo, or for fighting, and sail well, and look handsome on the water. I should not like to say more."

"In the name of all the Tritons, what more is there to say?"

"Why, I could not say she would be made, on the whole, nor in every part, to a mathematical nicety,—not to a hair's breadth or two, nor perhaps to half-an-inch. I could only use my pocket-rule and a plumb-line. The rest would be matter of eye and hand."

"Then you know nothing of mathematics or geometry?"

"I do not."

"But you can work any questions in fractions and decimals?"

"No, I cannot."

"The admiralty, I hear, has issued an order that no one shall be a leading man without he can do this."

"Yes; but probably it is only done to fire up the young shavers," replied Harding, with a smile at his accidental pun. "If they persevere in it, actually, I shall leave the dockyard."

"What! rather than study the thing required? If this theo-

retical acquirement be useless to you as a leading man, there can be no doubt but it will be absolutely necessary to enable you to rise to the next gradation of—whatever it is.”

“Inspector.”

“Well, and again yet more would be required for the next above the inspectors.”

“Foreman of the yard.”

“And again more still, in a master-builder.”

“This is all very true, Mr. Archer, as to the inspectors and foremen; but I do not wish to rise beyond a leading man.”

“No! why not?”

“I have several reasons, sir.”

“I should much like to hear them. We have talked of written books—of poetry and history, which are almost equally to be ranked as dreams; the one of past events, the other of overflowing but intangible springs—and we now come to the book of things present; a mechanic’s day-book.”

“In the first place, Mr. Archer, when a working man rises one degree out of his own class, it increases his cares, and is a loss of independence, contentment, and happiness. It is also more difficult for him to live, especially if he should be married, because he is obliged to make an appearance that costs far more than his increased means can bear. I had some ambition for rising, once, but I got cured of it in Canada.”

“How?”

“I was induced to leave my position in the Plymouth Dockyard, giving up my time and chance of a pension, to go out with a ship-builder, who had a contract for building boats for the Greenland and Newfoundland fisheries. I was placed at the head of his boat-builders, and was to be junior partner in the concern if it succeeded. I never had so many bad thoughts in all the rest of my life put together, nor did and suffered so many little paltry things to feel ashamed of—though I could not help myself, either—as in the six months I staid at this business, managing knaves, and building hopes upon the sands. I was really not sorry when the whole concern broke up.”

“But these are the pains and penalties of proprietors and speculating contractors. Why not build upon security? Why not rise at least to be an inspector, or the foreman of a yard?”

“Because, sir, besides the necessity of keeping up an appearance beyond my means, and being at the same time looked down

upon, and only tolerated by those of the middle classes, who have been born in that station to which I should have slowly clambered up—besides this, I have many new thoughts come into my head and new hopes in my heart, since I first met you in Wales, and heard you talk ; and I do not intend to leave my class. If I can rise in my mind by your kind assistance and my own efforts, that shall be my future aim ; and my ambition shall be to help others of my class to the same advanced state of mind. But, as I was born a mechanic, I intend to live and die a mechanic."

"This is a new view to me, and a new thing in the world. Great men have risen among the working classes, but then they have immediately left their class, to swell the honours of the middle and upper classes. A few only of these have nobly held heart with those they have left, and used their vantage ground to assist the struggles of the suffering operatives. And you really wish not to rise ? You will escape many anxieties, no doubt ; still ——"

"Oh, sir, not only anxiety, but poverty and humiliation. Even acknowledged men of ability have suffered all this. I have read of the life of Robert Burns, the unfortunate ploughman—of Bloomfield, the half-starved shoemaker : and in our own day, with all its societies and institutes, and the men known too—of the poor weavers Thom and Prince—and heaven knows who, besides. What am I compared with these men ; and look at what they brought upon themselves by leaving their class !"

"Ah, but these men were poets—or of the poet-class—working-men who were also dreamers ; and, from time immemorial, the world has starved them without one moment's misgiving. Poetry is an art that no one likes to pay for, and which therefore ought not to need payment. But the poets must live somehow, and as society does nothing to help this, they must just take their fate. But what can excuse the selfish vanity and short-sightedness of wealthy men, and patrons, in bringing poetical-minded men out of the working-classes—making lions of them for a season, and then leaving them ? Of course they fall into distress. What can such men—who are only wonderful in their class, or considering their circumstances—what can such men do, in a great capital full of genius, knowledge, long-practised talent, energy, worldly needs, and powerful competition ? All this, however, applies in a far less degree, or not at all, to other arts, such as painting, sculpture, and music, or to the useful arts, to learning, political literature,

and the sciences. Men, highly gifted by nature for such studies, who work perseveringly for years, succeed at last. I do not therefore see why you should not rise as Arkwright, and many others, have done—men who have risen above others by absolute, as well as comparative excellence, independent of all class considerations.”

“I know it has often been done, sir; even the master-builder of our dockyard rose from a working man. By-the-bye, if he understands fractions and decimals to perfection, it is as much as he does. He is no scholar, nor no mathematician: he is only a master of his craft—better than the more learned ones. But, as I said before, I am determined not to go out of my class. I would not change places with him. I was born and bred an artisan, and I should not like to feel and look awkward among noblemen and gentlemen. It would take me ten years of my life to learn to behave and speak like a gentleman—that is, with ease—and I should never be able to look like one. I have hacked and hammered, and heaved and carried, too much for that. As I said, I have come to feel a new kind of ambition. If I could set a good example to my class of being much more in themselves than they are at present, I think I should do a thousand times more good by staying among them, than if I rose, as an example of how to leave them. And I never *will* leave them.”

Archer sat ruminating some minutes; “I like all this,” said he at length; “perhaps you are right. Indeed I am sure that it is at least a right thing for you to do, as you have so strongly felt it, and so well reasoned it out; and I believe, that if such a principle could be acted upon by a number of men of your class, it would do more for them than can be estimated. The working-classes are rapidly rising, and more particularly the mechanic or artisan class, who are, comparatively, the most advanced of any other class in the world.”

“Oh, Mr. Archer,” said Harding, with an emotion quite unlike his usual manner, which was somewhat hard and self-restrained, “do not flatter the working-classes. I know you would never mislead us; but indeed you help to give us a higher opinion of ourselves, our position and prospects, than the facts warrant. How many writers, men of intellect and full of the spirit of liberty, and the wish to see justice done by society and the laws to our hard work—how many say, and how constantly say, that we are the great rising class of the present time. How have we risen? Where do we stand? It seems to me, sir, that all other classes

have risen, and are rising around us, and that we should be buried alive, if it were not that they need the use of our spades for themselves."

"You surprise me, Harding, by talking in this way. The millions are rising like a great tide that will know no ebb; the mighty shadow of the masses is already rising visibly upon the base of the lofty pyramid of hereditary power, darkening its lustre, and threatening its downfall."

"I cannot see it! A working-man's ears may hear it, but his heart cannot rejoice, because he is unable to see it. What does he really see? Excepting the best hands—the skilled artisans and craftsmen—what does he see? You tell me, sir, of the millions, and the masses—where are they? When you enter a great city you are struck by the magnificent palaces, and churches, and institutions, and theatres, and club-houses, and hotels—the large airy squares—the fine broad streets—the shining rows of shops filled with all manner of things—and by the great numbers of houses—always in splendour by day or by night. These are all for the upper and middle classes. When a gentleman at home, or a traveller abroad, has seen all this, he considers he has seen this city. Well, sir—but where are the millions we hear about?—the masses we read of? He has only seen the localities belonging to 'the few,' and the comparatively few. Is there *another* city—not so fine, nor so commodious, of course, but very much larger of course, where 'the many'—all these millions, these masses, reside?—their public and private work-shops, and their innumerable colonies of homes? There is another city—what a city!—not quite a city under ground, but a straggling series of holes and corners, and side-lanes, and attics, and lofts, and cellars, and nooks behind dark walls, and dung-heaps, and hovels and dens close to cess-pools and slushy passages, and all the dirty people crowded and jammed together in these family-places—far behind, and round about, and out of the sight of the city which gentlemen and travellers walk through and admire. *This* is the second city of all great capitals—the city kept out of sight—the unknown town within the famous town. The city with the name does not *itself* know anything about our place. And this unknown region of the millions and masses, bears the same relation to the city of the upper and middle classes, which the drains and sewers, with the rats, toads, and efts, bear to a splendid river with all its shipping upon it—except that the populations of the sewers work for them-

selves only, and are not shipwright-rats, tailoring-toads, nor brewing and baking-ests, who drudge through the mire for their betters who float in the light. I ask your pardon, Mr. Archer—I would not say all this, if I did not know it myself. I have not told you half."

"Go on—pray proceed."

"I cannot—there is so much. What has the progress of the world, with all its discoveries and improvements, and increased practical knowledge, done for the working-classes of England? For them, printing has not been invented—the great majority get nothing of it—know nothing of it. Even the Bible, so far as hundreds are concerned, has not been printed. They never saw one, nor any good book of any kind, nor could read one if they had it. For the million, there has been no home-felt good in the discovery of gas—they can barely afford a rushlight. For them, steam-power has not come into the world; and the inventions and improvements in machinery have chiefly been felt by the mischief and deprivation they have caused to the operatives during the change, and from which great masses of them never recover all the rest of their lives. The railway, gas, the new machineries, the wonderful discoveries in chemistry and electricity, which I read of in the 'Mechanics' Magazine'—none of these are for us—they are only for those who live in the city that bears a name, and is fit to be seen. Our city has no name—is never fit to be seen—it never is seen—and is only known to one or two medical men who have explored its dark regions, and written accounts so very true that scarcely any body believes them. I can see no rising classes here."

As Harding said this, he drew out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, like a man who has performed some great effort of bodily strength—adding, with a sort of hopeless composure, "Things are better managed in a ship. There the people have the largest half of the decks, and it's always clean."

"It is much the same," said Archer, thoughtfully,—*"in barracks."*

"Yet somehow," continued Harding, "it all works in one groove—in one circle; for the army and navy both belong to 'the few.' The masses and millions of a nation never go to war of their own accord. Do they Mr. Archer?"

"Never," said Archer. "The people's rulers bribe, or persuade, or 'press' them, and exasperate the minds of the respec-

tive nations, as backers and bettors do with animals, till they are ready to tear each other to pieces—and do.”

“Yes,” murmured Harding, half to himself, “the masses of the army and the navy, and all the working millions belong to ‘the few’ who occupy the cities which are in sight, and have names.”

Archer was evidently meditating a reply; or rather, he was turning over in his mind all that Harding had said, before he proceeded with the subject, when the door opened, and a large tray was brought in according to Archer’s arrangement, to avoid the formality of a dinner-table. This put an end to conversation for a few minutes. Harding seemed disposed to renew it, but the explosion of a bottle of Guinness’s stout reminded him of how very thirsty he was, as he had talked more in the last hour than he usually did in a month, being habitually a man of few words, and always better disposed to listen than speak. They soon diverged into a variety of subjects, chiefly relating to Canada, the shipwreck, and the delightful though brief residence at the hospitable cottage of the Miss Lloyds. They both agreed that they had never been so happy in their lives as during those few days.

After dinner, Archer casually turned over the leaves of a volume of Catlin’s “North American Indians,” selecting such passages for reading and comment as he thought would be most interesting to Harding: he then proposed a walk on the beach.

The sun was setting as they approached Southsea Common. Heavy clouds overhung the sky, and the wind still blew from the north-east. Archer thought of his sharp morning bath, and of the unpromising scene that had attended it. The difficult and dismal struggle of the sun to rise and show himself to the world through such an atmosphere, seemed in murky harmony with the condition and efforts of the people, which had formed the chief subject of their conversation all day. He mentioned the comparison to Harding.

“Nevertheless,” pursued Archer, “the strength of the light which exists in all great masses of people, when once awake and aroused to a sense of their rights, will assuredly cause them to rise to their true position. History contains many examples of efforts on the part of the people to emancipate themselves from the selfish exactions and tyranny of ‘the few,’ nearly all of which have quickly become exhausted, and the people have sunk back into their former condition. But the social world throughout the

whole of Europe, and of a greater part of America, was never before in a state of mind like the present, nor in possession of such multiplied means of progression. There is no experience to measure what is going on now. You think because the most wretched and neglected among the masses show no appearance of rising in the social scale, choked up as they now are in filthy darkness, in hunger, in rags, and in disease, that there are no sound seeds of hope planted amidst them. I do not wonder that you feel this. But there are many sound seeds bursting to light through the rank soil, and great springs are fast bubbling up beneath all their dark and muddy embankments. Look at the 'Signs of the Times!' We have enforced and made the first great step to Free Trade, which will gradually extend all over the world, and bring about something like a fair interchange of the labours of different nations, and therefore a mutual understanding and union among the people, the great masses of different nations, who will from that time refuse to be led, hoaxed, and driven to slay or be slain in battle-fields, but will be disposed to help each other instead. Observe the Education ferment now working beneath the whole surface of the middle classes, and extending far beneath all the advanced divisions of the working-classes. Notice the increased knowledge possessed by literary men of the condition of the working-classes, and the interest they take in improving it. A total abolition of the punishment of death, and a new and greatly-improved prison discipline, are nearly accomplished. There is the Sanatory Movement, which most certainly will be carried out—and what a wonderful and extensive change will that make in the bodies and minds of the masses and millions of the 'unknown city,' as you justly call it! The Ten Hours' Factory Bill has passed. There is the Early-closing Movement, which is certain to be carried out, and the consequence will be a vast increase of time for the self-improvement of the humbler ranks of the middle classes—an immense number—and it will then be more fully seen how great a foundation for good is the Whittington Club. We have got a Penny Postage, which has already caused a prodigious increase of communication over all parts of the kingdom. These things show, I think, that improvement in all kinds of machinery—whether Government machinery, locomotive, or manufacturing—will eventually be used for the benefit of the workmen as well as the

masters—of the producers of wealth as well as the possessors. We have a variety of co-operative societies. There is the Building Society; and some friends of ours are already endeavouring to establish a company for the building of Associated Homes. The working-men are also making attempts at Co-operative Associations. The great number of Mechanics' Institutes in all parts of—You were going to say something?"

"I was only thinking—that is, I wanted to say that no such thing as a Mechanics' Institute had yet been established. There are a great many excellent institutions so called; but very few mechanics go to them. Wherever I have been, I have looked round and round, but none of the flannel jackets were there."

"They were probably distributed in different parts of the room."

"No sir; there are but few ever go there. If you look at the rows of faces, you will see the difference between those who make things, and those who sell them—those who hammer, and file, and carry rough weights, from those who measure and weigh out small tender things—the salesmen whose faces are watchful and wary, and calculating the town, and the artisans who are thoughtful and earnest, and with more fixed looks."

"I have observed this," said Archer, "there is a marked difference between the men who have to manage customers of all minds, and the men who simply make the thing out of the raw material. Knowledge looks on many sides, and skill looks steadily right before it. But it never occurred to me to examine the frequenters of Mechanics' Institutes so closely as to determine upon the comparative numbers of each class. I was, however, about to say, that I know these valuable and powerful institutions were, in some sort, failures—that is, as far as the working classes are concerned—and that this very circumstance would lead to the establishment of real Workmen's Institutes. A few are even now rising in various districts, Yorkshire especially. In like manner the fall of the great London theatres, patented for the legitimate drama, and now appropriated to the exclusive use of the upper classes, has already led to the opening of numerous small theatres for the people, which will improve every year. Out of evil will come much good in our day. The increased liberality of feeling about Sunday, as an interval of time, set apart for thankful rest and innocent enjoyment, has induced a furiously bigoted attack, which is likely to give the final impulse to a general opinion in favour of liberal and Christian views of the

matter. Even so, the famine and fever, which are the climax to the multiplied injuries and miseries of Ireland, will lead to her emancipation and renovation, besides acting as a terrible impulse to the slow movement of ministerial reform in England. The Irish Famine was the final blow that gained the victory for Free Trade, and the Irish Fever will probably give the final blow for the success of the Sanatory Movement. These are some of the great 'Signs of the Times'—too mighty in principle and practice not to be accepted as proofs of great coming changes throughout the whole depth, as well as surface of society. They are deducible from obvious things, and also from things never spoken of. For instance, there is a marked improvement, during the last twenty years, in the behaviour of those unfortunates who perambulate the streets in melancholy elegance or gaudy squalor, which proves that a certain degree of refinement is invisibly at work, even in the homes of ruin and the haunts of vice. The Arts of Design are also doing much to assist in the refinement of the people. Besides the abundance of cheap pictorial art, there is the commencement of an improvement in street music. Above all, we have not only an abundance of healthy cheap journals, but we have substantive works, or serials in a cheap form, by beneficially popular authors—men who have a 'strong right arm' in the cause of popular progress—the emancipation and elevation of the great masses of the people. These are the signs that make me believe in Man, and hopeful of good things. These are the great realities which began with dreams, and are now in full operation: ideas of progress, some of which are now gradually taking substance, and form, and motion, amidst opponent struggles, and scoffs, and denunciations,—many more of which may now be called dreams in full work; while several of the most important of all these have now become massive and profound realities in vigorous operation—the glorious consummation of thought and action—of a clear conception, a true heart, and a hand that never tires. The day is dawning: the sun is obscured: but we know that he is there, and that he will shine forth in all his glory on the fields and waters. Meantime the winds howl round naked humanity, who shall yet be clothed, after his struggle with the breakers. Be hopeful and united, Working Men—the good dreamers are your unconquerable friends."

The Dreamer and the Worker here shook hands. They parted for the night, well assured that a bright morning would come—perhaps not to-morrow, yet at no distant day.

LIFE UNSATISFYING.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

So young, so lovely, so beloved !
 And yet do you complain
 Of the decentfulness of life,
 And deem existence vain ?

And say, that back towards your youth
 Two years you would return ;
 Of faith betrayed, of painful truth,
 Some lessons to unlearn ?

Is nothing real, nothing sure ?
 On nought can you rely,
 Save this, that you are in the world
 To suffer, and to die ?

The heart's sweet flowers, profusely forth,
 Youth's treasures, did you bring ;
 And did the promise of your life
 Prove treacherous as the spring ?

It might, it must ; and millions more,
 At tardy Time who sigh,
 With weariness of hollowness,
 The same will testify.

I'm thankful for such discontent :
 In such despair I find
 That nothing in the world was wont
 To satisfy the mind.

Those violets, a minute past,
 The sense delighted well,
 With youth's deliciousness—but now
 They have an earthy smell.

I'm glad they are not always sweet ;
 I would not have them stay ;
 I would not have the world stand still
 In a perpetual May !

What souls of love ! what shapes of light !
 That on our paths attended,
 Have, like the sweets of odorous flowers,
 Up from the earth ascended !

Lady ! I mutmur not that Death
 Grows wealthy, and Life poor !
 Nor that we haste to overtake
 The travellers gone before.

O Lady ! evermore for me,
 In sunset and in dawn,
 Is something growing into light—
 But much more is withdrawn.

Thus, of the pained and purified,
 Are intimations given,
 That even in fading flowers I see
 The outer gates of Heaven.

RICHARD HOWITT.

THE COMING REFORMATION.

PART II.

“Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
 That which they have done but earnest of the things which they shall do.”
 TENNYSON.

MY DEAR PERCY,—In my last I indicated our state of intellectual anarchy, and concluded by assigning as the cause the progress of intelligence among the masses. In that cause also lies the cure. The progress of intelligence has shaken to the foundation the whole of our political system ; the progress of intelligence must produce a new system. *The Coming Reformation* will evolve itself from the present anarchy.

Curious enough it is to consider how “Educate the People” has become the watchword of all parties ; how all parties more or less clearly see that *therein* lies national safety. Even the Tories who, with reason, dread the consequences of the spread of knowledge—who would so willingly, were it practicable, keep the people in “their proper places,” i.e., keep them as machines—ignorant, obedient ; even the Tories now join the Democrats in recommending

education. They feel that a crisis is at hand. They know that the influence of knowledge is humanising ; that it curbs the wild ferocities which prowl about the heart of the savage. They know that, if the ignorant peasant makes the most willing drudge, he also makes, when roused, the most implacable of tyrants. Ignorance—let us never forget—is not simply the negation of knowledge. It is something positive. It is not the mere absence of a good, but the presence of an evil. It is not the mere calm of an unoccupied mind, but the *misdirection* of that mind. The soul of man is irrepressibly active. If it work not for good, it works for evil. If it grasp not golden knowledge, it will clutch at whatever lies nearest. In the untaught soul the passions and brute instincts are like unchained beasts. For indeed the mind of man is as an open book, in which, if we do not trace the fair characters of knowledge, there is every danger that it will be scrawled over with the hideous, staggering characters of vice.

Educate the People ! This is the cry, even of Tories. It is their death-cry ; and some of them know it. Knowledge, the arch-civiliser, has been the great lever of Democracy. Knowledge is the great leveller. Knowledge *will be* the great pacifier.

Still more curious does it appear, at first sight, to see the Church so resolutely opposed to Democracy, and to its great engine—education of the people. Yet the Church was in former days the great source of Democracy, and that *by* education. It first opened the path to intelligence. Its ranks were principally recruited from the people ; and the man of genius who might have languished as a serf, became the equal of nobles—sometimes the superior of kings. It was his intelligence which threw down the barriers of convention, and made him take his rightful place among men.*

You once asked me how it was that Christianity : being essentially the religion of Democracy—of equality : the ministers of its Church are so seldom Democrats ? I fancy this is the simple reason. The clergy instinctively feel that in a Democracy their Church constitution would be greatly altered. It is a constitution formed in aristocratic ages, and must change under a Democracy.

* The fiery Pope Julius II., the enlightened impetuous patron of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Da Vinci, and all men of genius, was wont to observe, that " Learning elevated the lowest orders of society, stamped the highest value on nobility, and in princes was the most splendid gem in the diadem of sovereignty." There was a Democrat!

But be the reason what it may, the fact is indisputable, and shows how, in some respects at least, the Church is unfitted for our age; its opposition to the enlightenment of the people shows how incompetent it is to fulfil its true mission. The mission of a Church is the spiritual leadership of the age. Is our Church the spiritual leader of our age?

Such leadership, as the confused state of things will admit, is unquestionably now in the hands of Literature; and you know how thoroughly democratic are the tendencies of Literature, even the Literature of Tories. Thanks to the growing intelligence of the masses, the mighty Press, with myriad arms, is stretching far and wide its conquests, and hastening the victory of Democracy. But in its march, what great temporary evils! It has unsettled men's ideas. It has disturbed all theories of government. It has created new political problems, but has not yet explained them. It has rendered Toryism and Whiggism wavering and incompetent; destroying their ancient dogmas, forcing them to adopt suicidal principles; and yet has substituted no acceptable creed in their stead.

Part of our confusion lies in the gradual decay of ancient dogmas, so that now the real significance of a creed is not apprehended even by its ardent supporters. Some years ago a Tory was a Tory. You knew his opinions, and their practical consequences. He was a man to argue with, for there was a certain consistency in his opinions. Now it is difficult to say what a Tory is. The theory of government he used to profess is now so mixed up with antagonistic and destructive notions, that you are amazed at his blindness in not seeing that it will not hold together. Now he talks about the people as fluently as a demagogue. He gets up statistics of their misery. He writes pamphlets on their condition. He demands that they be educated. He argues in favour of Free-trade. And in all this he perceives no illogicality—knows not how inevitably he is bringing down destruction on his party—sees not that in placing the People thus upon the stage he is raising a spirit which will destroy him, a spirit which he cannot exorcise at will! Does he, in his stupid pride, imagine he can stay the advancing tide of Democracy, now like a mighty river flowing in? Is he, the Canute of private life, prepared to say unto that rushing tide, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?"

You ask me if it be not possible to preserve our constitution by making certain "concessions" to the demands of the age.

I answer, No ; the concessions demanded amount to a practical reformation of the whole scheme of society.

No doubt concessions have been made ; and these have satisfied for a time the ravenous maw of Progress ; but more will be demanded, and more must be conceded. The concessions hitherto have been reluctant acquiescences of weakness, not the spontaneous modification of a system to suit the age. They have been morsels stintingly thrown down to assuage the clamours of a hungry people ; and thrown out of fear, not out of compassion. Something has been conceded that all may not be wrested. Our rulers have been like the Livonian woman pursued by a troop of wolves, to whom she threw one of her children that she might save the others ; but the wolves pressed on, and one by one her children were sacrificed, till she perished herself, hugging the last child to her broken heart !

Consider only one "concession," namely, that of Education. While Privilege and Wealth are accumulated in the hands of the Few, we see knowledge widening and exalting the souls of the Many. Can any sane man contemplate this state of things, and doubt that society *must* undergo a thorough reformation ? Is not society at present constituted to the advantage of the Few ? I stop not to argue whether or not it be better for society to be so constituted : I only point to the *fact*. Now, whether it be good or bad for *society* I am quite sure that the majority of mankind will decide in their *own* favour. Once let the mass of mankind be so educated as to be able to appreciate the rudiments of social science, and from that instant the predominance of the Few, as at present, will be annulled. It cannot be otherwise. The Many, equal to the Few in knowledge, will not long remain unequal to them in privilege. The Many, when they know their rights, will enforce them. This Reformation must come. But let us hope that it will come gradually, *peacefully* ; let us hope that the triumph will be the triumph of opinion, with its gentle yet irresistible power.

I am not wandering from my purpose in these digressions. I only want space to run before I take my leap, and now am ready to spring at once into the midst of Toryism. For the purpose of a clear appreciation, I at present set aside all modifications of Toryism, such as Conservatism, Young Englandism, and any other *ism*. These modifications are indirect avowals of the decrepitude of the doctrine ; they will be noticed hereafter.

Toryism, as a theory of politics, is nothing more than this :— Under the Institutions of our country, has our country flourished. It, therefore, we would continue our career of prosperity and greatness, we must hold fast to our venerable Institutions.

The Rights of Property—the Security of Persons—the well-being of all classes depends upon the maintenance of social Order ; and that Order depends upon our Institutions. Any attempt to upset the “venerable Institutions of our country,”—Institutions sanctified by time, blessed by prosperity, and approved by all lovers of order, is an attempt which, if successful, must plunge the nation in fearful peril and anarchy.

Such is the *doctrine* of Toryism, reduced to its simplest expression. There is some truth and no little fallacy in it. Its practical consequences, and its dangerous fallacies I will endeavour to explain.

Its consequences are hidden from any but a rigid inspector, on account of the impossibility now existing for their practical realisation. It remains a theory, and its dangerous consequences are not brought into view. In theory all goes on so smoothly ; society moves on in such beautiful order ; unfortunately practice is not so smooth ! Let us suppose Toryism to have the power of realising its theory, and let us then ask “What would be the result ?”

The result would be, that, so far from bringing society into a healthy normal condition—a condition suited to the tendencies and exigencies of the age—it would only *replace society in that condition which necessitated the revolutionary crisis*. In other words, it would, as Auguste Comte has shown, force society to *recommence* its destruction of a form of government which has for many years been incompatible with the exigencies of the governed.*

Does this strike you as true, or as paradoxical ? To me it seems irresistible. To deny it you must, first, either shut your eyes to the vast changes which society has undergone since the Feudal Times ; and who has the audacity to be so blind ? or, secondly, you must look upon the revolutionary spirit which has animated all Europe as an *accident*—as the product of a factitious stimulant—the riot of a few unprincipled demagogues ; not as an inherent necessity—not as the continuous development of the nation—not as the inevitable result of certain social laws acting under certain conditions.

* Comte : Cours de Philosophie Positive, vol. IV., p. 19.

The latter explanation is preposterously unphilosophical; yet, preposterous as it is, it has been readily offered by Tories, who, with a glorious inconsequence, appeal to History and revere Tradition in flagrant contradiction to the most palpable lessons of History!

In the first place, you will admit that *accidents* can have very little influence on so vast and complex a thing as the development of a nation; you know that the laws of human evolution are as fixed and immutable as the laws which regulate the movements of the planets; and if these laws are not so simple, not so easily to be apprehended, the reason is, that the phenomena are so wondrously *complex*. Let us therefore get rid of all the pretended influence of accidents—of all the perturbation of demagogues—by this one consideration: If demagogues did not give utterance to the dumb thoughts of the people, they would not be listened to, they *could* have no influence.

In the second place, History—since History is appealed to—if it tells us one thing more plainly than another, tells us that the condition of society has gradually been *altering* (I will not say *improving*, lest it raise a question); and tells us moreover that the very political system itself has been from time to time materially altered. Now I ask you if it be not an absurdity to propose—in the face of all historical evidence—to *support social order by a political system which has not been able to support itself*? If with each alteration in the condition of the age there has been a corresponding alteration in the political system—(and this is one of the great points in the Tory argument, that the system has so adapted itself to the growing nation); if reluctant but inevitable concessions have been made, is this not a proof that the theory could not be practically *consequent*? For where are the “concessions” to stop? Either the system is *as applicable* to the present, as it was to the past; or it is not. If the former, whence the “concessions?” If the latter, what is there to prevent its *total abolition*?

The Institutions of our country are for the most part essentially *Feudal*; and even the great changes which were consolidated into that system named “our glorious Constitution,” date from 1688. These Institutions, so venerable and majestic, were the offspring of a feudal society: they were then necessary—they were then the expression of the age, and strictly conformable with the ideas of the age.

But our age, thank God! is not Feudal. Why, then, has it Feudal Institutions?

Here is an example. The Law of Primogeniture has not only existence, but has still amongst us passionate, ay and disinterested, defenders. It is essentially Feudal. In Feudal days we can understand the importance of the accumulation of property (and power) in the hands of the head of each family. Had it been divided and subdivided amongst each member of the family, the compact bundle of sticks would have become weakened by separation, as in AEsop's fable. If the Barons were to be powerful, they needed large estates, on which to support numerous retainers. They were small sovereigns. Their younger sons were not so badly off. They lived on the family estate; they shared the family property. But how different the conditions now! The eldest son is wealthy; the other children are penniless, or dependent on the generosity of the heir, and on the foresight of their parents. No longer is there that necessity for large estates; no longer is the nation in want of a bulwark of powerful Barons to protect it from the despotism of a monarch. Yet Primogeniture continues a law of the land. What the consequences are you know too well. I need not dwell upon the evils of the law; too many have done that before me. Hereafter I will endeavour to point out how the advantages resulting from this law—and they are many and serious—will equally accrue from other causes now working in society; but it would lead me too far at present.

A Feudal Institution in times the reverse of Feudal—what healthy action can it have? Is not the mere statement of the fact sufficient condemnation? But let us examine, for a moment the fallacies of the Tory doctrine.

I. England's greatness is identified with her Institutions; if she would continue great, we must preserve those Institutions.

This would be irrefragable if it could once be proved that those Institutions were the *causes* of our greatness. But I have as yet seen no intimate relation of cause and effect between these two. It seems to me a mere *concurrence* of two facts, namely, the fact of our greatness and the fact of feudal Institutions. As well almost might it be argued, that because Spain was more flourishing under the Inquisition than it is now, *ergo* was the Inquisition the cause of her prosperity. England was assuredly great under Elizabeth, when torture was employed to extort false accusations from witnesses, and heretics were roasted at Smithfield for the

purity of Christian doctrines ; but I have never heard that torture and the roasting of heretics form the basis of national prosperity. Might one not unreasonably suppose that England prospered *in spite* of her Institutions ?

II. The second fallacy is that the Rights of Property, the Security of Persons, and the well-being of all classes depend upon the maintenance of Order ; which, though true as a proposition—true even to a truism—has this fallacy tacked on to it : namely, that Order necessarily depends upon existing Institutions. But all Radicals deny this ; they all assert—and I cannot but side with them—that the Order which was necessary for an ancient condition of society, is not the sort of Order necessary for a modern and very different society.

Among your friends, Percy, there are some excellent Tories : upright-minded, out-speaking men, not ill-versed in the history of their country, nor without acquaintance in ancient and modern literature, which has refined and enlarged their minds, rendering them capable of rising above narrow views and petty prejudices. These men will very properly endeavour to instil their principles into your mind. Against their insidious persuasion I hope to guard you. By stripping their doctrine of all its rhetorical ornaments and historical illustration, I hope to show it you in all its shivering nakedness and decrepitude. Clothed in historical ermine, it makes a grand appearance ; it is then more alluring, but it is not less false. Some of its defenders have, it must be confessed, displayed astonishing sagacity in discovering by the light of History that of which no one is ignorant ; with great pomp of erudition, and with great patience of deduction, they have risen to the discovery of common-places. But even the best of them have read History perversely. You will soon perceive that they give up History when History gives up them. They reverence Tradition only up to a certain period ; that passed, they despise its instructions as deceitful. Auguste Comte has, with his usual penetration, seen “ this radical incompetence of the Retrograde School,* to prolong its historical theory up to that point which could alone give it a real political importance, that, namely, of making the Present only the continuous development of the Past. So that the situation of society during the last three

* He refers more directly to the Catholic School, of which our Puseyites are the followers ; but the argument applies equally to the English Tory.

centuries appears only intelligible to this school, by supposing humanity arrived, one knows not how, at a sort of chronic malady, which is incurable except by some miraculous interposition."

In thus preparing you to resist the arguments of Toryism, by making you aware of the incompetence of that doctrine to realise its theories, I must not omit to point out with philosophic impartiality the truth that is in Toryism, and its importance in preserving society from violent disruption.

Without disguising the state of intellectual dissidence—without shutting their eyes to the manifold disorders now troubling the peace of society, the Tories can triumphantly point to their Institutions as, on the whole, not intolerable, and as, on the whole, preserving social Order. That Order, they add, would be more perfect were it not opposed by Radicals, whose opposition they are unable to subdue. All their habits and interests are bound up with the present system; and as they can conceive no other system productive of the same amount of order, they regard every attempt at reform as a progress towards anarchy.

In truth it is the fear of anarchy which makes Toryism strong; as it is the fear of the tyranny of a mob which gives to monarchy its dominion. I have known men, whose hearts nobly responded to the cry of liberty—whose faith was in the future—yet who deemed themselves bound to throw the weight of their talents in the Tory scale, simply because they fancied the predominance on the Radical side becoming dangerous, and they believed that the exertions of all friends of Order were necessary to keep the country from social disruption. This espousal of a party, out of terror at its opponents, though sometimes the conscious act of reflective men, is oftener the unconscious instinct, and not seldom the mere dictate of interest. Men's convictions are wondrously shaped by their interests! With perfect good faith they are unable to conceive a state of society in which their present interests should be deranged, without at the same time deranging the general interests of mankind. So difficult is it to conceive that what is sweet to us should be bitter to others!

Were it not for the terror inspired by the growing preponderance of democracy, and which seems to be hastening England into the vortex of social disorder, the Tory doctrine would be almost universally discredited, and reduced to a merely historical existence. Men would acknowledge that feudal institutions are unsuited to non-feudal ages. But now they declare—and justly—that even

these institutions are preferable to none, or to such as would destroy the order of society.

Nor is this fear ungrounded. When I see the reckless and fallacious speculations of Owenism, Fourierism, and many other *isms*, boldly proposed as the substitutes of our present system, I cannot wonder if sober men think it better "to endure the ills we have, than fly to those we know not of." Be on your guard against such theories. Oppose Toryism, and expose it; but against all that facile utopists propose, defend it to your utmost. Toryism is, I believe, false; but at any rate, when tempered by Radicalism, it does in some way preserve society from falling to pieces, and does secure liberty to the individual. Socialism is as false in doctrine, and still more impotent to regulate society.

There are evils in the present Law of Property. I believe these cannot much longer continue. A change must come. But I turn with contempt from those theories which propound as a remedy to the evils, the abolition of property altogether. If these theorists were not as ignorant of literature as they assuredly are of the principles of human nature, they would scarcely propose as a novelty an utopia as old as Plato, which has been triumphantly refuted as long ago as Aristotle.* There are evils also in the present Law of Marriage; but to abolish marriage as the remedy is really as wise as to cut a man's head off to cure him of the toothache.

Toryism is the drag-chain upon impetuous, ill-considered reform. It responds to the strong repugnance man entertains against every change which does not bring with it a conviction of its amelioration of his condition. It is the re-action against the attacks of revolutionary ardour. It is the bulwark against the too rapid progress of unprepared democracy. In this way it fulfils an important office in modern society, in spite of the decrepitude of its doctrine.

Such as it is, it does mainly help to preserve Order. In this respect it has the support of all those whose sense of the necessity for Order is greater than their sense of the necessity for Progress. It also accords with the natural inertia of the human race. Man is little prone to change. Like every other animal, he is essentially conservative. Change in him is only produced by extraordinary stimulus; and it is seldom that he releases himself from

* In the masterly work on *Politics* by that sage thinker.

the conditions which surround him, until they have become intolerable. Were it not so, how could he explain the long continuance of flagrant abuses?

To resume what has been here laid down: Toryism is the exponent of one great principle—Order. Nevertheless it is not the Order necessary for the stability of modern society. It aims at the futile and visionary project of regulating modern society upon the same principles as were necessary for the regulation of society centuries ago.

As conceived by the mass of Tories, you may consider the doctrine to be simply that of a *Stationary* school. It is the mere *vis inertia* of short-sighted, interest-blinded classes, wishing to “let well alone.”

As conceived by the thinking, energetic men of the party—men who, awakened to the extent of social disorder, would fain remedy it—men who, with the boldness of thinkers, logically deduce from their premises such consequences as less venturous politicians shrink from naming—the proper name is not the *Stationary*, but the *Retrograde* school.

Young Englandism and Puseyism are the two great active sections of this school. Fantastic as their opinions may be, they are at any rate *consistent*; and the political philosopher will gladly welcome them as at all events frankly expressing the real tendencies of Toryism.

So much for Toryism. In my next I will point out the weakness of its great antagonist—Radicalism.

Ever yours,

VIVIAN.

THE MARKET—OLD AND NEW.

THE clock upon his table struck two! Before had been the same dull sound as now came after, stroke by stroke, without rousing him from his deep abstraction. But now, after the silence of hours, and diligence of travail, thought had reached its proudest climax—knowledge of truth; for the causes traced had this for finality: “That in proportion as man makes active the conditional laws, so will become entire his power over formative nature, and its mighty, moral, and governing consequences.”

Hall, the great anatomist, was roused now, and got up to stir

his fire. The knocks were at the street door. Odd knocks too; not heavy, like a cabman's; not short and quick, like those of gentility; not humble and timed, like those of poverty—but heavy, low, untimed, as if a brutish coarse hand struck them. His servants had been long in bed, and for a moment he hesitated; but the knocks going on, he lighted a candle at the gas-burner, and went to the door. When opened, he was surprised to see before him, a low, round-shouldered, thick-set man, with small stupid-looking blood-shot eyes, and a thin unshaven beard. He wore a low-crowned hat, and butcher's smock; the latter, like his hands, incrustated with blood and grease, and hanging dank round his filthy leather gaiters. Both sight and sense revolted from the man: for in no charnel-house, no fever-hospital, no den inhabited by *les chiffonniers* of Paris, or the beggars of Westminster Almonry, had this great surgeon ever come upon a stench more foul. Nor did speech seem human; even this had been brutalised by the demoralising influence of cruelty and filth. The great surgeon's first impulse was to close the door against such a visitor at such an hour; but the man seeming in earnest, he patiently tried to understand what he said, with this result: That he was a Smithfield butcher; that his only child, long ill, now lay dying; that many surgeons had attended it without success, and that the landlord of a certain Smithfield tavern, having read in the newspapers of the surgeon's great fame, had advised this butcher to apply to him. Imputing Hall's evident reluctance, not to its true cause, the repulsiveness of his own person, but to some doubts respecting payment, the butcher drew from his pocket a greasy canvas bag, and taking out several sovereigns, proffered them. Though Hall shook his head in instant negative, he now, seeing the man's mission was a real one, invited him in, closed the door, and led the way to his study. In such disorder, as it usually was at night, when alone and sure of being undisturbed, in his great anatomical analysis of form, this room, coupled with his fame, as detailed by the landlord with great fulness, was just the sort of place to rouse the stolid curiosity of ignorance. Still the gaze was but a dull wondering one, till it rested on a large atlas or book open on a reading-desk. Then was it intense, absorbed, wondering; the whole body, in its bent-forward attitude, as expressive of breathless curiosity as the face. Yet on that page was represented nothing more than an idiot's head, horribly contorted and ugly, and drawn as large as life. Still the man's wonder was

so intense, that quite unconscious, as was evident, to himself, he drew nearer and nearer, till at last he stood close before the page, and with uplifted finger. The attention of Hall, who had now rung for his servant, and was putting on his coat, was presently arrested by the man's attitude; he crossed the room and stood beside him. "Well, friend, and what see you?" The butcher, with blanched face, and eyes still more blood-shotten, though in a voice, that was almost soft and whispering, compared with its previous brutality, answered, "The child's no sense, it is an idiot."

"But you seem bright enough, eh? What's your wife?"

"Twice as sharp as I, sir. Kept the 'counts like a school-master 'afore she took to the dram; but it's all up with her now, like the rest o' the women. Gin's second natur to them as are up in the heart o' the slaughter houses. Though as to the child, if" Again the man looked up into the surgeon's face.

"I am not a God, friend, to make that wholly straight, which Nature has fashioned crooked, though ignorance has told you so. There's first, as you say, to save the child's life; then we'll see. Time and care have done as much as this!" As he spoke, his benign and intellectual face bent towards the page, and his hand turned the leaf to another, where was still the idiot's face; but yet, in its approach to sense and humanity, whole types above the one foregone. Hall looked down to see if ignorance could comprehend this change, and lo! the mighty universal heart of Nature, never wholly degraded, or senseless, in its worst condition, was touched; eyes seared by years' vision of cruelty were wet, and tears fell on his uplifted hands. For here was his child as it was—here as it might be. No other circumstance could have thus told upon this hardened and ferocious man!

It was a spring morning; the streets sloppy, and the air seeming keen and cold whilst they swiftly trod the broader streets, but becoming close and fetid as the purlieus of Saffron Hill closed round; and this too at every step thicker and duller with the roar of human voices and tramping feet. Elsewhere, to human eye and ear, in streets, in lanes, and squares, in market-places, on quays, on wharves, the mighty city lay profoundly still—its heart throbbed not: here another generation was at its task-work of labour and crime, and with loud voice, coarse gesture, swift motion, roared on its way, or crept silently along as if its fitful hour of task-work were short; ending when dawn begun, and man

rose to true work with the sun. Hawkers and butchers, prostitutes and thieves, children and beggars, knife-grinders and dealers, pie-men and link-boys, made up the motley rings that swayed on in one direction round droves of frightened cattle, urged on by men and dogs, the drivers hanging on the outskirts of these crowds in parley with some hawker, or the depths of a thrifty Scotch bargain with some still more cunning salesman. Just on the skirts of the market, where the crowd of cattle and men was still denser, and the smoke from the glaring links hung in a cloud, the butcher turned down a narrow passage, crossed a court strewn with rotted litter, and into which old stables, now converted into slaughter-houses, opened, and from this court into passages long and intricate, plastered like those of a dwelling-house, but the walls dripping with filth, and the brick floors so slippery with blood and grease that even the practised foot of the butcher swayed to and fro. The surgeon's curiosity was intense; though his heart sickened in the gratification of this curiosity. And from these passages, so dark that the way had to be often felt, and so narrow, that a stout man's shoulders would have touched either side, slaughter-houses opened; some, like wildernesses, stretching far back into dim vacuity, the foregrounds light enough to show the demoralizing orgies held, and others small, like prison cells, swarming with life, and varied with all conditions of scene. Amongst these grim wildernesses were some, where poor brute nature awaited its lingering death, lolled its thirsty tongue, and gazed ardently at every passing hand for food and water; dying a long first death within these sickening scenes, the more sickening to this mild brute nature, nurtured on the breezy Highland hills and flowery pastoral leas—some, where death's work was only half accomplished, so that slow sinkings and long agonies should create fitting delicacies for the sated appetite of the epicure; some, where unnatural food paved the way to this slow process; some, where the upheaved floor of filth, like that in Hecatean fable, rotted and festered and begat its dire miasma; some, where the blood made its own stagnant pools, or trickled in dire waste to the gurgling sewers low down; some, where foul cruelty played its Hecate part and revelled in brutality; some, where round charcoal fires, half-naked men and boys whooped and fought, and cooked and eat their insatiate meal of quivering flesh; and even some, where demoralized and scarce recognisable woman played her part, imbrutified by crime and gin. And yet, Corporation of London, you nurse this Smithfield in your city's heart,

and cherish, by your monopoly, these orgies. In sanatory-pattern books, such nature-men as your Chadwicks, your Duncans, your Southwood Smiths, colour your town-plans with light or shade as disease and health prevail; and if these same great nature-men draw skeleton plans of your boasted city, and colour by this same rule, why, on this same Smithfield, will sink down a cloud, so dense and dark, a tempest-night shall be dawn by comparison. Further too, with this monstrous stereotyped monopoly is your stereotyped idea that gold and silver alone constitute wealth; that they are sole tangibility of riches. So with this same tangibility your exchequer is laden; you fasten it up with bolt and bar in your Bank of England cellars; you think all *real* wealth is safe in your goldsmiths' and silversmiths' windows, and exists only in your hoard of civic plate, in your cash-boxes, in your purses! You cry, "This bullion is solely capital; here we have it safe: and for famine, paralysed trade, or for misery amongst the gold-creating classes, we are the Lord Bountifuls that give so well in charity." Why?—In this same nursing-bed of your city's worst demoralization and crime, rots, wastes, flows forth, sinks into the ground, desecrates humanity, pollutes nature, such infinite and prodigious riches, that your tangibility,—bullion, capital,—large though it be as your stereotyped idea, is but a mustard grain to a mountain! Preserve these same agents, let them no longer brutalize and pollute, let chemical discovery remain no longer in books or merely active in the crucible; let it assist the conditions for evolving the limitless fruitlessness of nature, and these same organic principles which now desecrate and pollute, will, by their new elements, feed your before charity-fed and theft-supported population, and give it something like a sane and moral bearing.

As the way through these filthy passages grew more intricate and darker, the butcher stepped on before to get a lantern, and the anatomist slowly following, soon found the passage broadened out into a little open yard, surrounded by these same iniquitous dens of cruelty and filth. From the iron grating of one streamed so strong and broad a light, that he stepped up and looked within, and saw some five or six half-naked men and lads perched on a sort of bench around a charcoal fire. Having some matter of dispute on hand, their faces were crowded over the glaring fire like a cluster of bees; and far above pitcous bleat and low, rattled the jinking pence as they were snatched from hand to hand by one or other of the disputants. At this point of fierce oath

and denial, one lad, less likely, perhaps, to be a victor than the rest, turned round, and touching another on the shoulder, cried out, "Hallo! soft Ned's at his work agin." At which shout others turned round and joined in the brutal hallo. "Now; my harties," roared a grim savage, thrusting the score of pence that had settled the dispute into his breeches pocket, which, by the way, was the only garment he wore, "here goes for Ned's lesson;" and as he spoke, he shied, with accurate aim, a short thick stick that lay on the floor at a lamb tethered to an iron ring. It had hitherto stood, though bleeding and faint, and had lapped some water from a little rusty porringer that a boy, scarcely seen in the dim light, had held towards it; but now, its fore-leg broken, it sunk upon the reeking floor, and a shout of brutal merriment rose above its low moan of death and pain. "Good God!" thought the anatomist, "are these things in the heart of London's boasted civilisation?" Yes! fifty times worse, if I might paint them, and show how brutal cruelty is inseparable from hideous crime. Sick at heart, Hall turned away, and found the butcher by his side. "Dreadful scenes these!" he said. "We 'se live among 'em, and git used to 'em," was the only answer. With the light of the lantern they now got quickly on, and passing a sort of shed, in which a little old queer night-capped knife-grinder was busily at work, Muffs, the butcher, pushed aside a door at the end of a short unventilated passage, and his kitchen and its occupants were before them. If he who has given so many great moral sermons to humanity, had wanted a model for a scene representing wealth, filth, and callous disregard, here it would have lain to his hand; for the substantial chairs, dressers, clock, gaudy clothes hanging about, and lavish eatables and drinkables, all told of money; the discomfort and sottish misery, of filth; and the disregard around the great wooden cradle of the child, of worse than callous indifference. The mother, imbecile with drink, lolled in a high-back chair, deaf to the moanings of her child; three or four boys, some in the chimney-corner, and one of them seated on a pile of reeking hides, cooked their supper over the huge fire; two old women, crouched beside the cradle, sipped the gin set forth for them on the table, and chatted fiercely as they swayed the cradle to and fro, totally careless whether they increased or hushed pain; and other women and gossips there were in the back-ground, who, younger and of more doubtful vocation, tried on the spendthrift finery scattered

about, or hobnobbed with cup and saucer. Scarcely able to breathe the pestiferous air, Hall's first words were to open a window—*there was none*, "they always burnt candles;" and when at that same instant the lads, warned by Muffs to go, opened a door beside the fire-place, in reeked the swelter and stench of the slaughter-house, thus merely divided from the human dwelling by a thin partition. Did the great anatomist wonder then, when throwing back the cloak that covered in the head of the cradle, to see before him the insane and animal-faced idiot mad with fever? No! the cause and the effect were one, and not mere incident. Nature is judge over her own mighty laws, and allows of no infringement in the constitution of her sublime progress; but ever seems teaching to man, and evolving by circumstances, that all of her, with her, and belonging to her, must accord with her own universal harmony! The drunken mother was rather fair and young; the father, though brutalised and dull, was not deformed; yet here was the child, so imbrutified and hideous, that compassion might have smote the heart of the most unpitiful. It was very ill—fever was added to a new form of its insanity—this had made the father seek the great surgeon. After clearing the room of all but the mother, and lessening the huge fire, Hall wrote out a prescription, and dispatched the father with it to the nearest chemist. Whilst he was gone, he took the child upon his knee, and tried, by bathing its face and hands with water, to hush its moaning cries. But uselessly, even when the medicine was brought and given; and the father, thinking these cries were precursors of its death, walked wildly to and fro about the kitchen.

"Sir," he said, "stopping abruptly before the surgeon, and looking down on the child as it lay in its cradle, "such a cro-tur is a judgment perhaps on me and her; but if you can, save its life; if you can bring its face nearer that one"

"It must be soothed and carried from this den; in it, it would not live many hours. Is there no one it has been accustomed to?"

"Why, I think," spoke the old knife-grinder, who had just stepped in to see how matters were going on, "Ned's the one that has sometimes got her to sleep, I know. Shall I make a search, Muffs?"

"They're rolling the cattle into Diggis's I hear, but" The old man was off, and soon came back with a lad, very gaunt and miserable, for he was only a hanger-on upon these scenes of blood, sometimes, as he had been that night; at others, helping

the glue-makers and tallow-melters, and catching the skirts of vice and misery, for his shamble broad. Yet, perhaps from habit, the idiot child nestled to him and sunk to rest; and, regardless of the fierce fever that parched it, the boy hung it over with tenderness and pity. After some consultation with Muffs and the knife-grinder, Mr. Twirl, for this was the name of the latter, gave up a little garret that was his, in the same house as where he rented his shop; and to this, with much care, the child was carried. Though still in the heart of these pestiferous dens, being a garret, the room was cool and airy; and after seeing it placed carefully in bed, the surgeon, promising to send some one to see it in a few hours, consigned it to the care of its father and the boy, who at Hall's request remained. A sudden thought seemed to cross the surgeon's mind, for he had reached the garret door, and then turned quickly back.

"You were the boy that gave the lamb the water, were you not?"

"Why, yes, sir—Is"

"The act did you credit, though but one of mercy I fear, in a million acts of cruelty. And the lamb"

"Is not dead, sir. Diggis said it wasn't worth a fathling, except for its hide; and if I'd do an extra bit o' night-work next market it should be mine."

"Well, let it live—and come to me to-morrow. I will leave my address with this good knife-grinder." When they reached the little candle-lighted shop below, the surgeon made some inquiry touching this lad.

"Why, what them as is here call a queer 'un, sir—that is, soft, 'cause he hasn't quite sich a likin to wickit-niss as themselves. And I don't expect he should, seeing I've taught him a bit o' reading in the way of a newspaper, for I 'se a politician to the back-bone, sir. And so, what with some other queer fancies, about collecting bones, them days he works for the bone-boilers, and doing what he calls chemistry work with my old tea-kettle, why, ye see . . ."

"He's not related to Muffs?"

"Dear, no, sir; he was found, a baby, amongst the shambles. Some cretur had left him there. As for Muffs, he works for him, when the slaughter work is heavy, and thus has hushed that idiot baby, so"

At this same word the knife-grinder stuck a candle into a lantern, and opening the lower hatch of his shop, stepped on

before to show the way. The same vile dens were passed as in coming, only now they seemed to be filled with shouting men, and tramping infuriated cattle. Sounds there were, too, of blows as hard as if struck with the hammer and the arm of Thor or Vulcan; the gleam of many torches, and the clap of opening and shutting gratings that led to vaults below; and yet, above all these, the human roar of Smithfield, making perfect this grim negative of a boasted civilisation!

From this same time, the great anatomist took interest in the sanatory condition of Smithfield, in the mental progress of the idiot child, and the fortunes of the shambling boy. As soon as the fever was abated, Peg was placed with other children, on whom the great surgeon was trying his humane and educative theories, at a cottage within an easy distance from town; and when Ned, rescued from his shambling life, and educated at the expense of Hall, followed up his chemical and anatomical tastes, in the laboratories and dissecting theatres of the metropolitan hospitals, instead of in the tea-kettle of the knife-grinder, or the slaughter-houses of Smithfield, it was a bright holiday to go and see poor little idiot Peg, waxing wonderfully towards sense; and Bell, now grown into a comely sheep, following her footsteps amidst the field and garden flowers. Oh! let me whisper to you—that *no element of Nature is ignoble!*

* * * * *

Monopoly, however, backed, whether by tyranny, whether by money, whether by ignorance, or even all combined, falls before the gathered moral force of Common Sense. Therefore it was, when national education multiplied this admirable part called Common Sense, the grim nuisance of Smithfield market fell; not, however, without groans from battened monopoly and the plethora of corporate rule. And none so helped towards this just fall as Hall, the great anatomist. He it was, who, assisted by the familiar knowledge of Ned and the knife-grinder, laid before parliament, in succinct detail, the horrors of this Smithfield and its grim dens called slaughter-houses. He showed, that with such a focus for generating crime, education was *nil*; that the *nexus* which bound misery and filth together, was the same that bound them to vice and crime. That in such an atmosphere of putrescence none but a physically degraded population could exist; that this physical degradation, followed out through generations, brought human nature to a type below that of the brute; and that these same

scenes of brutal death and slaughter were the truest school for the glories of the hangman and the gibbet. Common Sense understanding these things at last, Smithfield nuisance fell.

Now, the *abattoir* system, active to supply a mighty population with its staple food, no longer, of necessity, involves phases of demoralization. Placed under government-control, no pollution exists; and animal life, taken with the least pain and the quickest dispatch, leaves no room for cruelty. The refuse, once left to rot and create the foulest of nuisance, is now, by chemical agency, converted into the finest fertilising power; whilst, from the experiments made in the *abattoir* laboratories, are rising discoveries, to startle even a progressive and believing human mind. Such is the metropolitan *abattoir*, "The Market New," instead of "The Market Old," in all its conditions assisting towards the development of a healthy and flourishing population. Man, by development of moral law, gains power over formative nature.

A large and flourishing lodging-house for Highland drovers, and country folks, is now kept by Muffs; and it is beautiful to hear old gray-headed men say, how the gentle idiot girl, when they are sick or tired, comes to tend them or sit beside them, and tells all she knows of the country and the flowers. And, what is greatest still for my argument: of true nobility, the *abattoirs* and their hospital have a wondrous nature watching over them; wondrous in knowledge, the once poor shamle boy—the great humanitarian English Parent Dûchâtelet.

Oh! world, let me whisper it unto thee musically again—No
element of Nature is ignoble!

SILVERPEN.

THE VISIONS OF THE YOUNG MIND.

"Les pensées des hommes ressemblent

A l'air, aux vents, et aux saisons ;

Et aux girouettes qui tremblent

Inconstamment sur les maisons."

Philip Desportes's Early French Poets, by Cary.

THERE they come!—the jocund phantoms—

Beautiful in all but truth,

Trooping with the breeze and sunbeams

O'er the morning hills of youth.

There they come ! all clad in brightness,
 Music sounding through their wings,
 For, did ever thought or sadness
 Shadow young imaginings ?

Life's romance is bound among them—
 Phantasies most pure and glad,
 And in every human bosom
 Is their *death-throe* long and sad.

See ! that wild imperious Spirit, ♦
 Proud, but beautiful as light—
 She with laurel, bay, and sceptre,
 Rules young hearts with matchless might.

She, who points to earth's distinctions—
 Scholars, Warriors, Poets' sways—
 Beams of hope, and buds of promise,
 Flings she o'er their thorny ways

Telling not of weary vigils, ♦
 Nor that years with labour life,
 Train the mental gladiator
 For the triumph and the strife

And she whispers not the warning—
 If ye live the goal to win,
 Past the zest for keen enjoyment,
 Old the heart, and wise in sin

She paints not th' untimely furrow,
 ♦ And the rich hair early grey,
 Shatter'd ties, and wither'd garlands,
 Trampled in ambition's way !

Yet is she a glorious Spirit
 And the sin—if sin it be—
 -Tempted angels, and hath given
 Mortals immortality !

See the next bright phantom coming—
 Monarch of the present hour !
 And the greatest mind and bice t,
 Bends beneath his magic power.

Love with beauteous dreams hath peopled
 Hearts as pure as mountain snow ;
 Flashing oft a gleam of virtue
 Thro' the soul abased and low.

Oft hath he the sway divided,
 With all other passions there ;
 Hand in hand with proud Ambition
 He hath walked in raiment fair.

Scenes are his of quiet gladness,
 Scenes where all is woe beside,
 Where his lamp, yet fondly cherish'd,
 Floats down Fortune's roughest tide.

Noble deeds oft unrecorded,
 Self-oblivion hath he taught—
 Font of many a hope and blessing,
 Pure and bright and lofty thought !

I am lost amid the beauty,
 I am lost amid the throng
 Of the visions, and the promise,
 And the hope, and light, and song.

They have faded, died, departed
 Phantoms of the new-born mind !
 And the pilgrim in his noontide
 Leaves youth's morning dreams behind.

And before him stand ungarnish'd,
 The realities of life ;
 And he girds him up for action,
 'Mid the stir and din and strife !

MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

A DAY WITH OLD OCEANUS.

It is a glorious morning at that season of the spring, when, laying aside her fickleness and coquetry, she resigns herself to the youthful and fervid summer. The topmost leaves of the taller trees, gently stirred by the luscious air, are twinkling in the sunlight, in alternations of green and gold ; the sky is one limitless expanse of deep blue, save in the east, where a few transparent and richly gilt clouds rest on the horizon's verge—beautiful fragments of the chariot which has conveyed the monarch of Nature to this portion of his kingdom. It is one of those mornings, exhilarating alike to soul and sense, in which it seems something

monstrous to think of doing anything, except to drink the balmy sweetness of Nature's cup ; there is a holiday-feeling in the atmosphere, and a holiday we mean to make of it. To-day will we listen to the murmurings of the summer ocean. Our little yacht lies but a short half-hour's journey from hence, and if you will accompany us, kind reader, you shall be heartily welcome to a share of the day's pleasure. Look through that opening in the trees—there is the estuary, widening as it flows on its glittering and tortuous course, between thickly wooded hills, and sweet valleys rich in promise. A few minutes, and we are standing by the side of our boat, which is at present high and dry on the "hard," for the tide is little more than half-flood, and having some time therefore to spare, we will introduce you to that amphibious animal in a pair of patched canvas trousers supported by one brace, bayan shirt, and fur cap, which he wears with the peak over one ear—he is the sailing-master of our vessel, and as he is seldom known on the quay by any other name than "Bill," we shall adhere, for custom's sake, to that brief and euphonious appellation. It is needless to say, for you will perceive it at once, that he is a character, and consequently enjoys all the privileges and immunities of that favoured class. While he is gone to fill those two stone bottles, one with porter from the little inn, over which swings the sign of a ship most preposterously built and outrageously rigged, and the other with water from a rill which gurgles through that field, we will take a survey of the quiet scene around us. Steeped in sunshine, and half-hidden by a screen of nets and masts, stands a little fishing village, at a short distance on the opposite bank of the river,—from whence the clink of chain cables, and the musical cry of those who man the handspikes, announce that the little fleet of dredgermen are putting to sea. Small groups of old worn-out sailors sit about on the huge, rusty anchors which lie on the quay. Before us, extend the waters of the harbour, flashing in silver radiance, and quivering with the dazzling scintillations of every restless ripple. "What do you say ? you can't see our yacht ?"—her little hull is hidden by the bend of the river, but if you look over the hillock on your right, you will see a mast, from the taper extremity of which streams a red and white swallow-tailed flag—that's she, and a pull of ten minutes will bring us alongside. "Come Bill, look alive—we want to be off—are all the things in the boat ?" To this Bill replies by a nod, (it is too soon in the day for him to be talkative),

and putting our shoulders to the boat, we run her into the water, out with the oars, and are soon on board our little craft. We "up foresail," and while Bill is kneeling on the half-deck, hauling in, hand over hand, the cable, carefully cleaning it of sea-weed and mud, before he deposits it in a neat coil, we ship the tiller, and inquire which way he wants to cast her. Without looking over his shoulder, he makes a signal with his hand—we comply, as we suppose, but as her head swings contrary to the desired direction, he sings out, "T'other vay, sir, t'other vay—don't stand hactin' and skylarkin' now, ye shall be aground in a minute—shove your hellum hard down and haul in that 'ere sheet to leeward—I *towd* you t'other vay." The anchor is lifted, and the little vessel bounds to the touch of her helm, like a courser to the rein. We have got the wind nearly ahead, so we must beat out of the river. "Now then, you Bill, don't go to sleep—get the topsail on her, we are becalmed under the high land, and are drifting astern with the tide." Bill proceeds to hoist the topsail, muttering something about "not having had any breakfast yet,"—so as soon as the topsail is set, the little deck made neat and orderly, and the sheets all clear, we appease his temper and hunger together, by the propitiatory offering of a piece of cold meat and a slice of bread, both of which he holds in his left hand, while he works away with a clasp-knife, hanging by a rope-yarn from his neck, plates being superfluous articles in his Diogenic establishment. Well, eat thy breakfast, poor neglected item of humanity, and let not the thought of thy many deficiencies impede the activity of those vigorous jaws, (not that we have many fears on that head); for if through thy hard lot thou art a stranger to life's amenities, be it thy consolation, that through the same cause thou art also insensible to much of its bitterness, for,

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."

Away we go, the breeze freshening, and the diamonds dancing at our bows, to the music of the Triton's horn. White crests begin to gleam and gambol on the tops of the glassy ridges. The woodland scenery of the river is giving place to the long line of barren sand, dotted here and there with a Martello tower, or Preventive station. At the distance of a couple of miles on our weather-bow you may see "a darker speck on the ocean green"—it is the buoy that marks the bar at the entrance of the harbour;

and when we have left it astern we shall be fairly in the German Ocean. Our sailing-master has finished his breakfast ; and after giving one glance to the sails, and another to the sea and sky, he lies down to sleep on the cabin floor ; knowing that as we are clear of the river his services will not be so much required. And now that nothing is heard but the monotonous wash of the waves, rolling in from windward in interminable succession, and the wild scream of the sea-bird, wheeling his glittering circles overhead, let us have a little quiet converse on the character and habits of those who pass their life, and too often meet death, on the dreary "waste of waters."

We think we are justified in asserting, that the true character of our seamen is but very imperfectly understood by landmen generally, and that those whose ideas of the "British Tar" are confined to the blue jacket, white trousers, and other attractive qualities of the sailor, on *paper*, can form but little notion of the mental and moral degradation of the generality of those who man our coasting and merchant vessels. The early tuition in the duties of a sailor's life necessarily excludes him from many advantages which landmen are perhaps too apt to undervalue ; and the whole course of his hard servitude strengthens the barrier which seems to divide him from his kind. His privations are great, his usage hard, and sometimes cruel ; his means of self-improvement are small, and his inclination still less than his means ; his pleasures (so called) are often brutal and debasing ; and his religion is a mixture of superstitious fears and extravagant credulity ; but, if he is a "thorough sailor," few persons seem to think it either practicable or necessary to make anything else of him. It is true, some masters of ships take very praiseworthy pains to improve the character, and ameliorate the condition of their crews ; and as far as outward behaviour and physical comforts are concerned, much good arises. But, to raise the sailor in the social scale, it is necessary that he should have social advantages—that there should be less exclusiveness in his information, tastes, pursuits, and companions, all of which the isolating nature of his profession tends so much to preclude. It is easier to point out the deficiency than to offer a remedy ; for, do what we may, it seems we cannot materially alter the constitution of poor Jack, whose chief property consists (as assigned to him in the old song) of "a light heart and thin pair of breeches," with which he endures privations with a cheerfulness which would make a landsman blush at his

own discontent, faces many a night of stormy horrors with unshaken constancy ; and when cast, bruised and shivering, on the terrific lee shore, with nothing but his life and a few rags, he wends his way to the nearest port, re-ships under a new master, and smokes his pipe with new ship-mates, with a stoicism worthy the admiration of Zeno himself. There is a singular combination of childishness and manliness in the naval character : on points where a landsman would show acuteness of observation, depth of thought, or soundness of judgment, Jack proves himself a very child ; but where that same landsman would hide his fearful head, and close his eyes and ears to sights and sounds appalling, *there* the sailor displays the coolness and the promptitude, the energy and the hardihood, that have gained for the British flag its proud superiority. Although a sailor's life is passed amid scenes of the most touching beauty or awful sublimity, his uninformed and obtuse mind seldom appreciates their influence ; and though he visits lands basking in the rays of Nature's divinest light, and walks the streets of cities resplendent with the glories of art, or dim with the melancholy shadows of departed greatness, it is all the same to him, and the only information he can give you on the subject is, how they had the wind going down channel, how many times they reefed topsails on the voyage, and what a spree they had the first night they went ashore.

But, whilst thus chatting, we have left the land far to leeward, and our tight little craft is pitching and labouring in the heavy sea, now burying her bowsprit till the jib is wet half-way up, and now settling her stern in the seething waters, till you may see under her fore-foot. If you will kick that sleeping philosopher up, we will take the topsail in, for we have got rather too much canvas on her for this stiff breeze. " Halloo, there, you son of a sea-cook, turn out, will you, and take in topsail." Sailor-like, he is awake in a moment, and after his usual comprehensive glance, he says, " Take in topsail ? Yes, I should think so. You must be crazy, together, to carry on her so. I'll lay a farden cake that ere topmast is sprung. Vy, there's the hystermen a-takin' in a reef in their mainsails, and here's you a-drivin' ——." The rest of the sentence he mumbles to himself, as he sits astride on the cross-trees. The wind is backing into the east, and increasing to nearly half-a-gale. The sea is rising, and as it strikes the bows of our vessel, it makes her quiver from head to stern. She seems, at such times, to be endowed with the power of thought,

and to be reasoning with herself upon the propriety of proceeding any further. "Look out, there, sir, for that sea—keep her head to it. Luff—luff." On it comes, like a hungry giant, and giving a smashing thump to our weather-bow, it breaks over us in a cloud of spray, wetting us to the skin, and covering the floor of the boat with water. "My eye, that vos a washer!" is the exclamation of our sailing-master, shaking his jacket, and knocking his cap against the mast. "Call this goin' a plasurin', don't ye? Vell, I've heard the sayin', that them that goes to sea for *plasure* ought to go to—I 'ont say *vere*, for pastime."

"Very good, Bill; very good. Your remarks savour as much of the attic-salt as your jacket does of the sea-salt. But now, boy, let's about ship—it's no use forcing her through such a sea as this, and we must be careful how we do it, too, for our boat is very low in the water, and her length causes her to 'wear' but slowly; and if one of those great curly-headed fellows should take a fancy to plump aboard us while we are in stays, we should soon sleep on that slimy couch where rest the bones of many a better man. Hoist the mizen, my lad; as we can't carry our topsail, it will help us round the quicker. See your sheets all clear. Now, there's a lull. Down with the helm. Don't let go the foresheet yet, or she'll miss stays."

The little vessel slowly brings her bowsprit to the wind's eye; the sails flap, and dash, and struggle, with a force that makes her tremble; the mainsheet is tearing from side to side, on its iron horse—and if you have any respect for your brains, you had better mind your head; the angry crests are foaming and leaping round us, as if contending for their prey. "Let go the foresheet." "All gone," is the response; and gradually falling off from the wind, she fills on the other tack. We keep the helm up till we have brought the wind right aft. Then "steady" is the word. "Slack away your main sheet—it's jammod, somewhere. Give it a chuck. That's it—let her have all of it, if you like. Clew up the mizen, we don't want it now, and then bundle up and get the topmast down." There, now she's snug; and we will run her into the smooth water of some quiet creek, and get our dinner comfortably.

We are now running before the wind under mainsail, jib, and foresail, and it seems to be a trial of speed between our boat and the white foamy waves, as they come racing, roaring, and hissing on each quarter: the sharp jerking and heavy plunging of the

vessel through the buffeting seas, is exchanged for the graceful and triumphant sweep of a sea-Taglioni, executing a *pas seul* to the blustering strains of old Æolus. And now we are in the midst of the little fleet of fishing-boats which went dropping down the river in the calm of the early morning—we are quickly leaving them astern, except that smart cutter-built little fellow who seems determined to stick to us; well, she certainly is a little beauty—look what a hoist her mainsail has, and there must be nearly a couple of hundred yards of canvas in her jib; for half-an-hour we bowl along together without being able to shew him our stern, driving a creamy hill of foam before us with one continuous yet musical roar. She is steered by a stalwart fisherman, in water boots, blue banyan, and red night-cap, who, with pipe in mouth, and his hands in his pockets, stands with one foot on each side the tiller and steers with his legs, poising himself to the roll of the vessel with a steadiness and *grace* unattainable by any save a genuine “salt.” The other occupant of the deck is a nondescript creature, supposed to be a boy, nearly extinguished by a “sow-wester” which reaches half-way down his back; he is sitting on an inverted bucket cleaning fish, and is far too absorbed in his occupation to pay the smallest attention to us. But we must bear up for yonder creek; and now comes the point of honour—shall we stand boldly athwart his bows, or confess ourselves beaten by slipping under his stern? Our sailing-master looks with a wistful eye to our weak top-mast, and shakes his head with the conviction that it is “no go.”

“Well, but man, we can carry our mizen if we can’t our top-sail, and still leave him as much canvas as ourselves.” • Up it goes, and we slowly draw a-head—“Now for it—hard a starboard!” The space of frothing water between us rapidly decreases: “She’ll be into us!—no—” *just* cleared her, and hardly that, our outrigger scraping her cutwater.

“Call that close shavin’,” says our sailing-master shrugging his shoulders.

The stolid but good-humoured countenance of our opponent relaxes into a grin, and with a friendly waive of the hand, we each stand on our separate courses. The summer gale dies away as we near the land, and soon we float in the sunny waters of the calm creek, its stillness only broken by the whispering sedges and the plaintive note of the plover. Far down, through the clear depth, you may see the sandy bottom, studded with glistening shells, and interlaced with the bright-hued vegetation of the deep.

Plounce goes our anchor, frightening the Nereids, and doubtless demolishing some half-score rare plants in "Amphitrite's bower." Dinner over, we luxuriate for an hour with our Havannah, listening in dreamy mood to the poppling of the water under our bows, mentally contrasting the tranquil beauty and soothing idlesse of the scene, with the noisy, driving, scrambling world, and investing some imaginary isle that rears its fairy height above the blue waters, with a Medora's tower or Haidee's grot. A few drops of the like poetic infusion seem to have found their way into the mind of our sailing-master, who remarks, that it was "just sich a artemnoon as this, the last time as ever he valked vith his young vooman," and forthwith proceeds to communicate to us some interesting particulars relative to the fickleness of a certain barnmaid, and the deep wrong which his sensitive heart has endured thereby. The tide is now making again, and warns us (if we mean to sleep ashore) to be getting our anchor up.

Scarcely a breath crisps the surface of the slumbering and smiling ocean, in which the white sails of motionless vessels are reflected in preposterous length. The larger boats are scooping water on their lazy sails, while the smaller ones are having recourse to their sweeps, and we must follow their example. Slowly and laboriously we retrace the watery path through which we bounded in the freshness of morn—meet emblem of the weary and time-worn man traversing again the scenes of his childhood's buoyancy—at length the church-spire and the vanes of the ships in harbour are discerned like specks of burning gold in the evening sky, and in due time our boat lies alongside the quay where our sailing-master is soon recognised by some "fidus Achates" instituting an inquiry into the extent of his capability to "stand a pint."

And now, kind reader, thanking you for your company, and hoping you have had a pleasant trip, we present our hand and wish you good night.

A. J.

HEADS AND TAILS OF FAMILIES.

BY PAUL BELL.

No. V.—A YOUNG HEAD UPON OLD SHOULDERS.

IN spite of all the fuss that is now-a-days perpetually made about Middle Age Art, by the Fadgetts and others, who seem to fancy that the World and themselves do not wrinkle fast enough—I often think it doubtful whether, at any previous period of England's history, simple, natural Old Age, with its duties and its beauties, was ever so imperfectly understood. "People choose to trip into their tombs now-a-days," said a pleasant and familiar speaker, not long ago. It is not merely that eldest Miss Le Grands (there are many such!) will learn the *Cellarius*—there were silly elderly gentlewomen giving to such "unbendings" when Richardson wrote the stupid second part of "Pamela"—but it is, perhaps, a consequence of these electrical and steam and ether times we are living in—that "most haste" has become Man's motto: till he forgets the hour at which a veil creeps over his eyes; and his ears close gradually to even the sound of the Trumpet, and his limbs will no longer bear him in search of the Athenians' pleasure—"some new thing." What wonder that his own displacement is mathematically followed, by that also of those who were meant first to lean upon and then to look up to him: and who, finding him more than an equal, and less than an authority (which means also, a friend), consider him as filling the place of his botthers, and cumbering the ground? The Battas, who, as Sir Stamford Raffles informed us, were wont to eat their grandfathers and grandmothers with a Hungarian sort of sauce of red pepper, are only a trifle more demonstrative than the Young Rapids and Young Marlows,—I beg their pardons, the Dazzles and the Coningsbys—of this Victorian, Gregorian, Sidonian, Mortonian, and Wheatstonian era!

Why should this be—save because too many *will have* young heads on their old rheumatic shoulders?—*will* confound participation and sympathy; whereas the one may be all selfishness, while the other *must be* all self-sacrifice? Look at the wigs,

Sir, which elderly persons think proper to wear at this present juncture!—the back and the front, half a century apart from each other. Look at the crippled old creatures one sees screwed up into agonising pantaloons, hobbling on towards “Arthur’s bosom” with as much solicitude to keep up (or to keep down, is it?) a waist, as if they were the generation among whom the Miss Kilmanseggs were to throw their hundred-guinea handkerchiefs. Where will you find a gouty shoe?—where meet the most delicate admission that corns exist (woful harvest!), save in the advertising columns of the *Post* or the *Court Journal*? Consider the comfortless, unprofitable eye-glass, wedged in betwixt the poor furrowed old nose, and the ragged eye-brow, one sees too often: in place of the comfortable, easy, silver-mounted spectacles, which rode the human proboscis with ample dignity, and reposed “between whiles” in their roomy cases of shagreen! Call to mind the indulgence of pig-tails!—though for that matter the *Mirabels* and the *Valentines* were those too. The Old Man—one’s rather sick of hearing about the “Old English Gentleman” since Lord George and Lord John and Mr. Benjamin have taken him up—and the last taken him among the Jews—*was* a pleasant sight to see: something that it soothed rather than shocked the muser to fancy himself ripening into. The Old Man, *now*, is too often a withered, faded, pinched, padded young one: dealing in perpetual tumbles over chairs or sprains against wardrobe corners rather than owing to the gout—dancing attendance on the girls, not as a counsellor—not as a confidant—not as a good Brownie who loves to anticipate their little fancies and help them out in their little heart-scrapes: but, Heaven save the mark! as a Flirt! When I witness the success (as they are pleased to style it) and the popularity of such spectres as this,—I am apt to cross myself, though as little of a Papist as Mrs. Blackadder—and to remember these two lines of a Poet grown old-fashioned in days when the most mysterious verse is thought the finest:—

“O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see.”

Our Halcyon Row has been hindered from becoming the perfect path of peace in which harmonious Bells would like to walk their lives long—by its old people: the vagaries of some, and the selfish rapacity of others. My lame Boy, having been much diverted by some French pictures of “Terrible Children,” was

with difficulty put aside from beginning a companion series of "Shocking Old People;" in which some of our neighbours would have been sorry to see themselves figure. (Being prevented by his mother and myself, he desires that the subject shall be suggested to Mr. Leech or Mr. R. Doyle!)—Mrs. Reedley feeding her cats, seven in number, and starving her servant maid; of whom Mr. Vavasour always says, "that had dogs been Mrs. Reedley's fancy, she could not have been so inhuman; but that living with wicked creatures, can make *even* a Woman wicked"—Mr. and Mrs. Coppingham, who are known not to have spoken to each other for several years; when at table asking each other what they will severally eat, through the medium of a servant.—Mr. Macdill, the contradictory Glasgow man, who raised his garden wall five feet high, just because my wife, who had displeased him by saying that she didn't think very much of "Roslin Castle," begged him not—were all to have been in Samson's book; and the Miss Le Grands, moreover, threatened with a like fate: as the three Graces. But the foremost figure ought to have been one, which I shall take the freedom to portray as well as I can; the original having deceased, and having left behind him no one to lament or be ashamed of his misdeeds.

This was "Old Scrawdon," as our neighbour at No. 17 was universally called, precisely because he never would be old; but strained to sing, and wrestled to dance, long after, as my Mrs. Bell hinted almost too broadly, "he should have taken more serious matters into his head, and thought of his end." He would sit in draughts of East wind, without a great coat, rather than express fears of rheumatism—he used to make a fuss about being helped last at table, which consumed a prodigious quantity of time and talk, and make every one feel out of place and ashamed:—was for ever in an imaginable state of courtship to every imaginable woman; and too often for respectability, offering himself to ("throwing himself at the feet" was his own phrase) all manner of absurd and inaccessible persons. A list of the times he was just going to be married, would fill one of the nine-volume French novels, and fit up dear Mrs. Trollope with a score of such new combinations as she loves best. I must say for Mr. Scrawdon, however, that his determination was not always based on mercenary calculations. There was Mademoiselle Val de Grace, for instance, the French rope-dancer (*Acrobate*, Miss Le Grand always chose to call her, believing secretly, Samson says, that the word

is French for "Jezebel"), when she broke her leg—Scrawdon would have married her there and then: and made himself needlessly conspicuous, by going about from house to house, and letting people understand as much. Nay, his sympathy, however creditable to humanity, became hardly decent, seeing that so many persons could tell, how, only three weeks before that time, Scrawdon had been paying close, and cozy, and respectable court to Mrs. Bullett, the widow of the carpet manufacturer: first having gone and looked at the parish register to ascertain how many years older than himself was the relict in question. It took some short time, we believe, to make Mrs. Bullett aware of his intentions; she being deaf and fat—one of those to whom facts come slowly to sink deep;—and her answer was, packing up at an hour's warning, and starting for Hoylake: a step so astounding to all familiar with her habits, that even Mr. Scrawdon's impudence dared not pack itself up to pursue her thither. So, to show his contempt of the matter, as I have said,—he made love, up and down the Row, to the broken leg of Mademoiselle Val de Grace! She proved to have one husband already: a Spanish equestrian and bull-fighter, not distantly related, it has been said, to Doña Lola of liberal memory—one Señor Val de Peñas. But of this we are not certain: since those foreigners are apt to fit up grand names, and husbands and wives, moreover—my wife insists—just as suits their convenience.

Then, did we not know how, for one whole winter season, Old Scrawdon beset poor Miss Winifred Slagg, the invalid, with his distasteful attentions? Any person with an iota of penetration, aware of the mystery which the great gates of her brother's house inclosed, would have felt that true kindness dictated non-interference. But Scrawdon was coarse, and peering, and talkative, as Impudence's self—*would* help—*would* be confidential—*would* lay his finger on every one's sore to pity it for being deep—*would* assume motives, and suggest remedies; and wonder how some people had courage to look him in the face when the remedies were declined. But does any one require an anatomy of the good offices of Selfishness?—Sir, the man wrote verses (at least he called them so) at that modest, reserved, quiet gentlewoman—read them about among his friends, who were very curious to hear them, yet always spoke of them as "indelicately familiar;" and when he had read them to everybody he could think of (to some twice), printed them in the Poet's Corner of the

Manchester ——— ; with blanks and asterisks, indicating clearly the name of the Object and the Adorer ! If you saw him strutting down our Row when people were sure to be abroad, with some sort of a shabby flower in a pot—a dropsical crooked hyacinth, or a tulip just shedding its leaves, or the like—it was “for our poor dear friend,”—sometimes, “for that poor Angel upon Earth, at the corner of Pymlett Lane.” If he turned over the pious books on Mr. Fulson’s counter (a noxious collection of the literature of uncharitableness), it was always when some one or two gentlewomen were in the shop, whom he could consult as to “what would be likely to suit our poor dear Miss Slagg,”—just as if she was not superior to such hot and windy food—just as if she had not been surrounded by a sedulous and affectionate circle of younger persons—just as if he had meant to buy anything ! I verily believe he fancied that all this talking, and confidence : this winking, whispering, and professing to understand a person in whose reserves lay so much of her honour and virtue—*must* lead to something—to the fulfilment of his schemes. ’Tis no uncommon case for men to fancy that women may be hunted down. Do they never ask, what sort of women, and by what manner of men ? But your elderly persons, who have the disease of getting married upon them, I have observed, are past the shame and rebuke of the answer ; and would throw off the lesson as impudently as *Autolycus* turned off the *mischief* of his ballads. At all events, Winifred Slagg was not the woman whom an Old Scrawdon can worry into the madness of matrimony. We have reason to think, that she never answered the fat, stinky hyacinths, nor the seedy tulips, nor “The Pearl,” or “Daily *Magna*,” or “The Papist’s Reckoning” (if such choice tomes *were* sent to her), by word, look, or sign. *Dead* silence will sometimes kill even the impudence of a fortune-hunter, more finally and fatally than either protest or policeman. The nerve required, however, “to *keep* dead,” is amazing ; and poor Winifred’s security from some scene or scandal caused by her suitor’s importunity, resided, possibly, in the closeness of her imprisonment.

But such impudence as that of our Shocking Old Man, though killed in one place ever so completely, will not be long ere it breaks out in another. After his “Tear of Constasy,” as Old Scrawdon chose to call his farewell verses to W*****d S****g, (published indecently, only one week before the self-same journal announced the poor woman’s release from all mortal

plagues)—after his having chosen to appear in widower's mourning on the occasion, by which Miss Martha Le Grand was moved into saying "Come; there must be some heart in *that* Mr. Scrawdon, after all!"——it might have been hoped and anticipated that his malady was cured—had fairly been starved out of him. No such thing. A little shame, however, he did show, when taxed by my Mrs. Bell—who used to rate him as freely as if she had liked him—with having been seen sneaking, three Sundays running, into the Quakers' meeting in Dyer's Close; and on her adding, more in jest than earnest, "I suppose you are looking after that pretty Miss Gotobed, poor thing! if they would only let her wear clothes like other people!"——Little did my wife imagine that she had hit the nail on the head. Foolish as we knew Old Scrawdon to be—how could a staunch Churchwoman anticipate *such* a folly?

For it requires a training apart, and peculiar, and progressive, "to make head or tail" of a form of worship which is no form at all: or a quaint and paradoxical humour akin to Charles Lamb's—to perceive in the silence and the strangeness, the antiquated costumes (shading off towards this wicked world's fashion, in proportion as the wearers are young or wealthy), the odd scraps of ejaculation, or the interminable sing-song of dreary discourses on a family of texts, with which other religious bodies have small traffic; to say nothing of the amazement which attends on the preaching of females—to perceive in all this, I say, more than rank absurdity and perverse singularity. Scrawdon was not one of those who, sincere themselves, understand and allow for sincerity: whether, like *Malvolio*, it strut the world cross-gartered and in yellow stockings—or decketh itself in the ebony and ivory framework of a Sister of Charity, or weareth the Doctor's gown—or the Peer's ermine—or the Pedlar's blanket jerkin. A man who lived upon what he called "good stories," and would have mocked at his own father in his coffin, could he have "dined out" on the strength of the mirth—whose theory was, that all steady and self-denying persons are humbugs, and that every man is at heart a cheat and every woman at heart a rake—the monstrosity of such an one by way of commencing a course of Sunday behaviour, addicting himself to the drabness of Quakerdom, must have struck any one less impudently vain. But in his own conceit, "*he* knew the charm"—would soon come round all those "Broadbrims!" To twirl the thumbs was not so hard as to gallop:

and he had learned to *galloppe* when hard upon fifty, in the hope of fascinating one of the six Miss Fadaiseys from Cork. He fancied, too, that "Friends" groaned and hummed, as did the Puritans when the preacher was particularly weighty: and there was no great mystery in getting up *that!* And, by gradually divesting himself of all colours, and approximating to the snuff-coloured and buttonless habiliments of the pillars of the Society, conceived that he would entice attention and excite observation; little knowing—vain, miserable, frivolous creature!—that Quakers are rather suspicious than desirous of proselytes. Such as he, however, know nothing save their own boastfulness. Accordingly, for many weeks running, he sate in Meeting on Sunday mornings, acting demureness with all the pains in his power: and doing his best, between whiles, to peep under the poke bonnet of pretty Rebecca Gotobed. We have reason to know, that during his season of probation, she received more than one anonymous letter beginning "My pure heart," or "My dear sister in the . . . * * " (Scrawdon's notion of Quaker love-making)—because, with the tranquillity of utter impassive indifference, the maiden wafered these into her album, betwixt a pencil drawing of Barley Wood and a neat transcript of "A Beam of Tranquillity"—It is much to be doubted whether the nymph was ever for one passing second aware of the vicinity at Meeting of that fantastic elderly creature: her mind—as was shortly made known—being set on a choice in every respect more suitable: no one less than the son and heir of Friend Bottomley, a wool-stapler at Bradford.

With some men, however, in some moods, (despite my dead silence theory,) you must go to the length of a kick, a policeman, or a lawyer's letter warning them off the premises, ere they can be made to understand that you mean "no:" and the utter motionlessness of Rebecca Gotobed, served merely as a stimulant to Old Scrawdon's impudence. But he had not learned his lesson aright. He had heard that the Quakeresses are used to hold a sort of female parliament, for the transaction of their own parish business. He had been told that George the Fourth, in his early days, had sat through one of those quaint and peculiar sessions, and fancied that to accomplish a like feat, might exalt him as a man of prowess, in the meek imagination of the Quaker heiress. Little did he know the manner of "she" he had to subdue. Then the tale of the Regent's intrusion had reached him imperfectly; it having occurred something after this fashion.—

To accomplish his purpose, the Prince had recourse to stratagem : absolutely donned "the wimple and the hood"—or to speak plainer, put on woman's attire, and thus disguised took his seat among the Doreases and Tabithas. In this heterogeneous garb, His Royal Highness remained undisturbed and undiscovered for a considerable period, enjoying much edification ; until the tranquil thoughts of his neighbour received a cruel shock,—when, on her eye glancing downwards, she perceived, through a tell-tale pocket-hole, a surprising and profane pair of buckskin unmistakables ! Of the scene which ensued—terminating, of course, in the expulsion of the intruder—no account has ever been given :—and thus, it might be, that Scrawdon, having merely heard the simple fact, without its dress—of the Woman's meeting, and not of the leather breeches—or being at once a trifle courageous and flustered with his morning draught—imagined, that to take his seat firmly in the sanctum of Quakeresses, ere they mustered, would be sufficient to secure for him a permanent place there—and favour with the damsel, whom he trusted thereby to approach more nearly. No sooner, however, was the shameless creature espied, than he was risen upon by six matrons : and swept out, there and then : with a decision brooking neither remonstrance nor resistance ; and as the invasion and his discomfiture were not concealed—even *he* could not face the "How do you like Quakering, Mr. Scrawdon ?" with which he was assailed on every side, so often as he showed his face :—and was fairly compelled to take to his heels, and disappear for a good six months from our neighbourhood. The Ladies were sincerely rejoiced at his departure : and missed him much as every one misses a long-established butt or stumbling block !

So much for a few of Old Scrawdon's futile attempts towards "changing his condition," on which I have been led accidentally to dwell. But this universal and offensive love-making of his, was merely one phase of his determination to be young in spite of Time, and the rebukes of all his acquaintance. His life, if vitality be measured by incessant audacity—was prodigious. But it was noticeable, that, ridiculed, ill-spoken of, poor, and pushing as he was—somehow or other no one managed to snatch or to seduce so many of the good things of life to himself, as Old Scrawdon. To whom he belonged—where his youth had been spent—whether or not he had ever taken part in any serious occupation—whence he derived his means—and what made him choose Halcyon Row as the scene of his disturbances—above all, what his age was—no

one could ever tell. There was no one, however, he did not know—there was nothing he had not seen—there was no person he would not contradict, or set right, or attack—no festivity he chose to take a part in, at which he was not to be found in one of the places of honour. Every one despised him : he knew it, and did not mind. Every one used him : and he used every one. There was no shaking him off—no snuffing him out—no affronting him. He would put his hand in your pocket for your snuff-box.—He would ask the most touchy or the most pompous of the Dombey class, the figure of his income. He would inquire of a shrinking girl, before witnesses, “whether it was true that her engagement was *really* broken off.” He was perpetually condoling with people who did not get on. He was always opening windows, when one wanted them shut—and speaking loud, when some shy and low-voiced talker we wished to draw out, was just beginning to converse. He came the first, and stayed the last ; and “eat and drank,” it was said, “under more contempt, than ever attended any other man in Manchester.” But what matter ? he *did* eat and drink—and that was what Old Scrawdon wanted.

After all—why should I grudge the admission ?—there must have been some geniality about the creature—to make him endured amongst us, in spite of such an unaccountable number of vexatious qualities. There was, as I have said, prodigious *life*, though prodigiously little “*soul*”—a disposition to make—should I not say to *get* ?—the best of everything :—a sort of briskness and self-complacency which kept us from stagnation, even when it provoked us. You will remark, that the persons who are the loudest in dispraise of the Old Scrawdons, are precisely those who most readily fall their prey. And they take out the service or entertainment forced from them, in complaint, and ridicule, and scandal tart as verjuice ! till one fancies, that to them, a topic must be worth more than to most people. In our house, for instance, he seemed the most distasteful to my wife—who, yet, never failed to “get round to him” by some route or other as circuitous as those taken by the poets of Moses, or the prosers who praise Kalydor—when “the wind,” with her “was in the east :” and her scolding cap was on. He was at the bottom of everything. If dinner was spoilt, “Old Scrawdon had been there—and had sat too long, waiting to be asked”—whence Cook came off scatheless. If Mr. Dabley’s dogs barked in the night, it was nearly as bad as Old Scrawdon’s trying to sing “Here’s a health to the King,

God bless him." If her favourite newspaper spoke amiss of Lord John, or displeased her about Her Majesty (whether by flattery or by flouting, I shan't disclose), that was "down to the level of Scrawdon's capacity." She would lecture our boys for the hour together, with one and the same example for Bugbear, (and O what a treasure is a family Bugbear!) When any person got married—which is generally, an event causing restlessness in her mind—"there was another poor thing safe out of Scrawdon's reach!" I once told her that she thought so much about the man, that were she a widow I was positive it would end in her paying her addresses to him! The rage into which this threw her brought on the crisis of a quinsy, caught in consequence of a window Old Scrawdon had chosen to open, that he might inspect her balsams. And since he was laid in the churchyard there is no doubt that her debates have become fewer and duller—wanting the point and pungency of an example. There may be another Shocking Old Man fitted up for the comfort of the merry wives of Halcyon Row: but so complete a one will hardly be in our time. Your nuisance, if worth anything, must be of some years' standing! And the esteem in which Old Scrawdon was held may be inferred from the fact, that every one was eager to attend his funeral. He obliged us all, by dying of the illness of a few hours—since, had the malady been a long one, my wife can still fret herself into a heat, "by thinking how he would have expected all of them to come and nurse him, and to cook messes for him!" And it is plain, that she feels she must have fulfilled his expectation.

Which of you—rising aspirants to Woman's favour, or Man's respect—would like to be written of, as I have written of Old Scrawdon? *Moral*—Think, while you are yet young, that you *must* grow old—that when you are old, you may not fancy yourself young.

GLANCES AT FAMILIAR BIOGRAPHY.—CENT PER CENT.

It is not known at what period Cent per Cent first saw the light of this work. According to some authorities, we have no evidence touching the land of his birth, which is absolutely unassailable. England, cry the English,—who are not without good proofs. France, cry the French,—and they also offer a guarantee. The biographer of Cent per Cent is much bewildered. Germany advances claims; others will have it that he was of Hebrew origin—Homer and the seven cities! But Jacob Bryant questioned the existence of Homer. Was Cent per Cent ever rocked in a cradle—ever dandled on a parent's knee? Shall we not decide that he is an impersonation of that spirit of commerce which seeks to buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market? “Truly,” clamour half-a-dozen voices, “he is no real personage.” “Mythology exploded!” say they again. Mythology, in its most extended sense, is even now being woven up with history—even now—in this English nineteenth century—in this era of railroads and typography. And then they refer us to the memorabilia recorded of George the Third and Sheridan. How many anecdotes related of the King—how many brilliant speeches attributed to the wit, they cry, have no foundation in fact! The first did silly things, the second spoke witty sayings; but oral tradition accumulates spurious anecdote and *bon mot*. Accretions gather around the King and around the orator—float for years in popular tradition—are at length seized upon by hungry booksellers, and chained down into type for ever. “Posterity,” they add, “will confound the false with the true.” So is mythology at work. I care not to gainsay these foolish clamourers. I believe Cent per Cent to have had a real existence—to have lived upon this earth, doing such and such deeds. Moreover, I believe him to have been an Englishman, and am prepared to write his biography.

He was born when the snow fell—when the frost pinched—when rivers were locked up in ice—when rich people made them swaddling-clothes of furs—when poor people died silently, frozen

to a bitter death. That was when Cent per Cent was born. The midwife was careless, and exposed the infant to a chill, from which he never thoroughly warmed again; and, worse than all, his heart took the chill too, and became as cold and sullen as frozen stone. Much wrong was thus done to Cent per Cent, who, as years increased upon him, came to look upon humanity as if he did not belong to it, and to treat it as an alien thing, and an enemy. All kindness—all tenderness—all Christian, human love was frozen out of him. In his nature he was a frost, and when he came among generous people, he left a rime upon them, which only the influence and contagious warmth of other sunny bosoms could dissolve. Unhappy Cent per Cent!

How unlike childhood was his rearing! How unlike schoolboy life, the life he led at school! His playfellows—he never played—named him Hyems in their sport, he had such a pinched and wintry look. But Old Winter comes laden with Christmas cheer, and New-year's gifts of love; while Cent per Cent had such notion of joviality as a surly Puritan, and shunned presents lest the bestower should expect a recompense. On the other hand, when he was sure of a recompense, he gave—pressed his gift upon the victim with a squeeze of the hand. "God bless you, dear friend, let this represent my love—hem—ahem—remember the donor." But understand, his gift was in comparative value—say, a sign-post daub. The poor recipient replied with a Claude Lorraine. O, Cent per Cent knew when a gift was marketable, and would return huge, whacking interest. Cent per Cent had a brain, Cent per Cent had an eye.

He grew—he became a man. He searched Humanity with an eagle vision. *He took his stand upon its defects.* Whereas the Saviours of the World, from time hoary as the mountains, have seen redemption in the gentler passages of human life, and foreseen angels in the struggle combatants, whose strife from birth to death is with the Host of Evil, Cent per Cent saw only foolish mortals, ready to hop upon the limed twig that he would prepare for them, discerned only the evidences of folly in all their undertakings, and, as for foreseeing angels—pshaw—the eagle vision of Cent per Cent was bounded by the grave. Notwithstanding these evidences of wisdom, it was suspected by some philanthropists that Cent per Cent was half a fool. But they were opposed to him in theory, and what will not opponents suspect, or pretend to suspect? What will they not say? Cent per Cent snapped his

fingers at them all. "The truest philanthropy," he would roundly assert, "is the love of one's self—pshaw!" The world returns an echo from its widest thoroughfares and narrowest lanes.

Like other men, whose ambition was to be distinguished, Cent per Cent made enemies at every step of his progress. Sallow tradesmen behind desks and counters sneered at him. Bishops—do I speak of bishops?—were antagonists indeed. Their purity and primitive simplicity of life, were as javelins in their hands. "O, lucre-loving Cent per Cent," they cried, "see how *we* live! how free from taint of gold are *our* hands!" The people echoed the cry. "See how our Bishops live!" they exclaimed. From sunrise to sunset on a certain day, when the outcry was loudest, Cent per Cent sung very small; but after sunset, being asked to discount a bill, he said that he would "give it his thoughts." What biographer shall penetrate into the breast of Cent per Cent, and reveal the struggles of that night? A life of purity and contempt of gold, like the lives of bishops, or the profits of a discounted bill! Over all doubts and fears, Cent per Cent achieved a lasting victory ere morning cock-crow; and he "did the little business" for the supplicant. It was the making of him. He was known as Two Hundred per Cent ever after; aye, and those who denounced him as plain Cent per Cent, respected him as Two Hundred per Cent. Verily, that night of trial had its reward. Cent per Cent became an idol with the majority from that epoch. It is even said that a bishop lunched with him as Two Hundred per Cent, who shook the episcopal wig at him before. But this may be apocryphal. A document, which was recently submitted to me, and which is indisputably genuine, denies that the bishop in question wore a wig. "He gave preference to his own raven locks," says the writer, quaintly. I am not positive about the luncheon, therefore. In candour I am compelled to acknowledge that historic ground often fails me in this biography, and I respire with difficulty in a thick cloud of myth. "When records clash, it is undoubtedly," say our German friends, "the safest plan to disbelieve altogether." Thus we may doubt, not only whether the bishop wore a wig, but whether, in any company whatever, he responded affirmatively to an invitation to luncheon. Nay, why should we scruple to extend our scepticism? Why not doubt, whether in his own eremitical cell, the bishop, in the interval between his breakfast and his dinner, ever broke so much as an Abernethy biscuit? Is it even imperative upon us to stop here?

Since we cannot clear the ground, let us tear it up? A bishop without a wig threatens to become no bishop. Since the wig and luncheon retire into the domain of myth, and are unhistorical, why retain the alleged wearer of the wig, and eater of the luncheon? Let the bishop disappear; he evidently is a mythic personage. We are even able to infer how the myth arose. The bishops were antagonists of Cent per Cent, as plain Cent per Cent; but when he acquired, as a reward for his victory over the struggles of that night of difficulty and doubt, the title of Two Hundred per Cent, and thus gained "golden opinions" from the laity, it became the interest of tradition, which was almost universal in his favour, to represent the amicable feelings of the bishops as the superior clergy. Hence the story of the luncheon, which, avers tradition, glancing at the abstemiousness of the bishops, was brown bread and water cresses. Unfortunately for the historic worth of this anecdote, one biographer claps a wig on the bishop's head, while another assures us that he never wore a wig upon any occasion, "preferring his own raven locks;" and thus we are driven back into the region of myth.

"Cent per Cent's office of business was in the City," cry some persons. "In Mansion House Street," says one doting annotator, whose headlong rashness of assertion merits objuratory contempt. Mansion House Street, *quasi* Mansion House. The inference is plain. The headlong rash annotator has little respect for Cent per Cent, and less for the civic authorities.

Turning away in cachinnatory derision from these headlong scribes, let us acknowledge that Cent per Cent was "at home" in the neighbourhood of St. James's—Jermyn Street is named, and it is certain that for many years, Cent per Cent lived in Jermyn Street. Noblemen have been known to visit him there, and in less than eighteen months, to bestow upon him the finest trees on their estates, which he sold to the timber-merchants. It is said—and I cannot question the statement—that members of the class, known conventionally as the highest in the kingdom, have paid rent for their own mansions to Cent per Cent. Ah, if we might estimate his character from this circumstance alone!—the rank, wealth, and illustrious exemplars of the English nation voluntarily assigning to Cent per Cent the exalted position of landlord. Cent per Cent landlord to a Duke. The picture is unique.

But let us get nearer to him. Let us clear away, if it be pos-

sible, all nebulous environment. Let us see the MAN. Let us take no opinion of him upon trust, but form our own. Let us discover with what eyes he looked out upon what world. It is the purpose of this biography to divest its hero of adventitious interest, and to exhibit a fellow and a brother, who did, as we observe, such and such deeds.

Ah, if we could always pierce beneath the outward semblance and get at the inward reality, how many of the world's heroes would tumble from their pedestals, and be extinguished in dead rottenness!

I have already said that Cent per Cent was born in the time of frost, that his lungs first inhaled an icy atmosphere, and that he became a cold infant in consequence. "The child is father of the man." Cent per Cent became a chilly adult. "I would take the law against my own mother," he was heard to say on one occasion, "if a dishonoured bill of her's—supposing such a thing could be possible—were in my possession, I would ——"

"You would *what*?" asked a friend.

Cent per Cent bowed his head towards the questioner, and replied, hissing—

"My brother is in the Bench now."

"Who sent him there?" said the friend, shuddering.

"I did," responded Cent per Cent—and the answer cost him the friend.

This little anecdote gives us a marvellous knowledge of the MAN. Ah, your true biographer of heroes should open such fan-lights into the breast. I will say that the biography of most heroes is yet to be written.

* * * * *

Thus far had I proceeded in my labour of separating the historical from the mythical, in Cent per Cent's biography, when five manuscript memoirs of that individual—if indeed it be allowable to call him an individual, who becomes a very Proteus—were forwarded to me by unknown friends, each document claiming to be authentic, yet each antagonistic to the rest. "Cent per Cent was a tailor," says the writer of the first manuscript into which I looked. "He made clothes for the higher classes, and discounted their bills at ruinous interest, i.e. ruinous to the higher classes" adds the writer, stupidly, in a note. "Cent per Cent was a stockbroker," avers a second. "He was a cheap tailor for the working classes," observes a third; "he inserted puffing

advertisements in the public journals, and paraded the streets with revolving vans ; moreover"—the scribe adds deliberately—" *He kept a Poet on the premises.*" This last statement carries falsehood on the very front and forehead of it, for when was Cent per Cent ever a friend to the Poets ? " Cent per Cent began life with buying and selling old clothes," persists the author of the fourth manuscript, "and subsequently transacted business as a wine-merchant. He lent money strangely," adds the writer barbarously. "The poor devil of a borrower (this is profanely written) got two-thirds of the amount in vicious port and sherry, which he had to dispose of at a loss." As if there was not jangling enough in these discordant statements, the fifth and last manuscript informs us, that Cent per Cent was a horse-dealer ; "but indeed," adds the writer, coolly, "he had connexion with every desk and counter in London, and in the provincial towns." I am unable to get at the meaning of this *soi-disant* biographer. Does he mean to tell us that Cent per Cent carried on every trade, and plunged head over ears into every profession at one and the same time ? that, in short, if he were not absolutely ubiquitous, his agency was only limited by the number of trades and professions ? If he does not mean this, what does he mean ?

But indeed it is a hopeless task to attempt to get fairly afloat off this quicksand of a biography. It is like fighting with wind-mills, embracing clouds, or pursuing a jack-o'-lantern. "Cent per Cent failed altogether," says one writer, "and went to his grave followed by the execrations of the world." "Cent per Cent became, in the eyes of mankind," another complacently informs us, "a sort of Divinity. * People worship him to this day." What is a poor bewildered biographer to do ?

The *onus* of my position is this : I am unable to demonstrate the absolute fallacy of the majority of the conflicting statements respecting Cent per Cent. They cannot be all equally true. They *may* be all equally false. Is it wise, after the example of modern Teutonism, to set them aside altogether, and decide (as has been already hinted), that there never existed a Cent per Cent, and that he is only the impersonation of that spirit of commerce which seeks to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market ? Shall we say that he represents an IDEA ?—the money-getting, gold-grubbing idea ? It were an easy way of cutting the rust. The difficulty is, that with the utmost license of prosopopœia, we cannot conceive of an idea, walking (it is said, in shabby gar-

ments) at a particular time of day, in a particular spot of the City, and refusing an hour's grace to an individual whose bill has been dishonoured. Yet that Cent per Cent did refuse such grace at a particular hour of a particular day, in a particular spot of the City, ALL his biographers agree. Here then, we are upon historic ground,—advance another step, and Heathen Mythology is not more obscure. That the history of our hero was not written until many years after his death—that the materials of which his memoirs are composed were borne about on the breath of popular tradition, and were diversely narrated, until accretions, like thick rust, gathered around the historic self of Cent per Cent, would seem indisputable—were there not a want of concord among his biographers on a most important point. They do not agree in the particulars of his death. It is even asserted by some, that he is YET ALIVE, and one annotator audaciously assures us that he will live while the world lasts.

Ah, if that were true.....

But, God be praised, it is one of the most abominable falsehoods that ever fluid ink recorded upon paper.

As for prosecuting the biography of Cent per Cent, I avow my inability for the task. That which seems at a trifling distance firm, unyielding, historic ground, becomes, on a nearer survey, foggy, marshy myth. I throw down my pen in despair.

EDWARD YOUL.

THE POACHER OF ONE NIGHT.

"Is your good master at home, Mrs. Ford?" inquired a tall ill-looking man, in a velveteen shooting-jacket, loose breeches, and leather buskins, stooping his fallow dark-whiskered face and wide shoulders within the cottage door.

"John has just gone out, Master Fipps," replied the woman. "I dare say he is somewhere on the *saltings*; for, since the last high tides and heavy gales, a good lot of drift-wood has floated in there; and, as they won't let us gather sticks in the wood, we must find firing somewhere."

"Oh! if he has gone there," said Fipps, bringing in his huge body, and dropping into one of the few chairs in the barely-furnished room, "he's just as likely to walk round by the Reed-

shore as not, and I should very likely miss him ; so if you have no objection I 'll sit down till he comes."

Now Jenny Ford had every objection to this man's meeting her husband ; he was one of those marked characters in a village who are regarded with suspicion by the masters, and generally avoided by the men. He was to be found, at almost any hour of the day, either in the skittle-yard or the tap-room of one or other of the public-houses or beer-shops at Alder ; he never did any work, though he had generally plenty of money, and he left his ostensible calling—that of a dealer in marine stores—to the management of a brother who traversed the country with a horse and cart, followed by a lurcher and greyhound. Hebdomadally this cart appeared in the village or its vicinity ; and it was shrewdly guessed that something more than the traffic of old iron, rabbit skins, and rags, was involved in its visits to the market-town and metropolis. It was mid-winter ; the little rivers and pools had put on their bucklers of ice ; a thick covering of snow spread over the fields and marshes ; and the hedges and trees looked as if they had muffled themselves in swan's down. People looked from day to day for a change of wind and a thaw ; but one fall was followed by another, and the north-east wind froze it as it fell. The paths were blotted from the fields ; the roads here and there level with the hedges ; the cattle huddled together in the straw-yards, fared better than the hind in his cot ; they had warmth and plenty ; but cold and hunger preyed upon the friendless peasant, whose labour was at an end during the continuance of this weather. In common with his fellow-cottiers John Ford had had no work during several weeks, and with his wife and children was suffering all the misery which hopeless poverty entails. For them there had been no bright days in which to garner for their present necessity. Except during the four or five weeks of harvest, his wages were nine shillings a week, and out of this rent, and clothing, and food, and fuel for his wife, himself, and four children had to be provided. Setting aside the supernumerary earnings of harvest time, these wages made a total of something more than twenty-three pounds, or with them, twenty-five pounds for the year, and the inventory of their weekly expenditure was pretty much as follows :—four shillings for bread ; one shilling and ninepence for bacon ; one shilling and threepence for soap, candles, sugar, tea, thread, worsted, and such necessaries ; a little lard or cheese, instead of butter, and the house-rent, took the remaining two shillings. Nothing was left for clothing, the

autumn earnings serving barely for the purchase of shoes ; those, therefore, they trusted to accident for, the chance employment of the children or the mother, and the sale of flowers and vegetables—for the cottage had its little garden-plot before it ; and the charity of the lord of the manor had gone the length of granting allotments to the workmen, at a higher rate of rent than he would have got for the ground had he let it in the ordinary way. For the exigencies of a hard winter, or sickness, these people had no provision ; and, to add to their misfortunes, the potato disease had robbed them of their annual store of this valuable root—of its profits in the spring, of its assistance in the hard, high-priced winter. Weeks, as I before said, had gone by, since the stoppage of agricultural labour had thrown Ford out of employment ; and, though they battled hard to sustain the pangs of famishment and cold, till such time as the weather should break up, and enable him to return to his humble service, it was a struggle of the will against nature, and daily became less endurable. No wonder, therefore, that Mrs. Ford felt a degree of anxiety as to the subject of Fipps's business with her husband ; she believed some temptation was intended, and trembled lest the instigations of this man should make their present troubles the medium of greater ones. She had seated herself beside the cradle of her infant ; and, while sustaining its movement with her foot, busied herself in mending some article of wearing apparel. Meanwhile, a puny little boy, who had been shifting his languid head from one place to another, in a vain search for ease, came and laid his yellow cheek upon her lap, and, bending her lips upon his large, hot forehead, she lifted her eyes with tears in them and resumed her work.

"These are hard times, missus," interrupted Fipps, who had observed, though without appearing to do so, this little pantomime of helplessness and affection. "I suppose Ford hasn't had a job lately, any more than the rest of them ?"

"Not these three weeks," replied the mother, hoarsely.

"Nor yet any relief ?" rejoined Fipps, rubbing his great hands together, and eyeing the almost fireless hearth as he spoke.

"They have offered us the house," said Jenny ; "but though, for the sake of the children, I am willing to go, John won't agree to it ; and it is hard," she continued, "after having supported ourselves all these years without having once applied to the parish for assistance, to be driven to part with house and home for want

of the means of holding on a little longer till the weather breaks."

"Oh! it is indeed hard," resumed Fipps. "You'd get nothing for these few sticks; and yet it would be a difficult matter for you to get them together again."

Mrs. Ford said nothing.

"There isn't much chance as yet of the weather's changing," resumed the man, glancing despondingly from the fire-place to the frozen casement; and he added coarsely, "I'm afraid your furniture must go, and yourselves and children to the house, unless you've got a good stack of wood, and plenty of gleanings by you."

"As for gleanings," rejoined the woman, "we had hardly any last season; baby was born in harvest, and the children got but very little; for, since the farmers have taken to rake the fields * before they suffer the gleaners into them, one must work hard to lease a bushel; and as for wood, people haven't been allowed to touch a stick either in the Boyce's Coppice or Hollywood for this long time. All we have to depend on is the few the boys gather on the Reed-shore and in the roads."

"Blest if I wouldn't have wood, though," resumed Fipps, kicking one stout boot-shoe against the other. "It was a right as long as I have known the parish, and before this man's time nobody ever thought of hindering us of it; but it's all of a piece; year after year one privilege and another is taken from the poor man, till, work or no work, there is nothing for him but starvation."

"I believe you are right," said Mrs. Ford.

"I believe *I am*," returned Fipps, energetically. "First the common goes; and well I remember the flocks of geese, and fowls, and pigs, that found their living on it—besides donkeys; for then a man that had a bit of garden-ground, and a donkey-cart to take the vegetables to market, had always something to fall back on. The common fed the 'moke,' and the cart, turned on end, did for the fowls to roost under; and there was plenty of furze faggots for the cutting, and brushwood to be had for gathering; and people didn't look so sharp after a poor man but what he could get a rabbit to his bit of fat bacon now and then, without the fear of a prison and hard labour for it; but now he has neither fowls, or pig, or any other help. He may sit shivering with cold, as you and that child are doing, but dare not

* A fact in Essex.

pick up a fallen branch to make a fire with ; he may be famishing for want of food, and has but to cut a hole in the ice upon the pond, or to set a snare on his own bit of ground, to find a fish to his hand, or a rabbit for his dinner ; yet he dare not. They have inclosed the common ; and fine things were said about the good it was to do—the changing a wilderness into a smiling garden, and all that sort of thing ; but they didn't tell us a word about the price—they didn't tell us that the poor man's privilege was taken from him to enrich the proprietor ; that—oh, here you are !” he exclaimed, interrupting himself, as the latch of the door was raised, and Ford, with a hamper of wood on his shoulder, followed by two little shivering boys, entered.

“Are you most ready for a job ?” he inquired, as the man dragged his load towards the hearth, and piled up a few of the wet pieces over the all but extinguished ashes.

“I am ready for anything !” exclaimed Ford, emphatically, as he sank his emaciated frame into the arm-chair opposite his wife ; and then, as if to take from the significance of his words, he added, with an attempted smile, “A good rasher of bacon, Jenny, or a hot apple-dumpling and a slice of pork, wouldn't be so bad, lass.”

But Jenny could not smile at the appetitive images which hunger raised ; she laid the sick child, who had fallen to sleep in her lap, upon a little crib in one corner, covered him with a shawl from her own shoulders, with a tenderness that bestowed a refining grace to the rude walls, the earthen floor, the wretched furniture, of that poor hovel, and made the mother appear as holy and graceful in bending over that lowly bed, as if silk hangings and a coronet had shaded it. Then she set forth a loaf of bread, with cups and saucers, a plate of lard, and some coarse sugar in a cup ; and Master Fipps, who refused to join them, rose, saying he hoped Ford would meet him after his meal, at an adjacent public-house, where a friend of his would be waiting, who could give him a job.

Ford, who had doubtless some idea of what the appointment referred to, promised ; and the family sat down to their sorry supper. The lard, like the Irish herring we have all heard of, or the Welsh cheese that was only to be sniffed at, remained in its entireness upon the table ; they eat their bread dry, and, in lieu of other beverage, drank water, in which a very small quantity of sugar was mixed. This was their principal and last meal, and

even this was stinted ; the father and mother denied their own appetites, in order that the two children, who ate voraciously, might have enough. It was by this time four o'clock, and quite dark, but for the fire-light ; and while her husband filled his pipe from a packet of tobacco Fipps had placed upon the window-sill as he went out—and which, by the way, was of a superior quality to any the labourer had before made use of—Mrs. Ford washed the two boys, put them to bed, and then returned to the fireside. A vague fear was in her mind ; and, now that the children were out of hearing, she thought she would ask her husband what was the employment Fipps was concerned in getting for him. Whether he guessed, as she crouched down beside him, and put her hand into his, the nature of her intention, or that the confidence that existed between them would not allow him to withhold from her what he was going about, he presently exclaimed, “ I am going out with Fipps and Jones to-night, to try if I can't get a rabbit or two ; I can't see you and the children starve, while food is to be had for looking after.”

“ Oh, John ! ” interrupted the poor woman, “ be patient a little longer—surely we have got through the worst of it ; and, though it is hard to bear hunger and cold, and to see our children sick from want, and our own strength failing from day to day, even this is better than to break the law, and lose your good name for honest industry.”

“ Pooh ! honest industry ! ” repeated Ford. “ Once upon a time such a character was worth something ; it enabled a man to get his living, but now it will not keep him from the workhouse ; and as for breaking the law, I do no worse than my betters. It is only the day before yesterday that I saw Muster shoot a hare in Boyce's Coppice, though, according to his lease, the game is all reserved for the landlord ; and how many times have I seen all five of the Woodfines out together, firing at everything they saw, though only one of them takes out a game licence ? ”

“ But how can you tell ? ” inquired Jenny.

“ I saw the list for the county,” replied the man ; and if gentlemen do such things, you don't expect a poor man to be better taught than his masters. What is no sin in them is none in me. Besides, my girl, it isn't want that drives them to it ; they have no such argument as that in their favour.”

“ Ah, John ! ” rejoined his wife, “ it is a strong argument with those who have felt it, but only a sound in other people's

ears : be advised by me, and suffer it a little longer, so that you may go back to your master with clean hands, and walk about without a fear of anybody. I hate that Fipps ; he wants to make you like himself—a bye-word for everything that is bad. See what poaching has brought him to. Everybody fears, hates, and suspects him.”

“ Except me,” retorted her husband ; “ and I do not believe one half they say of him ; he can’t have a bad heart that would lend a poor fellow like me money, my girl—and that he has done. The bread that has kept us and our children from perishing for a week past has come out of Fipps’s pocket, and it was my fault that I did not have enough to find us in better food. I say he has acted the part of a friend and a kind man to me, which is more than them who abuse him most have done. I don’t forget how master took off a shilling from our wages, as soon as provisions became so dear, though in other places the farmers raised them ; nor do I thank any one who has no better advice for an old servant, than to persuade him to take the house—to give up all the little comforts he worked so hard in his early days to get about him—to part from wife and children, and be worked and clad like a convict, and fed on much worse fare—to be reduced, after having toiled honestly, and paid rates and taxes all my life, to the condition of a beggar, obliged to live with vagrants and outcasts, who never were other than paupers all their lives. No, no, Jane ; I would rather turn to poaching than become a pauper.” And the poor man put aside her hand and rose.

There were tears in the woman’s eyes, and her lips trembled with unspoken persuasions ; but her husband turned away his head, and bidding her not sit up for him, went out. Then all her fears and grief had full scope ; and, flinging herself upon her knees before the chair he had just left, she laid before the Almighty the temptations of their grievous want, and all the anxieties and sorrow that beset her. It was not only the casting out of that load of tears and anguish that had the effect of raising her resigned and hopeful. She felt a secret consciousness that her prayers were heard, and a voice seemed to whisper to her that out of all the evil there would surely be a way to escape.

Meanwhile Ford, who had joined his two companions, remained drinking at the public-house till all the other customers had gone home ; upon which they also left, and pursued their way through a narrow bye-path, the snow in which was well trodden down by

the constant traffic of the servants at the adjacent park, across some fields, over a slight upland, and thence into a narrow lane, where was seen one of those perambulatory abodes, in which travelling showmen and other itinerant craftsmen ordinarily reside. At their approach two dogs—a perfectly white long-dog and a coal-black lurcher, which were fastened beneath the vehicle, almost broke their chains in their frantic eagerness to get to Fipps, whose hands and clothes they licked, uttering all the while a little subdued cry of delight, which never, however, broke into a confirmed bark.

The three poachers then proceeded towards a small mead, skirted by a wood on one side and high hedge-rows on the others; between the mead and the adjoining field there was a barred gate, and opposite to it one which led into the wood. Stopping at the first of these, Fipps took a net from the capacious pocket of his shooting-jacket, and with the assistance of his companions fastened it across the gate, taking the same precaution at the other. The dogs, which at a signal from their master lay crouched and motionless till these arrangements were completed, now sprang up, and at the words "Go on," bounded off, scouring the wood in every direction, and making the circuit of the field, though, as it turned out, to little purpose. The feeble light of a clouded moon in her first quarter had enabled Fipps to distinguish the hares run, and place the nets in the proper places, but the poor animals were either frozen in their forms, or had been out to feed before their arrival; only one hare and a few rabbits rewarded their exposure to the bitter night, and their broken rest in consequence. The terms in which these men vented their disappointment sounded awful, even to the ears of one not wholly unaccustomed to hear bad language; and Ford found himself trembling less with cold than with disgust at his companions, and even at this early stage of their connection promising himself to put an end to it. While they grumbled and swore at their ill luck (it appeared to have been their third unsuccessful night), Ford was furnished with a leather-belt, which fastened across his shoulders under his gaberdine, and to this they slung their prey; they then removed the nets, and, followed by the dogs, retraced their steps to the lane, where the owner of the moveable house took charge of these and of the spoil, which before morning was on the way to market. The party then proceeded through a part of Ford's master's farm towards his home.

Meanwhile, the sick child lay rolling its heavy head from side to side, keeping up one restless moan, while every few minutes its frame was shaken by convulsions, during which its lean features grew livid and distorted with pain. All this the miserable mother saw by the uncertain fire-light; she had no candles, but had drawn the little pallet to her side, and sat between it and her infant's cradle, watching, without the power of alleviating, even temporarily, the sufferings of the dying child. Sometimes she pressed into its parched lips the support Nature had provided for her youngest—for, except water, she had no other nourishment to bestow—and then she fancied it revived, and prayed—oh! how she prayed—for her husband's return, that he might ask for some assistance from the farm, and call in the parish doctor to save it. Alas! no skill would have been equal to this; but it would have been, though sad, a consolation to have known it.

The hours wore on—the child lay dead; and, in her anguish and terror, the poor mother sat straining the cold discoloured corpse to her bosom, when Ford, pale and haggard, stood beside her, awe-stricken at death's first appearance at his hearth.

We left him just now returning with the poachers through his master's fields. When near the homestead, the evening's ill-luck was again brought into discussion; and the folly of returning with so little profit suggested to Fipps an idea, which he ventured to hint in so amusing a manner, that Ford imagined it to be a joke, and laughed at it accordingly. But what was his alarm when he found that, by his compact with these men, he was expected to join, without reservation, in any plan however guilty which they chose to undertake. At present, it was determined to steal a lamb* from the field in which they were folded; and as they knew that Ford knew the place, they insisted upon his either being the thief, or directing them to the fold.

"You have reckoned without your host, Fipps," he exclaimed eagerly, "if you have counted upon my making one in such a business. No, no! I don't mind taking a hare, or a bird, because I think they belong to one man just as much as to another; but rob I never will, least of all from my master: so good night to you."

"Not so fast," rejoined Fipps, laying his hand upon his shoulder. "You have joined us, and we are not going to have any of

* The lambing season begins in Essex as early as October and September.

your two-handed dealings ; either you are for us or against us, so let us know what you mean. I say we will have the lamb, and you may peach or not, as you please."

"And I say you shall not have the lamb, if I know it," retorted Ford. "It is true you have had no luck the last few nights, but you have got clear off—that is something ; now, if you take the lamb it will surely be traced to you, for, as I said before, I will have nothing to do with it ; and there is a matter of transportation at once."

"What ! you are going to split then, are you ?" cried Fipps, with a great oath—"turn king's evidence, eh ?"

"God forgive you," said Ford quietly ; "I am not the man you take me for. You are two to one ; or, as I fairly tell you, you should not rob my master ; but if you are determined on doing so, I will see nothing and say nothing, but good-night and good-bye. After this job I will have nothing to do with poaching or poachers."

"I believe Ford is right after all," exclaimed the other man. "I don't feel much inclined for lamb myself, with such expensive sauce. Let the things be : come along." And Fipps, muttering sundry curses on their want of spirit and unanimity, reluctantly gave up his proposition.

And well for all parties was it that he did so ; for immediately behind the hedge where they stood talking, was Ford's young master, who had been called up by the shepherd to a sick lamb, and observing the three men at that hour on his father's premises, had cautiously dogged them to see what they were about, and thus by the merest accident became a witness of the intended theft and poor Ford's honesty.

We need hardly say, that as soon as possible he was restored to his employment on the farm ; and that, from the discovery he had made of his companions' morals, and the shock the death of his child occasioned him, (for he never wholly forgave himself his absence on that night,) he has given up all intimacy with Fipps and his friend ; proving that necessity had been the sole inducement to his one night's poaching, and that employment for the peasant is more effective than penal laws. for the preservation of game.

G. W.

New Books.

EVELYN HARCOURT. A Novel. 3 Vols. post 8vo. H. Colburn.

THE THREE COUSINS. A Novel. By MRS. TROLLOPE. 3 Vols. post 8vo. H. Colburn.

RANTHORPE. 1 Vol. post 8vo. Chapman & Hall.

THE WHIM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. 3 Vols. post 8vo. Smith, Elder, & Co.

JACK ARIEL; OR, LIFE ON BOARD AN INDIAMAN. 3 Vols. post 8vo. T. C. Newby.

THE MACDERMOTS OF BALLYCLORAN. By MR. A. TROLLOPE. 3 Vols. post 8vo. T. C. Newby.

NOVEL reading must be the assiduous occupation of some large class of society; some unknown sect must have a devotion to the work, or it is impossible the daily issues could be otherwise so rapidly consumed. It would be curious and amusing to trace the circles into which they gradually penetrate; and we suspect that the lady of high breeding, in Belgrave-square, would be very much annoyed to find that the publican's daughter, at Mile-end, was at the same moment weeping over the sorrows of some cruelly-treated heroine, or secretly admiring the address with which an ideal seducer was entrapping a vain beauty. The nobler sex (as we style ourselves) would not be flattered by finding that a shop-boy was enjoying the eloquent raptures of some deeply-intellectual hero at the same time as a senator. Such a test would bring extraordinary opposites to a very strange equality. If "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," undoubtedly one novel has, to a great degree, the same effect—confounding Kennington and Kensington, and Portland-place, Regent's-park, with Portland-place, Walworth. It is well and it is ill that it is so. It is well that the imaginative faculty should be employed: it is well that it should not be wasted. As direct examples, perhaps, fiction does not effect much. Few men have deliberately set about imitating any one particular ideal—at least not since models have been more numerous and less distinct. Lovelace undoubtedly had his imitators, who, confounding his courage and address with his heartlessness and falsehood, could not fulfil their own idea of greatness without falling into scoundrelism. Jack Sheppard, like Karl, has undoubtedly victims to answer for, who, mistaking success for heroism, care not how it is obtained.

The present novels are not chargeable with such grave results. They deal more in fact than ideality: and present such a subdued picture of heroism that it is no longer so highly contagious. The re-representa-

tion of realities which a distinguished genius has set the fashion of, has at least the advantage, that it widens our sphere of experience without creating that excitement of imitation which has been in many instances the bane of this class of fiction. If modern stories are not so intense as the old : if we have not any Lovelaces or Caleb Williamses, we have not at the same time such strong stimuli to the morbid indulgence of an appetite or passion. But this remark must apply to our own romance writers ; for those of France still delight to exaggerate a passion to a monstrosity, and scruple not to introduce the depravity of the appetites rather than not create a sensation. From such errors the higher portion of our fictitious writing is clear ; and has been tending rather towards purity than otherwise for some time. As to the charges brought against it, of depicting scenes of vice, they are not tenable, because, if the writer depict errors to insure their remedy, and in relating such scenes, debases instead of glorifying vice, he performs a medicinal office and deserves thanks instead of blame.

The works which have called up these reflections, and are at the head of our article, are all of very different classes of the same large school of writing.

EVELYN HARCOURT is a sentimental novel formed to create an intense interest with those whose want of sterner occupation leads them to the indulgence of their feelings to a morbid extent. It is not without its good writing and some interesting scenes and descriptions, but altogether it is overstrained, and the distress is overwrought. The heroine is completely steeped in misery, being driven mad and blind, and reduced to poverty. Indeed, the authoress delights in woe of all kinds. The scene is too frequently laid in the room of sickness and of death ; and every kind of calamity is introduced into its pages. One lady is forsaken : another ruined in mind and constitution. There are two deaths in the natural way, and two suicides. Nor are these miseries made to point any particular moral or illustrate any points of character or circumstances, but are the result of a morbid tendency to feminine melancholy.

THE THREE COUSINS, by Mrs. Trollope, is a very different work, abounding in the portrayal of character with that subtlety of satire for which the authoress is so celebrated. The story is conducted in a very artistic manner, and the characters developed by series of situations bespeaking the excellent tact and experience of the celebrated writer. It is, too, more just and liberal in its tone ; acknowledging, in those circles and amongst those politicians the lady has been wont to uphold as patterns of excellence, a gentle-mannered but worldly bishop, a malignant baronet, a ruffian heir-expectant, a heartless lady of fashion, and sundry other adornments of the *better* classes.

RANTHORPE is the history of a literary man who knows every characteristic of the genus, and who speaks as one having a long experience. It is a work abounding in talent ; and if the product, as we believe, of a new writer in this species of literature, we hail him as one likely to add

to it most creditably to himself and most advantageously to the reader. Every page of it bespeaks a practised man of the world, and the scholar, together with that feeling for the ideal, and that practised art, which are necessary to produce a fine work of fiction. It is more than a work of promise—it is one of noble performance.

THE WHIM is a work also by a practised hand evidently, but from the pen of one who has more studied the art of stimulating his reader to the end of his volumes, than to give him new experiences or do anything more than interest him. It is not without talent, but it is talent of that kind which belongs rather to the artisan than the artist. He may secure attention, but seldom admiration. It is a good novel of the old kind, and may be doubtless a safe investment for the circulating library-keeper.

JACK ARIEL is a nautical novel, without love or gallantry; and, as it appears to have been drawn from the actual occurrences of a voyage or voyages, will interest some readers: but it exhibits no extraordinary powers of observation or knowledge, to claim for it any very high place.

THE MACDERMOTS OF BALLYCLOHAN, by Mr. A. Trollope, is a story of Irish ignorance and wretchedness, a long-drawn-out narrative of the downfall of an ancient Irish family. It is strictly natural, as life-like and vigorous as could be desired; but the story might have been told in one volume. A tale, to bear the prolixity of three volumes, should abound in strong incidents, all tending towards the final disposition of the characters; and this requirement is much wanted in this work. The story is one of hard landlordism, poor tenantry, seduction, and the upshot—the gallows! The hero kills the seducer of his sister, and pays his life for so doing. We wish that the author had thought proper to modify his narrative, in some parts, for the roughness does not add one tittle to the full development of the story. His Irish dialogue is smartly and judiciously written, and is the evident result of residence. He is copious in his knowledge of Irishisms and local idioms, and this knowledge judiciously used adds to the vividness of his pictures. There are some stirring and life-like scenes in it, and we augur from it a successful career to the author. He evidently has inherited a keenness of observation and power of narrative.

We had intended to have concluded with some remarks on the general tendency of these works, but want of space prevents.

THE RELATION BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE. By GEORGE COMBE.
Edinburgh: MacLachlan, Stewart & Co.

This pamphlet is intended as a sequel to Mr. Combe's "Remarks on National Education." It is worthy of his high and piercing intellect. In every sentence he pays homage to vital religion, showing conclusively that we are as much bound to abstain from the violation of a physical law, as from the infraction of a moral or mental law, since both laws

emanate from the same law-maker, from the Creator and Governor of the Universe. Under these views, Science becomes the handmaid of true Religion, since Science teaches how the organic and inorganic kingdoms are framed and sustained. If, for instance, a person is taught that the chief use of the lungs is to purify and vitalize the blood, and that one of the conditions of the process is to inhale pure air, a neglect of that law is followed by uneasiness in the form of disease, and if persevered in by death. The uneasiness felt is the warning to our physical nature, as the pangs of conscience are the warning to our moral nature. If we seek our own happiness we must pursue it in the direction of the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, since He is the author of Nature; and let none mistake the true meaning of the word "law," as used in this sense. When we speak, for instance, of the law of gravity, we do not attach to it the slightest idea of *causation*, for that would be a mode of the corpuscularian philosophy; gravity, as we comprehend it, is no more than the known effect of an unknown law, for we cannot determine the essential qualities of the law, without comprehending the essential attributes of the law-maker. We know the law of gravity solely by its effects, not in its causality; and this distinction appears to us of the deepest importance. Mr. Combe is one of those philosophers who is in advance of his age; but the spread of intelligence has enabled him to be better understood now than he was twenty years ago. His views of education will instruct both statesmen and prelates.

JOURNAL OF A FEW MONTHS' RESIDENCE IN PORTUGAL, AND GLIMPSES OF THE SOUTH OF SPAIN. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. E. MOXON.

THE anonymous author of a "Journal of a few Months' Residence in Portugal" has several advantages over the general tourist. First, he resided some time in the country he seeks to delineate; and then, he has chosen a country of which little more than the sea-bound has been described. Lisbon we thoroughly know, but of the mountainous interior of Portugal, and of its society, not much. In these volumes we really have glimpses of both: and the author is evidently a scholar used to good society both of books and persons. His descriptive poems are not remarkable, but he details what he has seen more than what he has felt, and does not fall into the fatal folly of fine writing: nor does he overstrain his spirits in hopes of passing for a wit on his travels. Consequently his volumes are very agreeable, easy reading, and we doubt not conveying valuable, because just information of this turbulent little country. There are indications that it is the work of one of the softer sex—an ominous term applied *intellectually*: not that we mean it in any opprobrious sense. If the work of a lady, there is not only less (though there is some) egotism and small talk than in similar works of the sex that alone is supposed capable of producing legislators and philosophers.

The authoress (for, having read nearly through the second volume, we are convinced it is a lady's inditing) made excursions into Spain; and nothing can more distinctly mark the difference of the two nations than the animation that pervades the narrative the instant an entrance is made on that romantic land. We have now come to a passage which settles the sex of the writer, and is so characteristic that we give it.

"We were persecuted by children, who followed us wherever we went; our English *straw-bonnets*, I suppose, puzzled them not a little; and how hideous must *they* have thought them, when even the smart Parisian silk bonnet and well-adjusted Indian shawl looked dowdy to my eye after it had been accustomed only for a few weeks to the graceful mantilla."

And this again:

"The mantilla is universal; I have seen no bonnets, except our own and that of an English lady who is also an inmate of the 'Golden Lion.' Mantilla excepted, the dress of the women is just like ours. The one red rose, or other flower, in the hair, is as common here as at Seville. The costume of the men is most picturesque, whether they wear the large blue cloak, gracefully thrown over the left shoulder, and showing its handsome black velvet, scarlet or Prussian-blue cloth facing, or the short, silver-brodered jacket, with slashed sleeves of divers colours; or enfold themselves in the ample scarf, woven of many colours, or may be of one colour, with a gaily-embroidered border. I have remarked many hats of conical shape, as well as those with low flat crowns, which are universal in Seville. Mr. — is quite right in saying that the Spanish cloak does not look so graceful when not accompanied by the Andalusian hat; the French hat suits it not."

The description of the Alhambra is left to Mr. Ford, but the costume could not be confided to such rough hands. It is somewhat marvellous, that neither this nor any modern lady, with all the advantages of learning and accomplishments, can produce even in these countries so interesting a volume as that of the Countess D'Anois of a hundred and fifty years since, wherein many of the descriptions (certainly of places) remain as suitable as when penned: though the Spanish ladies do not continue to have little naked negroes to wait on them, nor nurse little pigs (Guinea pigs, we presume) for pets.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE.



THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ORION."

CHAPTER XVIII.

OAT-CAKES.—A POET'S FITTERS OF BUSINESS.—ABSTRACT INTELLIGENCE AND THE ACTUAL WORLD.—THE BUSY OF SCHILLER.—THE FISHERMAN.—ARCHER, AND THE MISS LLOYDS.

THE sharp blow of an open hand sounded with a loud smack against the passage-wall of the house where Archer lodged. It was the hand of Mrs. Dance, the mistress of the house, who, intending to administer chastisement to the servant girl's shoulders, had fallen short of her severe intentions and smacked the lath and plaster instead. Her voice, however, followed the flight of the culprit as she ran down stairs: so that Archer was obliged to lay down Goethe's *Kunst und Alterthum*, and listen to it, against his will.

"To think of it!" cried Mrs. Dance; "to think of such neglect! We shall have no oat-cakes made this day! What will the world come to! Here have I been rubbing and cleaning up the griddle, with scouring-paper and an old glove, after it had got rusty through your shameful forgetfulness, thinking all the time that you were gone to old Biggs's wife to know why old Biggs hadn't sent the oatmeal I ordered a week ago from Gosport; and here I find you, up in your bed-room, reading a book! Neglect your work for this, will you! I'll teach you to sit improving your mind, you hussey, I will! You've been taking a leaf out of the

* Continued from page 201, Vol. VI.

book of the lodger, I suppose! You've seen him a-sitting half his life away over books, till you've caught a little of the same craze. But if some people read less, and worked more, other people would not have to wait for their rent, and their servants wouldn't catch the complaint—idling and wasting o' good time! That's a bit of *my* mind—let them hear it as may."

With these words, growing more and more indistinct as she descended the stairs, the landlady's voice ceased to fall upon the ear of Archer, yet seemed to continue with an endless echo in his mind. He was unable to continue reading, and he laid aside the book, sick and disgusted with the meannesses of life, and enraged with his own folly for allowing himself to be brought within the range of their vulgar pressure. Why had he suffered any false delicacy, or pride, or uncomfortable feeling between himself and Mr. Walton, originating in an absurdity, to prevent him from making known this temporary emergency to Mary? How very unworthy of her open and handsome nature was such a concealment, and especially under their relative positions! Yet the very smallness of the need, the meanness of the circumstance, had prevented him quite as much as any other feeling.

Archer caught up a pen, and scrawled off a note to the friend who still delayed transmitting him the amount of his obligation, though he had repeatedly promised it, and then another note to the editor, who seemed resolved never to forward him his cheque. In all Archer's previous notes he had touched upon his need, and expressed his wishes with so circuitous and mystified a delicacy, ornate with evasive digressions, that what he had intended as stating his emergency, and pressing the point, had very likely escaped the observation of the parties addressed, or, at any rate, had given them good grounds for treating with neglect a matter upon which he had chosen to be so indefinite and facetious. This never struck Archer: and his present notes were in an extreme vein, so opposite—distinct, cold, peremptory, and laconic—that it would be very difficult to believe they could have been written by the same man. He sealed them with a smear of wax each, caught up his hat, and hurried out to take them to the post-office.

At the door of the house there was a low parapet-wall on one side, and upon it stood a huge flower-pot with a withered laurel-tree sticking up in the dry and sun-parched mould. Upon this mould three little bills were laid, addressed to Archer. His eye caught the letters: he snatched up the bills, and, being in an irritated state

of mind, returned into the house with indignation, to demand of the landlady upon what grounds of suspicion she had perpetrated these petty insults.

He gave his bell-rope such a tug, that in a moment it lay in a coil at his feet, together with a sheet of dry plaster from the ceiling. There was a bell-rope on the other side of the chimney-place, but it was only ornamental, being fixed to a nail.

While Archer was hesitating as to whether he should call for the servant in the passage, or stamp upon the floor till she came, a carrier's cart drew up to the door. It was nearly opposite to the window, and Archer looked out mechanically. The carrier and his man were busying themselves in lifting up from the bottom of the cart a great white package in a sackcloth, which seemed heavy, and to require both strength and care. Archer stood dismayed. The bust of Schiller! Here was the bust of Schiller arrived, and he had not a shilling to pay the carrier.

The feeling was altogether unbearable; and, without stopping to reflect, Archer instantly left the room, and walked out into the garden at the back of the house with a cold perspiration upon his forehead. He opened a side-door in the garden that led into a back-lane; and here he made his exit, in a state of humiliation and rage equally painful and ridiculous, considering the paltriness of the external cause. As he closed the door, a great smash was heard in the street, and the rattling of fragments upon the pavement. The bust of Schiller!—tumbled out of the men's arms!—dashed to pieces!—all this because he could not run out to superintend its careful carriage into the house—all this for the base want of a few shillings. Archer clenched his teeth, while the tears gushed into his eyes; as he hurried away to take a walk and recover himself on the sea-beach.

His imagination and feelings had created all this. It was not the poet's bust which had arrived, but a sack of oatmeal for the landlady; and, in its passage into the house, the men had run against the great flower-pot with the dead laurel in it, which was smashed by the blow, and the fragments had clattered down on all sides upon the pavement.

Archer, once clear of the lane, hurried across towards the beach, to cool himself in the sea-breeze, and to recover from the shock his feelings had just received. He paused by the side of an old boat that was lying upon its side in the shingles. Under the other side

of the boat, and out of Archer's sight, sat an old fisherman mending a net.

" 'What a piece of work is man !' " exclaimed Archer, quoting Hamlet, almost without being conscious of it—" what a strange piece of work we are ! We speculate upon Art, till its roots and branches entwine themselves with those of Nature, and its veins and arteries are scarcely separable from the parent source—yet separable they must be, or Art is lost, and resolves itself into Nature, which is distinct ;—we wander back into antiquity, till we seem to resign our present life in the generation that surrounds us, and take upon ourselves the feelings and thoughts of a dead generation, with all its objects and interests—yet, in the very midst of this noble oblivion of personal identity, and of self in all its mean relations—at this very moment, perhaps, comes some base, paltry, commonplace worldly need, urged upon us by the most insignificant of creatures and causes ;—and art and antiquity vanish in a whirlwind of dust, that chokes, and blinds, and maddens us. What an ocean to be troubled with the moods of its small fry—what a piece of work is here ! "

The old fisherman rose with an angry face from underneath the other side of the boat.

" Piece of work ! " said he, indignantly, " I should like to see how *you* would look if you had done half the work this here boat has ! Men don't catch fish by heaving sighs and groans, and turning up the whites o' their eyes. Small fry, d'ye call us ?—do you think the ocean is only meant for whales ? ' You come down to the sea-side with your head full of nonsense and pride, and mayhap more nice than wise ; you spin a yarn about the natur of antick-erty and the art o' generation, and sich like palaver of Tom Cox's Traverse, and you think, because you 've money in your pocket, that you 're to crack on with to'-gallan' sails, royals, and stunsails, and run down poor fishermen, as if them and their boats were the most insignificant of creaturs. I wouldn't give a dried sprat for a dozen of you ! "

" My good friend," exclaimed the astonished Archer, much annoyed at the absurdity of the misunderstanding, but also rather amused, " I was not alluding to you, or your boat, or anything belonging to your calling. I was only—"

" Why, didn't I hear you call us small fry, that choked and maddened you to look at ? and didn't you flap your starboard fin upon the gunnel o' this here boat, and call her a rotten piece o' "

work? Ha'n't a man got ears on his head because he has holes in his coat?"

"My good fellow," said Archer, with a sigh of fatigue at the perverse folly of the mistake, "I assure you I am one of the last men to insult the implements of your calling, or taunt you with your poverty."

"Oh, I dare say not. You 'll tell me presently you were just going to offer me half-a-crown."

"I certainly was not exactly——"

"No, nor three-and-sixpence neither; but I want none of your money. I don't care for it—nor your pride, nor your fine speeches—but I *do* wish you had paid my grand-daughter for the last fortnight's water-creases she has regularly left at your door. I know you."

Archer stood confounded; the triviality of the climax, with its overwhelming circumstantiality and importance in the speaker's mind, voice, air, and face, were of a kind that he knew not how to endure or deal with, and in the emotion of the moment, he stamped upon the shingles, and turning upon his heel walked away.

The tide was coming in, and Archer walked close down to the water's edge, feeling as if he could willingly walk onwards, and never return again to the world's "inhospitable shore."

Oppressed with numberless thoughts and memories, and considerations of how he had passed his life—what studies and what efforts to build up and store his mind, and with how little worldly profit—Archer wandered along the water's edge for some time, engrossed by all within, and observing nothing without, till at length the white dresses of some ladies at a distance, attracted his attention. They were advancing: he thought he would turn aside and avoid them, when at this moment a breeze from the sea displayed the outline of one of the ladies, who appeared the younger of the two, in a way that gave her so beautiful an effect between the angel and the sea-nymph, that Archer's eyes became fixed upon the fair vision, and he moved towards them by some unconscious fascination.

Presently, some little familiar action, or graceful movement of the younger of the ladies, caused Archer immediately to recognise them. "Ellen Lloyd, and her sister!" said he, aloud: "they seem to have walked out of the sea to meet me."

Archer quickened his pace. "How very glad I am to meet

you," cried he; "I have been strolling along the beach this hour, in the most wretched spirits."

"In search of a rhyme?" inquired Ellen Lloyd, with one of her sweet smiles, not unmixed with archness, and not altogether wanting in a tone of sympathy with his sad voice—"in search of a rhyme to the word *poet*?"

"No, nor to the word *scissors*, thou white-robed Syren, sent by one of the Fate-sisters to cut asunder the thread of my painful reverie. I was searching for no rhyme, and last of all should I search for one to the luckless word you mention, more especially as the nearest rhyme to *poet* afforded by the English language is only a consonant, or semi-rhyme,—*cruet*."

"What a sour association," said Miss Lloyd, "and how very inappropriate."

"We must think of an oil-cruet," interposed Ellen—"oil from the Mount of Olives. What could put the ugly word *scissors* into your thoughts? and in retort to my naughty inquiry about the word '*poet*?' "

"Oh, several wandering associations. First, there is no word which rhymes with '*scissors*,' any more than with '*poet*;' and the two ideas suggested one of the Fates who should cut the unfortunate thread of a life which was born to live alone—rhymeless. And at the same moment, also, the salt breeze took thy golden locks, Ellen, and some lines from Browning's '*Pippa Passes*,' came into my mind:—

* "I happened to hear of a young Greek girl,
With Alciphron hair, like sea-moss—"

And the natural suggestion that grew out of this, was to cut off one of those flying locks—not because it was at all like Alciphron's sea-moss, but because as the wind and sun played with it, it seemed so beautiful a companion to the image conveyed in those lines. Behold the esoteric history of the ugly word '*scissors*,' in the mind of thy friend."

"I am more than reconciled to the word," said Ellen, looking down upon the pebbles of the beach, as they slowly paced along—"but do not trace it any further. Let us talk of something else."

"When do you go to Dublin?" inquired Miss Lloyd.

"I scarcely know," said Archer, with a vexed air, "I am waiting for some letters, which are most unaccountably delayed."

"And when they arrive," continued Miss Lloyd, "you will

scarcely find time to come and wish us good bye ; you will be so anxious to end the period of your solitary walks on the beach. Have you heard from Mary this morning ? What does she say to all this separation ? ”

“ Not much,” said Archer ; “ she knows I cannot very well—that some tiresome people do not write to me, although—in short, never mind.” And Archer quickened his pace.

“ Do you consider,” inquired Ellen, “ that Ossian’s poems were originally written in Ireland, or in Scotland ? ”

“ That cannot easily be decided,” replied Archer ; “ but while the Gaelic language was common to both, and the scenery might be found in both, the tone of feeling and cast of thought are, I think, most characteristic of the ancient Irish.”

“ I am so fond of some of Ossian’s poems,” said Ellen.

“ And I too,” said Archer. “ Their sorrow is so grand ; their intense interest in the dead and gone—the almost forgotten—is so touching, from its magnanimous oblivion of self, and all of to-day.”

“ When a hero weeps,” said Ellen, “ how well it seems to harmonize with the rocky waterfalls around ; when he draws his sword, or hurls his spear, you never think of blood, but of some great meteor in the air. The deaths in battle are always glorified and refined : they never shock you with disgusting details of realities. It is like a battle in the clouds. A hero talks of his shield as if it were a planet. But when he alludes to the glories of the past, what melancholy phantoms of kings and chiefs float through the mist ; what pictures of lofty ruins and the desolation of regal abodes rise up in vapour before us—and while ‘ the fox looks out of the window, and the rank grass waves on the wall,’ we hear dim echoes of the harps of the bards, floating among the distant hills, and dying away in the lonely cairns and mounds of buried heroes.”

“ Ellen has lived among mountains to good purpose,” said Archer, turning to Miss Lloyd ; “ she has improved the happy opportunity. I wish I could do the same.”

“ Wasted my time, some people would call it,” observed Ellen.

“ And I repeat,” said Archer—“ thanking you for the reproof, if you meant it—that I wish I could do the same.”

“ I think it is the fashion in modern literature,” said Ellen, “ to speak meanly of Ossian, is it not ;—to call it a ‘ stilted style ? ’ ”

"Yes," said Archer, "by those whose imaginations are short-boned—if I may use such a figure. A stunted mind resents the lofty; it thinks every tall figure must be spindle-shanked, forgetting that pillars, and obelisks, and noble columns, if they have their heads in the clouds, must have their shafts deep down in the earth. Not but we must admit that Ossian is often too verbose—too much alike—wants abbreviation; but we might say just the same (though to a less extent) of Homer, and Dante, Chaucer, and Milton."

By this time they had reached the platform of the Parade, and Archer wished the ladies good day.

With a light step and wonderfully improved spirits, he bent his way homeward. As he approached the house, his former depression began to weigh him down. He thought of the mean and provoking circumstances that he had endured, and that still surrounded him—of the destruction of the cast from Thorwaldsen's bust of Schiller—of the taunts of the old fisherman—and of the equally ludicrous and grave fact upon which those taunts were founded. And now he was returning to the same house, in all probability to endure similar annoyances.

But there is something so genial and invigorating in the advent of a flow of good spirits, particularly if accompanied by ennobling thoughts and high abstract interests—and enhanced as these must always be by the sympathy of a young and lovely woman—that Archer presently shook off his cloud, and resuming his brisk step, knocked at the door of his house, smiled at the girl who opened it, and entering his apartment, beheld upon the table the bust of Schiller! There is often a sort of fortunate enchantment attendant upon a good state of animal and mental spirits. Things happen which could not have happened to any one who was in a depressed state. By the side of the bust, two letters were laid upon the table—one containing a cheque upon a Portsmouth banker from the editor of the quarterly journal, and an apology for the delay; the other a post-office order from his literary friend, with many excuses for his ungrateful conduct.

"*Tout le monde est bon!*" exclaimed Archer; "Molière is right, and I regret the angry notes I last dispatched to these two men; they are really very good fellows, and the editor is far more competent to the management of that review than I have thought of late."

Nevertheless, Archer determined to change his lodgings. Even

the girl's explanation about the meal-bag, and the flower-pot which he had mistaken for the fractured bust of Schiller, though it excessively amused him, did not shake his resolution. He paid all his bills with a hurried hand, and left the house the same evening. Some tolerably good apartments being vacant at a house within a few steps of Mr. Walton's cottage, he went there. He rejoiced to escape from the sound of his late landlady's voice, and wished he might never see her skate-face again.

CHAPTER XIX.

SMACK-BUILDING IN IRELAND.—MR. SHORT, IN AN INGENUOUS MANNER, MAKES A FORMAL PROPOSAL TO MARY.—RESULTS OF HIS AMATORY OVERTURE.

"PRAISED be St. Patrick!" cried Mr. Short, hurrying towards Mr. Walton, with an open letter in his hand. "Praised be St. Patrick, we've got plenty of salt."

"Ha!" said Mr. Walton, who fully supposed that the money had been remitted for a number of shares in the Company, from the Portsmouth admirers of Titus Andronicus; "I rejoice to hear it. I suppose you can find an immediate use for it."

"Softly, softly, my friend," said Mr. Short, "we must first catch the fish."

"Why haven't we done that already?—all these new shares are the fish we caught in the Portsmouth theatre, an't they?"

"Psha!" exclaimed Mr. Short, "I don't mean money, I mean salt—brine—salt to pickle and cure the surplus fish, for which we cannot find an immediate market. It is important that a fishing station should not only be in the vicinity of abundance of fish, but that we should be able readily to procure, within a convenient distance, timber for building and repairing, hemp for rigging and tackle, and salt" (here he gave Mr. Walton a patronising slap on the shoulder), "for curing and preserving the superfluities of our piscatory riches."

"I see," said Mr. Walton.

"And I have just received intelligence," pursued Mr. Short, "from the point of coast I had fixed upon in Waterford, that all these things are sufficiently abundant. Now, you observe, our tactics are quite clear before us. While these smacks are

building, we must exert ourselves by all possible means to stir up the rich noblemen and landlords of the county, and particularly the Marquis of Waterford, to form a company themselves, or give handsome subscriptions for the purpose of improving some of the natural bays and harbours of the coast, and of building a small pier somewhere in the most eligible situation."

"Close to our fishing-station," interposed Mr. Walton.

"Of course," said Mr. Short.

While our great speculators were thus discoursing, a letter arrived from Mr. Bainton—who had already fitted up boat-sheds, and a building-yard, and was now very busy in the construction of a dock—with a piece of intelligence that caused them some temporary vexation. He represented that there was a large and unemployed population within a few miles on each side of him, and that consequently labour was extremely cheap, but the difficulty was to obtain skilled labour; in fact, he had no means of obtaining a sufficient number of boat-builders to carry on the work with the necessary rapidity. Harding, and the three shipwrights he had brought from his own yard, had worked sixteen hours a day during the last week, each one having under his directions such boat-builders and assistants as the neighbourhood afforded; but he plainly saw that all the difficulties to be overcome had not been estimated, and that more time would be needed. To obviate this, Mr. Bainton proposed that Harding should return to Dublin, and make, with their assistance, immediate arrangements for going to Scotland, to purchase three Scotch smacks, so that if good fortune attended the formation of the Anglo-Celtic Fishing Company, they might, at least, not be retarded in their operations, for want of boats to begin with.

After some conference, it was decided that the recommendation of Mr. Bainton should be adopted, and they wrote to him by the next post, requesting that Harding might return to Dublin as soon as he could be spared, and they would speedily furnish him with funds and instructions to proceed to the coast of Scotland, and purchase two or three fishing-smacks.

Meantime, the ingenious gentleman and fine tactician in the game of love, Mr. Short, had meditated upon the best means of making his advances to Mary, and had finally resolved that as she had previously shown a disposition to retire from his former moves of insinuating attentions, he would this time take her quite by surprise, and endeavour to carry the fair fortress by a bold

coup d'éclat. It must, however, be done in an equally novel and striking manner.

In furtherance of this design, Mr. Short engaged the services of a Dublin artist, whom he directed to make a finished drawing, in lines, as if for wood-engraving, and with the following subject:—A sea-shore in front of a small bay, romantically situated. In the foreground a fishing-smack, with sailors in the act of launching her down a shelving leach. The middle of the drawing was to represent a number of fishing-boats in different stages of construction, with a building-yard close behind on one side, and two tall round pillars on the other, supporting a long board with carved edges, upon which was to be inscribed "The Royal Associated Anglo-Celtic Companies"—thereby comprising boat-building, fisheries, and pier and harbour companies, all under one head, as he trusted they would eventually be concentrated, and himself be placed as chief secretary or acting director to the whole. In the background he requested the artist to make a sketch of himself (Mr. Short) in the dress of a sailor, kneeling to a lady, with one hand pointing to the board inscribed with the title of the companies, and the other pointing to the distant landscape and a small church and steeple. Close by the lady, an old gentleman, of rather portly appearance, was to stand clasping his hands with evident tokens of pleasure at the proposal of the gallant sailor.

All this being finished, after numerous alterations and corrections in the figure of the kneeling sailor, which, in truth, did eventually present a ridiculous resemblance to Mr. Short, the drawing was taken to a mother-of-pearl engraver, to reduce to the size of the largest shell he could procure. The design was forthwith engraved upon a piece of mother-of-pearl, about four inches long, by three and a quarter high. It looked very well, except that the kneeling sailor had a still more affected air than the one in the original drawing, which the artist had in vain endeavoured to alter; and that the lower part of the left leg on the ground was out of proportion, being much too long—a fault that had happened in the endeavour to hide or balance a disproportion which had been observed in the other, or right leg, of the drawing. It could not be helped now. The artist therefore engraved some grass, in which the foot and ankle of the sailor were in a great measure hidden.

The engraving was handsomely set in chased silver, and fixed upon the top of a rosewood dressing-case, containing all sorts of ladies' implements, and sundry implements beside, such as ladies

seldom use—tweezers, nail-scissors, button-hooks, a silver marrow-spoon, pen-knives, an apple-scoop, a nail-file, curling-irons, a tortoise-shell shoeing horn, &c.

Next Wednesday, the elated Mr. Short was to give a dinner party to Mr. Walton, in honour of Mary's birth-day. On this day he determined to present his irresistible dressing-case, and make his "great demonstration." It was ready in time, by dint of incessant calls at the shop, and he carefully tied it up in a plum-coloured velvet cover, the button of which had been sewn on the wrong side.

They sat down to dinner—some twelve or fourteen, in all.

Mr. Short was in excessive spirits, continually called upon Mr. Walton to take wine with him, was most assiduous in his attentions to every body, and laughed and talked incessantly. Amidst this, every now and then, his countenance changed, and he fell into silence, and had a troubled air; then he rallied again, and was more vivacious than before. He drank too much wine; but he became aware of it, and asked for soda water. After this he took great care of himself, and fell into frequent meditation. What he contemplated required considerable nerve. He intended to make Mary an "offer," under cover of a fine birth-day speech, in which he would present her with the dressing-case, and propose her health—the "offer" was not to be stated in direct words, but implied in a way that could not be mistaken. He had planned to do this in presence of all the guests, in order the more completely to take Mary by surprise, and to cause the affair to be talked about, all which he thought would contribute to his success.

The cloth was removed; the moment arrived. Mr. Short filled his glass a bumper, and was about to rise, but was prevented by the opening of the door. A servant came in to say that a seafaring man wanted to speak with Mr. Short and Mr. Walton.

"We can't—it's impossible—hang him!" cried Mr. Short, "say we're at table—come to-morrow."

"Tell him to wait in the back parlour," said Mr. Walton—" (beg pardon, Short—it may be of consequence)—I'll come down to him presently."

Mr. Short had been put out, and finished his bumper inadvertently from irritation. He filled it again, and looking towards Mr. Walton with a most important air, was about to rise, when Mr. Walton suddenly begged leave to give a toast, and without

waiting for permission he ran into a panegyric of his munificent host, Mr. Short, and concluded by proposing his health. It was drank. Mr. Short was again put out ; still, the fact of Mary's father having proposed his health, seemed all to play into his hands ; he therefore swallowed a bumper in returning thanks, and then filled another, saying, that *he* was now about to propose what he wished to be regarded as *the* toast of the evening, which it was most important should be drank before the ladies retired. While the glasses were being filled, he directed that the dressing-case should be placed upon the table before him, with the cover unfastened, ready to be thrown off at a moment.

"Mr. Walton," said Mr. Short, slowly rising upon his toes, and then rocking backward upon his heels, yet keeping his right hand extended over the table, with his brimming wine-glass shining between the two candles—"Mr. Walton, I rise to propose a most important and respected health—permit me to say, a most admired and feeling toast—which I am sure every gentleman and lady who have honoured my house this day with their presence, will respond to with the highest pleasure. The number of years we have known each other, Mr. Walton—the cordiality and regard which has always existed between us—and now the extensive business, interests, and speculations which unite us—render the present one of the most eventful and exciting moments of our lives, and justify me, I venture to think, in proposing the health of one, very dear to you, and towards whom I have always entertained the liveliest sentiments. A-hem ! The garden of life is pleasant and full of fruit—if man did but only know how to cultivate, and enjoy it with propriety—that is, in season. Let us be among those who are wise. A-hem ! On this delightful advent of the five-and-twentieth year of your daughter, my honoured guest, I wish I had eloquent words adequately to express the eloquent thoughts of this inadequacy. But the anticipation, the kind wishes, the admiring and most honourable intentions—that is to say, the most unfailing respects and consideration for her welfare and future happiness, and my regard and conjunction in affairs with you, Sir, and my humble ambition in other respects, must find words for me upon the present occasion. Hem !—a-hem ! 'Trifles,' as the great moralist Seneca says, 'trifles show the heart,' and even in such a thing as a poor dressing-case, there may be found a moral purpose, which may assist in giving it a place in the shadow of the memory of the future, and cast a gleam of sunshine upon to-day,

when the past shall be no more." (Mr. Short had gradually drawn the cover from the top of the dressing-case, and Mary caught sight of the kneeling sailor, and the distant church). "So let us all unite our hands," proceeded Mr. Short, "let us all join our prayers in commemorating the day when our fair friend reached this most interesting age of woman, when the intellect and the beauty are at their height—a day when all circumstances conjoin to render us happy—and when only one more circumstance, and one more ceremony, are wanting to render the humble individual now before you, *the happiest man* on earth. Miss Mary Walton, I propose—"

Mary instantly rose from her seat with a face of scarlet. There were three other ladies at the table, who also rose.

"I propose," stammered Mr. Short, in explanation—"I propose—the health—the health of Miss Mary——"

But the word "propose" was a dangerous one to insist upon at such a moment—the alarm to delicacy had been given, and away swept the ladies in confusion out of the room, one of them murmuring as she went, "*Really, Mr. Short—really, my dear Mr. Short!*"

Mr. Walton sat confounded!—he had not seen the kneeling sailor, nor observed the "eyes" Mr. Short made at his daughter in giving utterance to the last words—he didn't understand it! He was listening to what seemed the handsomest possible speech to introduce the health of Mary on her birth-day! What could there be in this—where was the impropriety—what the devil did it all mean! He jumped up and ran out into the passage after the ladies.

"Mary, my dear!" cried Mr. Walton, seizing hold of Mary's lace scarf—"Short means no harm—he only proposes——"

"Pray, papa, let me go!" exclaimed Mary, disengaging herself, and leaving her scarf in Mr. Walton's hands.

Mr. Short had followed Mr. Walton into the passage. The excitement of too much wine—of the mischief he had done—the flight of the ladies—the sight of Mary's handsome shoulders suddenly uncovered—and a wild desire to repair his error, all acting at once upon him, in an evil moment he obeyed his impulse and hastily followed Mary's steps. Perceiving him coming after her, Mary suddenly turned off into a back parlour, and closed the door. Unable to restrain himself, he bounced Mr. Short after her, and was abruptly stopped by the arm of a man which was suddenly extended in front of his chest. It was Harding.

"What are you?—what do you? Ah! you shipwright fellow, do you dare!—Harding, I say, you scoundrel—what, in my own house!"

In vain did Mr. Short rush and struggle to pass the barrier arm. It was like running at the bough of a tree.

"What brings you here?" screamed Mr. Short. "Do you mean to persist in standing in my way, in this manner, when I wish to speak to a lady—standing in my way—I *will* pass—I will—standing in my way in my own house—house—house!"

And Mr. Short plunged and tore with all his might, and struck several wild blows at Harding's head; but he could not get by the arm and hand.

"Leave my house, this instant!—Police! police!" shouted Mr. Short.—"Oh, police!"

By this time Mr. Walton and all the visitors came thronging into the room.

"Harding," said Mary, "I beg of you to leave the house."

Harding bowed, and immediately retired. Mr. Short fainted in Mr. Walton's arms, and was carried up to bed by two of the domestics: all the visitors slowly following up the stairs in a sort of absurd train of condolence and astonishment, as far as the first landing-place of the second floor.

CHAPTER XX.

ARCHER LOOKS HIS PROSPECTS IN THE FACE.—HE VISITS A MODERN STOIC.—
SYNOPSIS OF A PHILOSOPHICAL NOVEL.

BEING settled in his new lodgings, one window of which commanded a good view of the sea, Archer placed himself there to watch the changes of form and colour in the clouds as the sun went down. How the months had flown! or rather, how time had crept on, since he had been in Portsmouth! What had he been doing for the last six months? Nothing that he could show. Thinking—reading—writing; all of which his uncle, and the world, would reckon up as amounting to nothing. He could not lay the result upon a wooden platter, and say "Look here!" This is what is expected of a man—this is business—this is called "something." Mean enough—and "of the earth, earthy." But,

on the other hand, did not his circumstances need some exertions of a different kind from those he was in the habit of making—practical work instead of mental work? It seemed so, indeed; and a sorry fact it was, as the paltry insults and annoyances he had experienced in his last lodgings fully testified. They had awakened him to a sense of his real position, and he saw that he must look this fairly in the face, both for the present and for the future, as far as he could discern. He did not blame himself very severely for his past indifference to his worldly concerns. He found many good excuses for it; and he called to mind a passage in "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," which seemed exactly to apply to himself. "He knew not that it was the manner of all persons, who attach importance to their inward cultivation, altogether to neglect their outward circumstances. This had been Wilhelm's case: he now for the first time seemed to notice that, to work effectively, he stood in need of outward means." Archer now saw this too; and he began to look into the real state of his affairs.

His means of life, independent of literature, were of the smallest—scarcely a hundred a year; and with the addition of literature, how stood his finances? He discovered that in the last six months he had written two articles for a quarterly journal, one of which had produced him twenty guineas, and the other had been "held over" for the ensuing number. He thought he would never safely calculate upon the insertion of more than three articles in the course of the year, in this journal, nor could these always produce an equal amount. This would not do to rest upon. He saw that he must try and find some other quarterly to which his contributions would be acceptable. To the monthly magazines he had applied some years ago, forwarding to them sundry disquisitions on works of art and philosophy, as well as essays, but with so little benefit to himself that he did not feel disposed to make any moves at present in the direction of those fixed or changeful luminaries.

With a wife, too! There was a fresh consideration for him. True, he had considered it before, though not very deeply; nor could he do so with any certainty, because the feelings and intentions of his uncle, as well as of Mr. Walton, had not then been apparent, and he had naturally hoped for the best. Now, however, he could not conceal from himself that both of them were quite averse to his marriage with Mary, and would do nothing to

assist them either before or after. Perhaps one or both might do something of a decent kind *after*, but it would not be safe to trust to that. He must trust to his own exertions. Mary knew all this. Nothing was concealed from her, and she was ready to share his lot whenever he considered it at all prudent to "do the irrevocable deed." Only that very day he had received a letter from her, more tender than usual, repeating the same, and declaring how glad she should be to leave the odious, handsome house of Mr. Short, and return to Portsmouth. If Archer's love had for a long time been cooling towards Mary, it seemed all at once to revive with this letter. He determined that he would set to work, and place his worldly affairs in a far better and more fixed position.

But in what way was this practical improvement of mundane affairs to be attained? By means of literature. He knew of no other means that would suit him, or that he should suit. And how these means were to be improved he did not very clearly see—in fact, he did not see at all, except through the medium of a work which he had long wished to write, and which he anticipated would meet with great success.

Was there nothing else? Could he not do something besides literary labour? How did other men of education support themselves—that is, when they were without friends, or rich connexions, or any definite profession? How, for instance, did Karl Kohl live? Here was a foreigner, who could scarcely speak English intelligibly, who came over without any apparent means of life beyond the terms of a precarious engagement. This engagement had been broken up—Mr. Kohl had been thrown upon his own resources—and he had declined further assistance, saying he could do very well! Could he indeed—*had* he done well—and how? By the way, where *was* Karl Kohl? Archer had not seen him for several weeks, and then only by accident in the streets. He reproached himself for this neglect. Who could tell what privations a man of elaborate education and attainments might have suffered!

It was nearly dark by the time Archer's reverie had concluded. Nevertheless, he started off to the lodgings Mr. Kohl had occupied during the period of his engagement as architect to the Associated-Home Building Company.

The people of the house knew nothing about Mr. Kohl. They did not know where he was gone, as he had himself carried away

his little old brown leather trunk under his arm. He had paid his rent, all but two shillings for cleaning his boots, which he had disputed—they knew nothing about him. Archer turned slowly from the door.

Walking thoughtfully down the street, however, his eye was attracted by the light from a tobacconist's window. He turned into the shop, and inquired if they had ever sold cigars or tobacco to a German gentleman who used to live in the street? They knew him perfectly well. He had been one of their best customers, though he had not bought many cigars for the last six weeks. They gave Archer the address of Karl Kohl. It was in a little side street off the "Common Hard"—a locality in Portsmouth aptly so called, being a long and broad expanse of uneven stone pavement, fronting the landing-places for all boats.

It was low water. A dull yellow-ochre moon was rising above the immense smear of mud, and shedding its tinges upon the dirty stony landing ridges that extended into it from the "Common Hard." Little black boats, cast about in all directions, were lying like dead things upon their sides in the black beds of mud and sandy slush around them. With much difficulty, and after many inquiries, Archer found the little side street, and at last the house. He was told that Mr. Kohl was at home—he could go up to him—"third pair back."

Archer commenced his ascent of the dark, narrow, broken, winding stairs, groping with both hands, and wondering if he should find the right door—and what he might encounter if he opened a wrong door. His doubt and difficulty were, however, quickly set at rest, when he heard a well-known base voice, naturally harsh, yet making manifest efforts at tender modifications, singing the following words:—

Ich denke an euch, ihr himmlisch schönen Tage
Der seligen Vergangenheit!
Komm Götterkind, O Phantasie, und trage
Mein sehndend Herz zu seiner Blüthenzeit.*

Archer tapped at the thin-panelled door.

"Hercin!" cried Karl Kohl.

* On ye I think, ye days so bright and heavenly
Of the joyous Past and Gone!
Come, Angel-child, O Phantasie, and carry
My longing heart to its early blooming-time.

Archer found the latch of the door at last, and entered. The room was a little back attic, with a low slanting roof. It was full of tobacco-smoke, which floated about in a strong draught produced by two broken windows. A rush-light in an old lantern, to preserve it from the wind, stood upon a small table, and displayed a low truck bedstead with a mattress, and very stiff-looking dark brown curtains. On the outside of a patchwork counterpane sat Mr. Karl Kohl, in his night habiliments, *viz.*, a pair of stocking-web pantaloons of Prussian blue cotton; a white shirt with pink sprigs, and a scarlet student-cap with a tassel of tarnished silver. A red glow came fitfully across his face, from the end of a cigar which he was smoking.

He received Archer without embarrassment, and appeared very glad to see him. It was only nine o'clock, but he usually went to bed, he said, at that hour, in order to forget the supper which he could not afford to have.

They had a long conversation, during which Archer repeatedly expressed his anxiety to be of some service to Karl Kohl; for, though he was unable to do anything himself worth considering, he doubted not but he could sufficiently interest himself in several quarters. But Mr. Kohl assured him that he did not need it. He had made the same reply to Mr. Walton and the other gentlemen, on the break-up of the company, and had no reasons for regretting that he had declined their assistance. To be sure, he had nothing; but he was a philosopher, and besides that, a man of industry who had some talents.

"But how in the world do you manage to live upon nothing?" inquired Archer, with an earnest face.

"I mak a little ding a great way to go."

"Yes," said Archer; "but by what means do you make the little thing?"

Karl Kohl informed him that he gave lessons in German and French; on the piano-forte and violoncello; in architectural and landscape drawing; and that he was now trying to form a class for mathematics, in the evening. He was ready to give lessons in dancing, if anybody would have them—why not? He was not a *maître de danse*, but he danced as well as gentlemen commonly did—and, in fact, he was ready to teach whatever he knew, to anybody who did not know it as well.

"Why, you ought to be getting rich, with all these lessons!" exclaimed Archer.

The philosopher, however, quickly enlightened Archer upon this point, by informing him that his highest terms were sixpence a lesson; and he was often obliged to teach for threepence and fourpence a lesson to those who were very poor, or who did not care much about learning at all, but were attracted by the cheapness. Even with this, he had many spare hours: but he filled them up by reading English aloud, for practice, by smoking, and thinking of all the pleasantest events in his life, and by busying himself with any little domestic arrangements his room might require. For instance, these bed-curtains, which, however ungraceful, were the warmest and the largest that could be procured for the money, were made by himself—they were merely sheets of brown paper pinned together.

Archer remained two or three hours, very much to his own edification. In taking leave, he requested Mr. Kohl to come and see him at any time his numerous avocations would allow him a spare hour.

Archer returned to his lodgings with a new view of actual life, and the smallness of man's real needs. He felt greatly reconciled to his own worldly circumstances. He saw that in comparison with poor Kohl, he was actually a wealthy man. But he must bestir himself. He could not give instructions in the variety of things he had just heard of; and, considering the amount of remuneration, he saw no great reason to regret his inability. He thought he could do something more advantageous—and perhaps something better in itself.

The work which Archer wished to write, and which he had for a long time meditated upon, was a philosophical novel. The chief materials of this work would be developed through the medium of three characters. They had already lain in the soil of his mind like seeds that were ready to burst their shells and rise into the light. He trimmed his night-lamp, went to his desk, and began to make the first sketch of his design. In a few hours the following outline was completed.

THE THREE WISE MEN:

A PHILOSOPHICAL NOVEL.

"The fundamental principle of the work, is to display the operation of original character, as influenced by circumstances; but circumstances are to be understood in the widest and subtlest

sense, and comprising internal rather than external phenomena. Thus, two of the Wise Men are to be influenced, not by actual and tangible circumstances, but by what they conceive of circumstances; they are to display the effect which that idea has upon their minds. The third Wise Man is to deal only with real circumstances.

"These three characters differ essentially from each other.

"The first Man is one who has a great and lofty imagination, and capacious understanding. In his mind, elementary truths have their natural growth. He wishes to originate the first rudiments of action in large masses of men, and make and mould events to correspond. He is ever brooding over his conception and construction of new things—vast Edifices for improved humanity;—stupendous Temples of purified and elevated worship;—magnificent Bridges (symbolically speaking) for the safe passage of the generations of the earth over the gulfs of error and distress which periodically open in the forum of time;—Colleges and Institutes endowed with power to *compel* mankind to learn, to be guided by, and to take the full benefit of the experience of the past. He seeks to originate and fix an Opinion in the public mind all over Europe, that knowledge is *not* power, because human progress halts a long way behind human knowledge; that wisdom ought now to develop itself in practical activity, at once, and without further provocations; that the important things which are kept secret in the minds of all men of original genius, should be given out; and that the world's rulers ought immediately to get out of the way, and let the world move on.

"This Man has a prodigious abstract wilfulness—a boundless power of nobly wilful imagination and impulse to construction, and he constantly seeks to create feelings, opinions, events, and circumstances, which,—of course, is attempting what is impossible to any man, and he ends in doing (practically) nothing."

For this character Archer had in his mind some prototype in the person of one Michael Salter, a man whom he had known in former years, and to whom his intellectual obligations were of the highest kind.

"The second Wise Man was one whose knowledge of books and of the world were equally extensive. The history of all past time was ever fresh before his mind, while he was perfectly conversant with the occurrences of his own day. His favourite occupation was in making moral and political calculations of coming

changes. Hope was large in him—so large, that his activity dwindled before it, and stood still to wonder. Deficient in impulse, he abounded in expectation, foresight, and caution. His vigilance was great in observation. He had glowing hopes of the advent of mighty things at some time or other, which only needed patiently waiting for. He was constantly waiting, therefore, for circumstances. A man never could originate great events in the world,—great events always produced great men, *vis.*, those who were waiting. He sees how wrong the first Wise Man is; how his over-full life and powerful energies are wasting in futile efforts to create that which must always rise out of the ferment and roll of the world of things. To wait for great circumstances was the part of the truly wise man. This he was doing. Directly a great national event—a moral flood-tide—should arise, he was ready to step forward and place himself as the leader of the movement. Patient, like a giant in armour—armed at point, standing in the shade till the enchanted hosts came by, which he was to lead on to victory and Elysium—thus lived the second Wise Man, in ever-watchful anticipation,—until he became very old, and had a long white beard, and one day he happened to die.

“The third Wise Man was one who never attempted to create circumstances; neither did he sit waiting for the coming of some great event. His mind was led away by no fancies; he was quite what is understood by a sensible man. He sees how, both the first and second Wise Men are losing their time. He thinks he takes warning from them, to adopt a different course—but the fact is, he feels and thinks like himself, and not like them, and acts according to his nature. He attempts to originate nothing; he is merely watchful for every circumstance of which he can practically avail himself, and upon this he never fails to seize. Directly the tide of circumstances comes near him, he throws himself in, and goes with it. By these means, he always floats upon the surface.

“Here was the really Wise Man—here was the practical genius who mastered the every-day world—the true son and heir of common sense—the deservedly favoured one of fortune. So, most readers of the Philosophical Novel must naturally expect. But no—this truly wise man,” (and here Archer smiled to himself with a most delighted expression of face), “this seizer upon every practical circumstance, was in himself so incompetent a fellow, that when he had got the circumstances in his hand, he could make

little or nothing of them ; when he threw himself into the tide he never advanced far, being cast aside on the shore by his own lightness, and want of ballast. He always succeeded in so insignificant a way, that a cross accident, which usually happens to every man once in three years, threw him back among a heap of small results that were hardly worth putting together. In his old age, he contrived at last to wriggle himself into an alms-house, where he made mouse-traps for an additional quantity of tea and sugar, and a little coffee on Sundays.

“ There are many successful people among the subordinate characters of the work ; but they are all men who, besides having discretion and good sense, and being perseveringly industrious, mind their own business only, and are never troubled with great anxieties.

“ Of the end of the first Wise Man, there can be no certain record. This is all that is known. Being about to make a long voyage on a great adventure, he chose to put to sea in a dark night of storm, on the principle that ‘ in protracted events of importance, it was a wise thing to begin with the worst. All that happened afterwards must be a change for the better. In this way, a man commanded his fate.’ He was never heard of more.”

It was three o'clock in the morning when Archer finished this sketch of his projected novel. He extinguished his light, and went to bed, greatly pleased with his own industry. By means of this work he doubted not that he should place his fortunes in a very superior position. He recollected Michael Salter with vivid feelings, and the many grand thoughts which he used to pour out in conversation. He determined to write a few lines to him the next morning, and transmit it to a friend in London, who might know where to find him. Of all men, he wished Salter to see the sketch of his novel ; indeed he knew nobody else whose opinion and advice about it he could much value. He wondered what Mary was about in Ireland, and whether she would soon return to Portsmouth. How were Mr. Walton and Mr. Short advancing with their Anglo-Celtic fishing enthusiasms ? He did not expect much good would come of it. He pictured to himself the figure of Harding building a boat by the sea-side—while Mr. Bainton, with timber-headed seriousness, and a face full of logarithms, was looking on. Then, he thought of the sea—its sound came into his ears—he gave his whole attention to it—he was asleep.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. SHORT'S APOLOGY.—THE DREAM OF THE WORKER.

THE morning after the disastrous dinner-party, Mr. Short was obliged to keep his bed for a few hours.

Mr. Walton listened very attentively to all Mary's reasons for their leaving the house as soon as possible, and taking apartments, if their stay in Dublin was likely to exceed the week. She had convinced him of the impropriety of Mr. Short's conduct towards her—indecorous, in any case, but most unbecoming towards one whom he knew to be already engaged.

"Though the engagement may come to nothing," interposed Mr. Walton, "still, very wrong—very bad taste. I am shocked and surprised at it. But Short was a little tipsy. No doubt he will most amply apologise. However, if you feel uncomfortable at remaining in his house, why we had better look out for lodgings at once."

Mary showed her father that if they remained where they were, after what had happened, it would inevitably place her in an equivocal position, and would also lead to a quarrel, which might be avoided by their prompt departure.

"I believe you are right, Mary," said her father. "If we stay it will keep up the irritation, and cause some difference between Short and myself, which would derange all our plans and operations. It may be difficult, as it is, to avoid some contention. I am told that directly he awoke this morning he swore about Harding, and said something respecting his instant dismissal from the business in which he had been engaged." Now, of course, we cannot desert Harding—can't give him up, on any account—and I am sure Bainton will not; so we are two to one; but there will be a few high words about it, I make no doubt, unless I can convince Short that he ought to be thoroughly ashamed of his behaviour, and even obliged to Harding for his intervention."

Lodgings were easily found in the course of the morning. They moved there at once. As soon as Mary found herself alone, she sat down and wrote a long letter to Archer, chiefly impelled by the elasticity of spirits she felt at leaving Mr. Short's house, and also perhaps because Archer rose so prodigiously in her estimation by comparison, that she felt an increase of regard for him at the moment. She merely spoke of their change of

residence as being more suitable to the feelings of her father and herself. She slightly touched upon Mr. Short, as a gentleman who was by no means agreeable to her—but she shrank from telling Archer of the scene that had occurred, and did not make the slightest allusion to the “proposals” which had caused it. She just mentioned that Harding had returned, and was not looking so well as usual: attributable, no doubt, to the very great exertions he had been making in Waterford. Their return to Portsmouth she thought might be delayed a week or two longer. She trusted, meantime, that the Miss Lloyds made themselves comfortable, and acted in all respects in the cottage as they would at home. Mary begged that Archer would give them as much of his society as he could, so that they might not feel dull in a strange place.

Before dinner time there came a very long and handsome apology from poor Mr. Short, full of excuses, declarations, explanations—regrets, defeated hopes, and a sick headache—hatred of himself, and highly-coloured pictures of the happiness he had fondly dared to dream of, followed by the downfall of castles, and prospects of a desolate life—at which Mr. Walton could not help shedding several tears.

In the apologies of the ingenious gentleman there was one thing he laid great stress upon. He did not mention it as an excuse, but only in extenuation. It was, that he had merely pursued Miss Walton into the back parlour to explain to her—on his honour, with no other motive—to explain, and to do away with the impression conveyed by the word “propose;” that he wanted to assure her, it was her *health* he was about to propose, and not *himself*—his unfortunate self—at that moment. But finding himself suddenly confronted and impeded by a man—a rude brute-force working man—and in his own house, he was very naturally enraged and indignant; and in the excitement of the moment, increased perhaps by the recent pleasures of the table, he had persevered in the terrific manner which had caused all the ladies so much alarm. Had no one opposed him, all would have been well. Miss Walton would never have had the very slightest cause to complain of his pursuit. As for the ruffian, who had so unnecessarily and insolently dared to interfere, Mr. Short trusted he should never again be made aware of his existence.

There was some truth in what Mr. Short said. The intervention at such a moment, no doubt, produced a state of exaspera-

tion in him, and a "scene" which would not otherwise have occurred. But Harding was not to blame. He had come up from Waterford, by the directions of Mr. Bainton, to confer with Mr. Short and Mr. Walton on the subject of his mission to the coast of Scotland to purchase two or three fishing-smacks. He had just arrived, and walked straight to Mr. Short's house. He was desired to wait, and Mr. Walton would come to him presently. He was shown into a small dusky back parlour; and there he sat looking at the melancholy candle nearly an hour, while the sounds of merriment and feasting came in gusts, as the doors were opened and closed in the passages. Suddenly, he hears a general movement—then a scramble—voices speaking together—hurried feet, and a rustle of ladies' garments—the door of his little dusky room is flung open, and in rushes Mary, with her hair and dress in disorder, and closely followed by somebody whom she evidently wishes to escape, and to whose rude grasp he naturally attributed her uncovered arms and shoulders. To start up and throw himself between, was the impulse of a moment.

What else could he do? Few men but would have done the same in the cause of any woman: how much more so, if that woman had been the object of many thoughts and devout emotions. Such had been Harding's state of mind with regard to Mary, for some time—he did not know how long. He was not conscious of the time when he first began to feel a beating heart and a tremor at his knees in her presence. When he did become aware of it, he set it all down to his sense of her noble qualities and handsome person, and the respect and admiration induced by these; but not that this was anything more to him, or that what he felt was anything dangerous to his peace—that it was anything, moreover, which ought not to be, and, for a thousand reasons, never could be.

He at length, however, became aware of his tomerity and great misfortune—the delicious ruin of his peace, and sweet martyrdom of all his hopes in this world. He was glad they had sent him to Waterford. He had never ventured to think what was in his heart—that is, not voluntarily. Such thoughts had never been daring enough to come to him in the daylight. But no man can command his dreams. There he had seen how it was with him.

If to the "visions of the night" Harding owed it, that his first perceptions of love had stolen from beneath the shades—in the same way did the hopes and fantasies come upon him after the

turbulent and dazzling scene in which he found himself on the evening of his return to Dublin. Since this evening, his dreaming pillow betrayed all the secrets of his heart to his confused mind. In his dreams, he had been supremely blessed, and, careless of the precipice before his path—infinately wise and irremediably foolish—bold beyond the consciousness of danger—timid and fearful of offending by a breath—standing upon the dark deck in a storm—carrying Mary in his arms down to the raft—walking near her in a green field, with the sun shining all round them—working at a boat, in a boat-house, with Mary looking on, and smiling—out at sea in a boat with her, and their eyes meeting—Oh! how blue the heavens looked, and how they swam round and round!—a little dark room, and a bright angelic form comes flying in to him—a working man turned into a prince and a philosopher, with a noble and intellectual woman at his side, with whom he was unspeakably in love; while a majestic ship, laden with books of poetry, and science, and practical philosophy, came sailing towards them; till a small boy at the bows, like a Cupid, only that he had a frowning forehead, screamed out “Archer!” and then the working man awoke! He found it had been all a dream! The same kind of thoughts haunted him by day. The Worker had become a Dreamer.

BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches,
 Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches,
 Poppies paleness, round large eyes,
 Ever great with new surprise—
 Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
 Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,
 Happy smiles and wailing cries,
 Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
 Lights and shadows, swifter born
 Then on windswept Autumn corn,
 Ever some new tiny notion,
 Making every limb all motion,
 Catchings up of legs and arms,
 Throwings back and small alarms,
 Catching fingers, straightening jerks,
 Twining feet whose each toe works,

Kickings up and straining risings,
 Mother's ever new surprisings,
 Hands all wants and looks all wonder
 At all things the heavens under,
 Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
 That have more of love than lovings,
 Mischiefs done with such a winning
 Archness that we prize such sinning,
 Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
 Graspings small at all that passes,
 Pullings off of all that's able
 To be caught from tray or table,
 Silences—small meditations
 Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,
 Breaking into wisest speeches
 In a tongue that nothing teaches,
 All the thoughts of whose possessing
 Must be wooed to light by guessing,
 Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
 That we'd ever have such dreamings,
 Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
 And we'd always have thee waking,
 Wealth for which we know no measure,
 Pleasure high above all pleasure,
 Gladness brimming over gladness,
 Joy in care—delight in sadness,
 Loveliness beyond completeness,
 Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
 Beauty all that beauty may be,
 That's May Bennett—that's my baby.

W. C. BENNETT.

Osborne House, Blackheath.

A PEEP INTO A WELSH IRON VALLEY.

Such a peep must be a novelty to many of our readers; and as Wales—from the exertions of a Welch Educational League, from certain motions in Parliament, and from the appointment of a Special Commission of Inquiry—has become a subject of some considerable agitation, of late, we trust that our present attempt will prove neither unseasonable nor unwelcome. To him, indeed, whose eyes and ears are constantly dazzled and dinned by the

ceaseless sights and sounds of city-thoroughfares, a glance, as from the top of St. Paul's, into the little busy nest of one of these remote Welsh Iron Valleys, may come not unpleasantly. Merthyr is by far the most important of them all ; but, for the present, we shall direct our eyes to a smaller and a prettier.

There, then, it lies beneath our feet ! We can see into the very streets and house-row spaces that straggle through the bottom of it : some portion of a true picture of Wales, and life in Wales, surely we shall attain to. There it lies, in the splendour of an autumnal sun. How beautifully small it is ! How miniature-like, somehow ! A gently-curving sweep it is between these two low mountain ridges, which, leaving the skirts of the high, bleak common on the verge of which we stand, approach to form it. The roots of the two ridges seem to digitate into each other, down there, at the far end ; but their tops remain apart, giving sight to a remote mountain with the white dot of a cottage far away, and no other object visible. For there is a crystal clearness in the air, to-day, that makes the distant present ; bringing localities, usually considered out and beyond our own, somehow, for the nonce, unto the very midst of us,—associating the whole family of hills around into one peaceful brotherhood of neighbours.

Beautiful, beneath our feet, lies now our miniature valley, all golden in the sun of autumn. Patches of dark, foliaged trees, irregularly embossing the mountain-sides, contrast delightfully with the lighter, fresher green that flows between and around them. From the straggling street, that zig-zags, interruptedly, through the bottom of the valley, there are cottages in clusters, raying out on all sides : white cottages in clusters, up and up the slopes on either side, dwindling in number, till, here and there beneath the summit, they are seen solitary. How delightfully they seem to doze, these high, solitary ones, on the flanks of the mountain, gleaming over trees, or shining above the fence-divided fields, which now are so peculiar—some freshly-green, from which the later hay has just been swept—some waving with yellow corn—some cut up into, and picturesquely dotted with, the bundled sheaves !

See there, far down, backed by the digitated roots of the tree-embossed mountain, far over these fresh fields, a stack shoots up ! There is white steam at the base of it, curling up the tall, clean column. Beautiful ! Beautiful are the trees, and the fields, and the mountain flanks ; but in that whole lovely landscape is there

one object more strikingly beautiful than the tall, symmetrical stalk, shooting up from the trees, with the snowy steam at the base of it? There is a most peculiar charm in it. It looks healthy, somehow—cheerful. It wears nothing of the sulky gloom its brethren of the city wear. It shoots up so peacefully happy-like, with the fleecy steam beneath, curling up the side of it—all contrasting so pleasingly with the blue sky, and the trees, and the fields, and the hills around.

Nearer us (just by us, indeed—we can just faintly hear the breathing of the blast) are the dingy, well-smoked towers of the blast-furnaces. Grim, and black, and ancient-looking, standing in a range; by day almost deserted-like—their caps of flame all doffed in presence of the sun; and, save the filler wheeling his barrow to the top, hardly an individual to be seen.

Farther down, is the many-chimneyed forge; the gleam of the molten metal fitfully conquers the golden splendour of the season. You can see the rapid roll of machinery there, and the busy movements of many men.

There, again, are the dirty, black, mouldering coke-yards—their lights all killed, like the stars, by the sun. Strange shapes of women, are they not, these that move about amongst the smoke and dust? These are the coke girls, wearing black straw-bonnets, with coarse pinafores, that, girded in the middle, cover them from the throat to about a foot above their clogs. There they are, eyes, lips, nose, every inch of them, except their red gums and pearly teeth, saturated with coal-dust—there they are, in storm and shine, raking among these clouds of sulphury smoke and stifling soot, at five or six shillings a-week! They are laughing and chatting (not to say swearing) vigorously, however. Nay, see there! the governor must be out of sight: a party of them have just succeeded in pushing one of their unlucky conditors of the male species into the water-course. What unmistakeable gesticulations of laughter and intensest mirth! Among men, they do the work of men; their strength is that of men; their language that of men; their actions those of men—a nice nursery for the wives and mothers of Welch workmen the coke-yard must be!

Looking now to the expanded mountain flanks, what are these that seem mole-hills from Brobdignag? These are the *tips*. *Levels* are driven, in many places, into the mountain, and these are the rubbish-mounds at the mouths of them, swelling, almost, into new hills themselves, and increasing, from day to day, as the

laden trams, or tram-carriages, are tipped over them. See, on the top of one of them, are metal tram-plates, gleaming in the sun! On the tram-road (a sort of railroad) formed by them, a horse drags a laden tram along. He is stopped—unyoked. The team is pushed forward to the very verge of the tip. There are two girls, in every respect like their sisters of the coke-yard, busy undoing the fastenings. The team is tipped up till its cargo of shale-rubbish falls off, down the shelving sides of the mound.

Tip after tip! Why, the whole hill is dotted with them. What monsters some of them are! How they differ in colour!—grey, and blue, and reddish! Some of them are evidently the refuse of the furnace or the forge. Some of them seem smouldering and sulphury. Some of them seem deserted: the coarser grasses grow thinly around their bases; and lazy cattle, here and there chewing the cud, look stupidly from their tops, dead to the glory of the scene, but dreaming, somehow, in an un-ideal way, of their security from the swords and spears of the gods. What wear and tear of muscle—what waste of human breath and sweat it must have taken to dig the shale which forms these rubbish-tips! And not shale alone—that is but the refuse. Where are the innumerable tons of coal or iron-ore that came along with it? What life, then, must there not be, at this moment, within these mountains!

Yonder is a balance-pit. Instead of a level, driven more or less horizontally into the hill, to meet the mineral, a pit has there been sunk upon it. There it stands, with its protecting roof over it, at the extremity of its rubbish-tip, surrounded by its orderly ranges of mine (or iron-ore.) The little pool of water that feeds it lies there, on the side of the hill; and there is the little water-course that connects the two. See! through the open side of the pit-covering, a tram has reached the top; it is run off; it contains shale; and is dragged forward to be tipped. An empty tram is run on in its place. See, a wire is drawn; a gush of water falls from the roof into the tram. It fills—it sinks. A tram of mine rises at the other side. What troops of girls are there, dressed like those of the coke-yard, but, like the men and horses around, all of an ochrey or brick-dust aspect! Their task is to sort the mine—to pile it up into orderly heaps of certain dimensions.

See, along that tram-road, are teams of five or six horses dragging trams laden with lime for the blast-furnaces! Yonder is

a canal with boats on it. And hark ! the whistle of a locomotive ! See, it comes hiss-hiss-hissing up a railway ! Here too then has the Wordsworth-hated engine penetrated. True poet ! rigid, high, but thin and narrow man ! even amidst these discordant screams and hisses, canst thou not hear Milton's " Cathedral Music ? " Canst thou not see the Catholic front of Shakespeare there ? Canst thou not see thyself there ? Ugly monster as it is to thee, banishing all poetry and beauty, it brings Shakespeare and Milton and Wordsworth to lift their poor Welsh brethren nearer heaven. All earthly as these flames and smoke and steam may seem to thee, yet, in the midst of them, even wings of angels turn up ever and anon radiantly !

There then is the whole valley lustrous in the sun. You see it all at a glance : the gentle, alternate slopes—the embossing foliage—the fresh fields—the cottages, single or in clusters—the stacks and engine-houses—the furnaces—the forges—the black coke-yards—the balance-pits and pools—the red mine banks—the tips and the lazy cattle—the straggling street ! How beautiful it is ! How peacefully distinct in the clear sunshine ! How the crystal air cuts out everything like a gem ! All seems indeed gem-like, miniature-like, with filmy iridescent fringes somehow here and there, as if it were through a reversed opera-glass we saw it all !

Such, then, is the physical aspect of our valley ; let us now discover what forms life assumes in it.

Looking along the turnpike road beneath our feet, and through the village, what objects do we see ? There are horses in droves carrying wood. There are black, little girls, urging on demurest donkeys. Their panniers are laden with coal till the fetlocks of the poor creatures seem, at every step, sinking to the ground. How vivaciously the coal-black, white-teethed little women (of from nine to twelve) ply their work. They are adepts at the whip. Their " Chick," " Chick," " Come up, Boxer," " Come up, Sharper," are most fascinating to hear. Horses and donkeys, by the bye, are all worked in English, even by those who do not understand a word of it. There are wives and daughters carrying victuals to their husbands and fathers. There is a circle of women round a well. What an opportunity for gossip—not neglected ! The pitcher of one of them is just filled. A large-sized vessel it is, something like a Roman Amphora. A coil of cloth, extemporaneously twisted out of an apron, or a towel, or something similar,

being put upon her crown, a neighbour assists her to lift the jar thereon, and off she straddles cautiously, like Rebecca from the fountain. Is it the weight of the water, or the quality of it, or what is it, that produces that unsightly wen on the neck of one so fresh and rosy?

Yonder are the members of a benefit-club marching in full procession. The men are first, with tidy clothes and white gloves. They have sashes, banners, emblems, staves, and rods of office. The women follow them. How well and cleanly clad they are! Substantial gowns, large, comfortable shawls; the sugar-loaf hat, with broad brim, fastened coquettishly a little on one side, and snowy muslin bordering their rosy faces. Reader! You shall travel many a mile of her Majesty's dominions, yet fail to meet any such band of jolly, rosy damsels. We mean the unmarried ones; for they have employment out of doors; they are guiltless of stays; their cheeks are clear; their forms are full and healthy. The married ones, for the most part, however, have no such look. Shut up in their close cottages, debarred of air and exercise, worried by drunken husbands, their forms are no longer full and firm; the clear fresh health forsakes their cheeks; with everlasting tea and bacon, perhaps with tobacco and strong liquors, dyspepsia soon sets in with all the horrors of flatulence and hypochondriacism.

Yonder is a funeral. In the midst of a seeming rabble of men and women, old and young, on horseback or on foot, in clothes of all colours, without order or arrangement, the corpse is carried. This has been some workman, merely. Had it been any one of note, we should have had the clergyman and the doctor in the van, on horseback probably, followed at seemly distance by the undertaker and the furnisher of mournings, all four with black gloves and several yards of broad black silk about their hats, and dangling down their backs. The silk and the gloves, by the bye, are gifts from the relatives of the deceased: the silk becomes profitable, we are free to say, in the shape of aprons to wife, daughter, or other female favourite. The reader shall make his own reflections on this selection of four such functionaries to lead the column to the grave. The clergyman, the undertaker, the furnisher of mournings can be understood, but the doctor—we will leave it—it is a sheer piece of practical waggersy. But our workman's funeral—hark! as they go a Welsh psalm is raised. How solemnly it rises! The motley rabble has assumed a new look.

How the melody has fused and glassed it ! It looks holy now—sacred. Ah ! but the church is far, the day is fine, the way is pleasant ; the fewest will return in soberness. To many a man and woman there, this funeral is but a “sprec.”

Yonder appears to be a wedding party. Two couples, in Sunday apparel, walk arm-in-arm, following each other. Doubtless, they have been spliced by the Parish-Registrar, who bids fair to do the Vicar out of all his marriage fees. By way of wedding-jaunt, they are now in process of making a tour of the principal public-houses. The admonitions they receive from their friends in each, however instructive and encouraging, are more remarkable for straightforwardness, than for elegance, or even decency, of speech. The bridegroom seems already, by sundry symptoms, to acknowledge the virtue of the various taps he has achieved.

The doctor, on horseback, in sportsman's jacket, with some dogs behind him ; a farmer or two, on business ; a Scotch tea-man poking his brassy face from house to house ; men hawking Titanic stockings bundled across a stick ; children at play ; one or two red miners or black colliers staggering by some public-house ; women carrying water-jars on their head ; such are the objects to be seen in a Welsh village. Of these, the women are the most striking and peculiar : the affection they display for the cast-off articles of their husbands' wardrobes is to a stranger quite touching. The hat seems to be generally set aside as economical wear for a man's grandmother. As for his wife, you shall meet her in his waistcoat ; you shall meet her in his shoes ; you shall meet her in his coat, with her hands jauntily stuck in the pockets, and looking, the reader may be assured, infinitely amusing. The only marital garment that seems unworn by them out of doors, is the small-clothes : a vesture so sacred is only for the hearth.

But let us look nearer at the village. Let us peep a little into that double row of houses just beneath us. What huts these houses are ! How irregularly built. Doors that enforce the decorum of a salaam, not without record of the lesson remaining on the hat of him who is rude enough to enter covered. Windows a foot or so square ; one half of many of them not glazed, but wooden. Small sleeping-rooms, small eating-rooms, we guess, are these. The row seems populous too. What miserable little bits of garden ground. What wretched fences, irregular, tumble-down compromises of stick and stone. What indescribable little erections all about, indeed, of stick or stone, for purposes the most

varied. What old barrels lying down to hold dog or hog. What old barrels standing up to hold coals, or the brock of swine. What cow-houses, donkey-houses, horse-houses, dog, duck, and hen-houses. What porkers, with their farrow, grunting about. What asses standing motionless, statuesque. What busy children. What fun that wicked one is having, who has thrown himself sack-wise across that astonished porker, and is thus being half-dragged, half-carried. A larger party are busy tormenting a poor donkey. What fun they have—boys and girls, and pigs, ducks, donkeys, and dogs. How the women bustle! carrying water, firing ovens, running about with huge loaves, bringing from the shop great loads of flour upon their heads, lining the outside of their houses, washing out tubs, spreading clothes upon their bits of hedges, picking up squalling infants who have tumbled in the gutter, rescuing bloody-nosed urchins from skirmishes—Nay, there are two skirmishing themselves! What gesticulation! What words! Words! The very men, who are by chance about, slink into their houses in the purest shame.

We have been struck, by the bye, for the last half-hour, though we have not mentioned it, (but we suppose we must,) with the continual appearance of a certain utensil. Like Goldsmith's stocking, which was "a cap by night, a stocking all the day," it also has a double function—one of the night, the other of the day. Reader! its use by night you already know and respect. Its use by day, or rather uses, for they are legion, will astonish you, should you come to Wales; but mind, you must not laugh. Let it be brandished and flourished before your eyes, in a thousand quarters, to a thousand purposes, respect it still! Let the damsel bring it thee decorously with hand-towel and with soap to wash therein, with gravity accept, and thankfully.

And this, then, is a Welsh iron-valley. Behind us, in that mountain, are quarries, clinking with the hammers of those that hew the lime to flux the ore. In the bowels of the earth, beneath our feet, are men, half-naked, cutting, by the light of candles, from the walls of narrow chambers, coal, to form the coke which melts it. But perhaps, they are idling now. Assembled in some common passage, illuminated by the combination of their candles, they sit them on the ground, smoking their pipes, drinking their beer; while water all around drips from the roof. Explosive gas murmurs through bubbles on the walls, or, here and there, in a considerable stream, blows loudly through "a blower;" the dark

mineral glitters on the lading tram ; and terriers, seated by their masters' victuals, bay the rats from them.

Miners, too, beneath our feet, with pickaxe, or with blasting-powder, loosen from the earth, the ore. Horses, through long passages, drag in darkness, the minerals to the light. Boys of eight or nine, or younger, spend the day by doors that guide the current of the air, which is the life of all within. By locomotive along railway, or by horse on tram-road, these materials of lime, and coal, and ore, are brought to the furnaces. Stout wenches, with huge hammers, break suitably the lime and mine. Others assist the coking of the coal. The filler wheels his barrow of mine, or lime, or coke, into the crackling flame of the blast-furnace. At the bottom of the furnace, the moulder lays his moulds. The furnace is tapped ; the molten brilliance flows forth in a solid stream, filling up, one after one so takingly, its appointed channels.

Lank figures of firemen, there, in the forge, reheat the metal. Their thin, swarthy, sweat-dripping faces gleam in the light of the open oven, as, ever and anon, with long rods, they poke the melting mass. How the white-hot mineral flashes hither and thither all about the forge ! How it spurts and sparkles beneath the squeezer ! How beautifully, red-hot, it is gradually rolled into long bars by the wheels of the rolling mill ! Along canal, tramway, or railway, the finished metal is now carried to the port, whence it is shipped, to civilise the world.

And these workmen have all cottages, and wives, and families. And there are agents, and master-men, and gaffers, to rule and guide them. And there are shopkeepers to feed and clothe them. And there are lawyers, and surgeons, and druggists, to minister, each of his craft, to them. And there, in London, is the flower, the blossom of the whole, the Iron King himself, whose task it is to find a proper outlet for the labourer of the valley. Sorry are we that, among all these functionaries, the school-master may not be named ; but the way is clearing for him, and there is work for him.

Such are the elements of Welsh society : few, simple, most easy of dissection, were it our present task to do so.

But, as we look and meditate, evening comes. There is a peculiar glory all around. The radiance in the grass is yet a clearer gold ; and stands out still more gem-like every tree, stone, and cottage in the valley. The sun shines, as between bars of a

long rail of splendour-overflowed clouds. The milk-maid is on the golden common, with her pail. That pit-mouth bristles suddenly with men that seem springing from the soil. Groups of colliers come from the hill; tobacco-smoke stains the pure air around them. Bands of men and bands of women, in parallel roads homewards, exchange, in boisterous mirth, the rudest jokes. Down house-rows children run to meet their fathers. Already, the lover, on the stile, sits by his mistress; full many a sweet word has his native tongue to woo withal. Women are carrying water in yet a greater bustle. From mouths of levels, bestridden by coal-black, white-teethed little urchins, issue the willing work-horses. With their broad, clayey blinders, shafts, girths, and other tackle, they look like skeletons—fossil skeletons—newly dug. How they snuff their way, well pleased, homewards! Into what clumsy races their tyrannous little masters drive them! There! they have reached a river bed: how they enjoy the freshness! With what delight they flounce and splash about, and butt the water with their nostrils!

Through open doors now gloams many a naked figure: fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, in grave ablution before the faces of their unconcerned daughters, sisters, wives, and mothers. But small accommodation for the toilet have even the girls, we guess.

On bridges, and by blank walls of houses, gather now young and old to idle, smoking their pipes; blithe in their relief from toil; fresh in their clean clothes and well-washed skins. The more fatigued, and these are not a few, have gone at once to bed. From rare cottages the evening hymn arises. The taps are filling. Dance and the harp are heard: shouts of revelry and mirth. Hark, too, there are execrations, imprecations, curses, and sounds of tumult, when some intoxicated wretch fights with his brother.

Night falls deeper upon them and us. The furnaces blaze up, and make the sky a flame. The heart of all the valley, which is the blast-engine, beats now audibly in the hush of night. The mountains indistinctly loom. The stars are out. And once more, the ~~what does it mean~~?—the mystery of all—the woe of all—falls on the heart of the penman.

FLUELLIN.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

—◆—
 AMID the trunks of forest trees
 What giant bole is there,
 Whose topmost leaves, amid the breeze,
 Float sunnily and fair ?
 Its branches are a shadow wide,
 Its roots are planted free ;
 To sing thy praise is poet's pride.
 Oh, Tree of Liberty !

Its giant bole, a Titan tower,
 With moss is silvered o'er,
 Like ancient castle, in its power,
 It saw the days of yore ;
 The lord of centuries it hath reigned,
 Its own chronology,
 Within its inner rings hath grained
 The dates of Liberty !

Its feet are firm upon the ground,
 Its arms have widely striven,
 Its roots are in the green earth sound,
 Its top aspires to heaven ;
 And aye, in spite of woodman's stroke,
 It groweth great and free—
 The oak, the oak, the sacred oak—
 The Tree of Liberty !

Its branches are a refuge green,
 The kine beneath them rest,
 Its broad leaves are a shadowy screen
 For little birds to nest ;
 Beneath its shade, in hot noonday,
 In grass up to the knee,
 Both man and maid may dream away
 In love's sweet liberty.

Amid its boughs the nightingale—
 The humble bard of song—
 Unto each white star tells its tale,
 While night's hours fly along ;

For poets ever best have sung,
 Like song birds, when they are free
 Their notes most sweet the leaves among
 The Tree of Liberty !

And now its boughs, while winds are calm,
 With gushing music flow,
 And high is raised a holy psalm
 Amid morn's golden glow ,
 And its green boughs are like the aisles
 Of reverend sanctuary,
 And Milton's sky lark sings, while smiles
 The Tree of Liberty !

Nor bud, nor saint, alone can claim
 To worship at its shrine,
 Its end is cur'd with patriot's name
 In many a growing line ;
 And every year each name of worth
 Increaseth gloriously,
 And grows, the book of all the earth,
 The Tree of Liberty !

There are, who say its spreading root
 Must watered be with blood ;
 The rains of God, I only note,
 Grant it then genil flood ,
 And mingled with the dews of heaven,
 Which fall refreshinglly,
 Growth, fresh and pure, to it is given—
 The Tree of Liberty !

Live, sacred oak, and flourish,
 In cleansing dew and rain,
 With breeze and soil to nourish,
 In spring to bud again ,
 And when the Autumn acorns fall,
 May hearts be blest to see
 Each grow as oak as stout and tall—
 A Tree of Liberty !

Then let us sing of Freedom's tree,
 And carve on it our names,
 And watch its acorns growing free,
 And celebrate their fames ;
 Its roots, firm in the earth, have striven,
 Its trunk is towering free,
 Its top aspires to highest heaven—
 The Tree of Liberty !

YOUNG WATSON ; OR THE RIOTS OF 1816.

PART IV.

Two men were on the door-step, and Mr. Holl—in fearful certainty of his arrest—stood, waiting to be seized, when, by the light he held in his hand, he had the grateful satisfaction to recognise in one, Pendrill ; the other was a stranger.

The alarm caused by their midnight visit has been described ; and the dread, attendant upon the fearful presence of the police officers, having been removed, Young Watson was summoned from the garden, and they once more assembled round the fire. After explaining to the new comers the terror their unexpected knocking caused, they led the conversation to the purpose of their late and startling call.

Pendrill proceeded to state, that he had brought a friend of his—Mr. Poisser—for the purpose of consulting as to the best means of Young Watson's escape, since his situation had now become so critical as to render a removal not only necessary, but immediate. Another party had by this means become acquainted with the particulars of Young Watson's concealment ; and though the services of Mr. Poisser were of great value in his after escape, it could not but be regretted Pendrill had been induced to entrust so fatal a knowledge to him. His assistance, as before stated, proved of great service in the after movements of Young Watson. Several plans were discussed ; but the lateness of the hour, and their uncertainty which to fix upon, rendered another meeting necessary. After naming an early day for his visit, Mr. Poisser left, in company with Pendrill. The rest sought their beds, and in sleep forgot their perils and their fears.

We must now turn to the trial of Dr. Watson, against whom—Thistlewood, Preston, and Hooper—true bills were found, April 29th ; and although these facts took place some short time after our present date, the particulars of their occurrence are so intimately connected with the subject of this narrative, as to become too necessary in their detail to be passed over.

The arrest of Thistlewood, as before hinted, took place through

the agency of the man Pemberton. A proclamation, backed by a reward of 500*l.*, had been issued for his apprehension, in which he was described as "about forty-five years of age, five feet eleven inches in height, sallow complexion, long visage, dark hair, small whiskers, hazel eyes, arched eyebrows, wide mouth, and good set of teeth, walks very uprightly, and has the appearance of a military man—he had been a lieutenant in the army"—usually wore a French, grey-coloured coat, buff waistcoat, grey Wellington pantaloons, with hessian boots under them." He had, by the aid of his wife's family—who were wealthy—obtained money to provide for his escape, and in complete disguise. He embarked on board a vessel bound for America. His disguise and means of escape were known only to Pemberton, who had pretended much anxiety to befriend him, and who was on deck with him, when an officer came on board, and walking up to him, said, "It's very well done, Thistlewood; but it won't do." There is little doubt but Thistlewood was correct when he denounced Pemberton with having betrayed him.

Dr. Watson, Thistlewood, Preston, and Hooper, were tried for high treason, in the Court of King's Bench, Westminster-hall, Monday, June 9th, 1817. The prisoners were brought from the Tower, under a strong escort; and the Horse Guards had to clear away a passage through the crowd assembled at Palace-yard, previously to their alighting from the carriages. The Doctor was the first placed upon his trial, when, in the evidence for the Crown, several facts related in the narrative were adduced, in the endeavour to involve the father in the rashness and guilt of his son. "Plans," it was stated, "were arranged and matured, to subvert the constitution of the realm, and to put to death our lord the King. And further, to fulfil, &c., the said traitors, with a thousand and more unknown subjects of the king, armed with pikes, &c., did, with great noise, march to attack the king's Tower of London, and did endeavour to seduce certain soldiers to admit them, &c." The evidence of the infamous Castles set forth, among other and various charges, that "they meant to barricade the Bank, and, if the soldiers came, to burn the books, and so do away with the National Debt."

The speech of Dr. Watson, quoted by the Attorney-general, in evidence against him, affords strong evidence of the pressure of the times we write of, and not an inapt illustration of the present state of suffering and distress. The Doctor was reported to have

said, at the Spa Fields meeting, "He was called on, because His Royal Highness the Prince Regent had refused to give an answer to the petition of the starving thousands, by whom he is surrounded—because four millions of our countrymen are in distress—because so many more are embarrassed—because one million and a half fear distress, while the few only enjoy splendid luxury! It is not this country only that is oppressed: our sister country—Ireland—shares in our misfortunes. *There* the climax of misery has been brought to a close. *There*, suffering cannot be extended further! Will men continue thus for months and years to be starved? No! Parliament should have taken into consideration the situation of the dying multitude, and not been deaf to our prayers! Not a day passes in this great metropolis, in which people are not seen starving to death, and yet they will admit no means to relieve them! Arrogance, folly, and crimes, have brought affairs to this dread crisis! Firmness and integrity can alone save the country."

The speech of Young Watson, also adduced in evidence, carried out the same picture of distress. "The Prince Regent," said he, "in his great generosity, in consequence of our miseries, has given 5000*l.* out of the Funds, which does not touch his own pocket. He plunders you of millions, and then gives you part of the spoil. They rob you of all you possess, and they give you a penny to pay the turnpike!"

The trial lasted seven days; and his defence gave the first great impulse to the after career of Sir Charles, then Mr. Wetherell. A verdict of "not guilty" was returned, Monday, June 16th. The instant it was given in, "plaudits in the court made it known to others outside, when a general and simultaneous burst of applause, echoed from all parts of the hall." Lord Ellenborough, who tried the case, expressed his indignation, in no measured terms, at so indecorous a proceeding; but was answered that "the concourse within and without the hall is immense."

Immediately the trial was concluded, the Doctor proceeded with Mr. Harmer, his solicitor, through a private passage, into Palace Yard, and so to Hatton Garden, where he dined with Mr. Harmer. On quitting the house, in a hackney-coach, the people took the horses from it, and drew it down Holborn, and so through Fleet Street, until he arrived at a Mr. West's—one of his bail—in Wych Street, Drury Lane. Here he alighted. On the cry for "Watson, Watson," being raised, Mr West made his appearance.

at the first floor window, and said, "Mr. Watson was so fatigued, he was incapable of addressing them." After repeated cries, the Doctor at length showed himself at the window, and bowed several times, in acknowledgment of the reiterated shouts of the mob. The cry of "Home, Home," was then raised by the crowd, after which they dispersed quietly, and in good order. The day following the Doctor's acquittal, Thistlewood, Preston, and Hooper were discharged from custody, "as no evidence could be brought against them." So ended this much-talked-of trial.

A different result had attended that of Cashman, who was found guilty, and sentenced to death, on a charge of high treason—independent of the other count of felony, and stealing from a dwelling-house. His eagerness to effect the escape of Young Watson from the house of Beckwith, brought on himself the judgment of the law, although upon his trial he was reported to have said "he had no intention or wish to steal. He joined the mob because he was starving! He had been sent from office to office without receiving relief. He did not mean to harm, or commit a crime—his object was not riot, but preservation of life." He was sentenced to death, without the hope of mercy or reprieve!

The next visit of Poisser to the house of Mr. Holl was attended with the same discussion, though not with the same result, as a plan was proposed by him, and eagerly adopted, for the furtherance of Young Watson's flight. Mr. Poisser, it appeared, had intimate knowledge, and was in correspondence with, some Quakers residing in America; and it was proposed to disguise Young Watson as a member of that body, in the hope that he would be able to pass unnoticed in a dress so little likely to be suspected. It was agreed that Moggridge should make the clothes; and to further the disguise as much as possible, they were to be wadded, so as to give a breadth and bulk to the otherwise slight figure of the young man. His skin also was to be stained, and his hair dyed. The mole upon his face had already been removed, so it was hoped the proposed dress would effectually conceal him from the eyes of the police. He was also to be provided with letters and papers connected with affairs of business, from some Quakers in England, in correspondence with those abroad; and it was hoped, that even in the event of his being searched, this additional evidence would facilitate his escape, and add conviction to his being what he represented himself—a Quaker, about to go to America, on matters of business.

The particulars of his disguise agreed upon, their execution was to be effected as speedily as possible. It was ascertained that a vessel was about to sail to America, and Mr. Holl's eldest son was despatched to take a berth. Every possible agency in the furtherance of his escape was, it was hoped, by these means, secured; and they dwelt with eager expectation on the time when Young Watson was to attire himself in his new costume, and try the efficiency of the disguise proposed.

His friend, Pendrill, was, in all these matters, an active agent. Anxious for the preservation of the young man, he paid frequent visits to the house, in the carrying out such particulars as he thought necessary for his safety. The present residence of Young Watson was so surrounded by danger, that every day brought it closer to the door, and his removal became an hourly necessity, which each increased. His disguise completed, it was proposed to take him to some other shelter, where he would be less shut in by perils, though *where* was yet a question, since all refused the shelter, even of a night's lodging, to this rash and hunted man! None would receive him, yet his removal was imperative, and, his disguise completed, immediate.

As the time for Cashman's execution drew near, the distress of Young Watson assumed a sadder character—the man was to suffer death who rescued him from the fate he was himself about to undergo, and who had incurred that doom in preserving him from the consequences of his late imprudent act. His own fate was yet uncertain—if taken in his attempted flight, he might hang from the same beam.

The execution of Cashman was fixed for Wednesday, March 12th, and immediately opposite Beckwith's house was selected as the place for the law to launch its victim into eternity. In vain Mr. Beckwith petitioned for the removal of so horrible a spectacle from his door. The Secretary of State was inexorable. *There* the offence was committed—*there* it must be expiated.

His disguise complete, Moggridge brought it home; and when dressed, an entire change was wrought in the appearance of Young Watson by the wadded clothing, as well as by the novelty of the attire, and it would have taken a keen eye to have detected in the sleek, quakerly youth, with his dark hair and bronzed complexion, the much-hunted "young man in the brown great coat." His disguise was so successful, his friends could not but indulge in sanguine hopes of his escape, which with the coming darkness would

be at least attempted ; the necessary letters to his quakerly friends had not been forgotten, and everything arranged, they waited with impatience the hour for the attempt.

Accompanied by Pendrill, Young Watson left the shelter of Mr. Holl's house at half-past nine o'clock, March 5th, and with good wishes for his safety, his preserver bade God speed and assist him in his perils.

Young Watson was gone, and his protector looked back upon the danger he had run with fear, but not regret. He had sheltered what none others would ; he had saved a fellow-creature's life, and he cared not for reward ; it was enough for him that he had done his duty. He had saved the erring and rash-minded youth from the gibbet and the cord, and he was satisfied.

Young Watson and his friend Pendrill started forth to gain a shelter where they best could ; for although in part secure in his disguise from the dangers that beset him, it had not lessened the apprehensions of those whose services he asked and needed. On leaving Camden town, they made the best of their way towards Somers Town, to the house of Moggridge, whose counsel and assistance they solicited as to where he could obtain a lodging for the night. This Moggridge said he could not give, "there was too much risk in it," and where to get one was the question ? After some consultation, Pendrill set out in the almost idle search, leaving Watson in the house of Moggridge, where he remained about two hours, much to the alarm of its owner, who was in great terror at the risk he ran for that short time, little thinking of the perils he had imposed on others !

His fears were at their height, when about 12 o'clock Pendrill returned, bringing with him a great coat, in which he proposed still further to shield Young Watson from the eye of suspicion or distrust ; his return appeased, in some measure, Moggridge's apprehension, who afterwards said : " God forgive me ! I thought he had gone to give us up."

And this spoken of the very man whom he had himself taken to the house of Mr. Holl, in direct violation of his pledge of secrecy and silence !

Having wrapt Young Watson in the extra garment, Pendrill and he made their way to the house of a Mr. Dennison, a cutler, in Smithfield, where Young Watson was permitted to sleep, and where he remained in bed during the day, fearful of being seen. The next night, Pendrill took him to a Mr. Clarke, a friend of

Young Watson's, at whose house he slept, and remained concealed during the next few days, and where he made several little additions to his disguise, and also applied some means to remedy the defect of his drooping eyelid. His next removal was to Pondrill's house in Newgate Street, and but a short distance from Beckwith's shop, the scene of his mad folly, the cause of so much peril to himself and others, and of death to his ill-starred rescuer. —

The execution of Cashman was fixed for the next day, and the noise of busy preparation in the erection of his scaffold, reached Watson as he lay. Barriers were thrown up to keep the people back, who were expected in multitudes to witness the execution, and the hammering, or heavy fall of timber, struck upon his ear the dreadful coming of the morrow! The man who saved his life was to suffer death—death for his fault! The thought was maddening, and each fresh sound smote as on his heart.

The outdoor sympathy for the condemned Cashman was great, and fearful of an outbreak, or attempt at rescue, the military had orders to be under arms, in readiness to repel any attempt of the expected multitude.

With the dim morning, the people came! The gallows was up! The man was to die! The fearful knell of the dying, and his awful doom, called them forth as with a soft voice from distant home and bed "to see the sight;" and the best view of mortal suffering was bartered from many a window front or house-top.

The grey morn had scarcely mixed with the black night, and seekers for the best places came straggling on, when a door opened, and Young Watson, Pondrill, and Moggridge, passed forth, and made their way through those who came or those who had already made their stand. Passed by the very side of those who had sought him far and wide. Him, whose name rtered on that spot, would have made them spring as at a started deer. He and his companions passed unsuspected on, and meeting still at every turn fresh comers to the scene of death, shaped their way towards Gravesend.

The vessel in which he had secured his berth, "the Venus," had dropped down the river, from the docks; and once on board, he trusted to escape a doom, the dismal preparations for which he had so lately left behind. On they went, walking with stout limbs and eager hopes to Gravesend.

Meanwhile, the game of death went on! The daylight came, and the busy crowd streamed in to see their fellow suffer. The

barriers erected kept them in partial check, and aided by numerous police officers and their assistants, the people were held back from pressing too closely on the immediate neighbourhood of the gallows.

The bell had tolled. Newgate gave up its prey, and the cart came on.

The multitude was vast. And as the sheriffs advanced with that fearful cart and its death-doomed load, the mob, in expression of their indignation, began to groan and hiss; attempts were made at rescue, and to rush forward, but the barriers prevented their encroachment, and the crowd was beaten back. Cashman alone seemed careless of the fate awaiting him, and on leaving Newgate, had said: "I am going to die, but I shall not shrink. I have done nothing against my king and country, I have always fought for them."

The cart came rolling on—halted—and Cashman mounted the gallows steps with a light and bounding tread. The moment he appeared on the platform, the groans of indignation mingled with hisses, were redoubled. The executioner, to hasten his work, began to draw the cap over his face, when he exclaimed, "for God's sake, let me see to the last." His wish was complied with. The bolt was drawn—the man was dead—dead without a struggle.

The street was thronged as for a fair; windows and house-tops, filled with eager eyes, gazed on the sickening spectacle! Alone, the house of Beckwith looked with darkened windows on the sight!

Meanwhile, Watson and his companions journeyed on their way to Gravesend. Hoping, but fearful in their hope, they passed along, and covered the long miles with willing feet. The town was gained; the vessel was in sight. Yes, there it lay upon the waters, to him, at least, a thing of life, of hope, and liberty.

As it was not thought advisable to Young Watson's companions that they should accompany him on board, with a "God bless you!" they parted with the flying man, and after resting from their lengthened walk, they journeyed back as best they could, and left Young Watson to the accomplishment of his flight.

On deck, and mid the murmur of a hundred tongues, he dwelt alone upon the thought of freedom—of escape from danger and pursuit. Yet up and down he walked and felt each eye was on his, eager and suspicious! Fearful himself, he conjured up a thousand and a thousand foes, who crossed him as he walked! Who shall

know the thoughts of that young man, who fled from death, yet feared its peril still at every turn? Alone, he walked the deck, away from friends, from kindred, all he valued—alone, and with but one thought—life!

The time had come, and the vessel was to sail. Fond eyes were stretching to the distant shore, while others looked with sadness on their own, and wondered if they ever should see it more! The vessel was to sail, the goods were shipped, the passengers on board. The sails were spread, and swelling in the wind, the ready ship obeyed their impulse, and with eager leap ploughed up the tide! All looked with curious eyes upon the seaman's craft, as sail on sail came swaying down, and caught the willing breeze—all looked—but there was still a pair of eyes, that looked intense, and burning! The anchor weighed, and all was ready for a start, when—Bomb! A gun was fired from the shore, the signal to lie to.

Had the shot struck his brain, it would scarce have pained him less. Young Watson sank upon a seat, sick, and powerless.

With straining eyes, he saw a boat put from the shore—near and nearer it came to the stayed ship, and seated in the fatal craft, he recognised Vickery and Lavender, two Bow Street officers.

"Fancy," he said when writing from a distant land. "Fancy my feeling of despair, when as the boat neared the vessel's side, I saw my old enemies—Vickery and Lavender, seated in the stern. They had some clue to my method of escape—they had tracked me, and I gave myself up for lost." The boat reached the gangway—was fastened to it, and the two officers, attended by a magistrate, mounted the ship's side. They were followed—Young Watson could scarce believe the evidence of his sight—by an old and bosom friend of his—a Mr. Whittaker, a clerk in Somerset House. Escape was hopeless—he was in their grasp!

It afterwards appeared, this young man had been pressed into the aid of the police (who had evidently obtained some clue to Young Watson's means of escape) in the hopes some sudden look, or exclamation, would betray him to their sight. For there is no reason to suppose Mr. Whittaker ever would have played so false a part as to turn bloodhound in the service of the law, and scent his early friend unto his death. Whether or not he recognised Young Watson, and had sufficient command over his

countenance not to betray him, must ever remain a mystery, though the young man's appearance was so changed, that even his old friend might pass him by, unheeded, and unknown.

Once on board, the officers eyed round them with a keen and searching look. "They came," they said, "in search of some person who had committed murder." Every one was subject to the strictest scrutiny, and fearful of detection, Young Watson was about to go below, and so to find a hiding-place, among the many recesses of the vessel; 'twas well that he did not—for a list of passengers was demanded by the officers, who told them off by their names. The crew was subject to the like inspection and the vessel strictly searched.

The officers were evidently at fault; all were on deck, and one by one they were made to "run the gauntlet," and to pass between the officers, the magistrate, and Young Watson's friend. A lynx-eyed watch was kept, not only on his countenance, but on that of each who passed; when, strange to state, and affording another proof of the singularity of Young Watson's escapes, a young woman who was about to pass between the officers, fainted; whether from fear or what, we know not—she was about joining a brother in America, and had lately come on board; fearful as it was supposed of detention or some hindrance to her passage, she fainted as she was about to pass, and drew upon herself the greedy eyes of the police, who looked with much suspicion and distrust upon her fainting form. Young Watson, with a quickness, and readiness of wit, only met with in trying circumstances, immediately proffered his assistance to "support the young lady while they pursued their search." The offer was accepted, and the search went on. Passengers, crew, all passed; and, one by one, they underwent the keen and searching inspection of the police.

In the meantime, Watson placed the fainting woman on a seat, and moved between the officers as they stood—less perhaps an object of suspicion, from his recent ready aid, than those who but obeyed the call, and went through the ordeal with indifference or complaint. He walked between them, and his heart in his anxiety beat with such a heavy pulse, he feared "the officer must have heard it as he passed." The peril of his situation, and fear of his detection, made it distinct, at least to him. He passed, and his joy may be conceived, when he heard one officer whisper to the other, "He is not here."

These were indeed the charmed words on which life had hung. The least indiscretion on his part, the least failing of his nerves, had ruined him. The accidental fainting of the young woman, and his ready wit in offering his aid, took from himself some part of the suspicion with which they looked on all—and aided by the strictness of his disguise, his stained face, and darkened hair, he walked unknown between the very men who had hunted for him far and wide.

The search was ended, and the officers, in evident chagrin and disappointment, descended to their boat, and as it pulled towards the shore, Young Watson's heart beat high—but it was with hope—not fear. Again he had escaped when almost in their arms! Life was the one absorbing thought, in which all centered—that life lay now before him, freed from the hazard of pursuit, and as the boat grew less upon the sight, he thanked his God, and prayed in thankfulness!

The spreading sails again were loosened to the winds, and the glad vessel straining to be gone, broke like a live thing through the free and bounding waters! The busy shore was left behind, and with a glad and buoyant spirit, he saw the river passed, while the bold sea lay wide and wild before him. The vessel breasted the strong waves, and shaped its course, for his new home—America! And thus Young Watson escaped.

Some months had passed after the adventure just detailed, when the officers, Lavender and Vickery, were told by Pendrell of Young Watson's actual presence on board the searched ship. They were at first incredulous, but upon the particulars of his disguise being described, they were wrathful to a degree, and always heard with much annoyance any allusion to his escape.

A few days had passed after Young Watson's removal, when Mr. Holl's house, in which he had remained so long concealed, was searched, and himself put under arrest, on the charge of his concealment. His papers were also seized, and in Cold Bath Fields, he remained a prisoner for more than six weeks. He was examined upon the charge of high treason, and the harbouring Young Watson, before Lord Sidmouth, at the Secretary of State's office, and underwent not only a most rigid questioning, but was reminded of the extreme danger of his position, as it was stated they had "proofs of Young Watson's concealment in his house." These were fresh trials for Mr. Holl and his family, who were left in great distress and fear as to his safety. Mean-

while the fruitless search went on! Young Watson's escape having no doubt reached the ears of government, Mr. Holl was liberated, after enduring much anxiety of mind and body.

Young Watson reached America in safety, and strange as it may appear, Mr. Holl never heard from him but once, and that "his best remembrance" conveyed to him in some letter to a friend. He lived but a few years, and died in exile, and we believe in distress. His family—who ever testified the greatest gratitude for his preservation—remained some years in England, but the Doctor's patient industry in the carrying out his schemes for political freedom, and Parliamentary Reform, removed him in a great measure from the practice of his profession, in consequence of which he made but a scanty living. After some years of hardship and endurance, he left with his family for America, and no communication has ever been received to tell if they are dead or living.

The good genius that seemed to wait upon Young Watson's steps is evidenced by the number and singularity of his escapes. That he had great presence of mind, and strength of nerves, is instanced by the readiness with which he availed himself of the young woman's fainting on board the vessel, as a means to take suspicion off himself, and it is still more worthy of remark, that of the many persons in whose power his life was trusted, none betrayed him, although tempted by a heavy reward—a fortune to a poor man—and nearly all were poor. In the midst of poverty and distress, he found fast friends, who sheltered—aided—and finally assisted him in his escape.

There is no fable mixed with this narrative. It is homely truth, and a sense of duty, and a justice to the dead, has alone imposed the task. The agitation of the times in which these occurrences took place has passed away. The ends for which so many toiled, in later days have been achieved; and we are now reaping the full harvest of what was sowed by patient toil in struggle with misrule, which viewed with jealous eye encroachments on its policy and power. The times are gone when agitation for political reform was met with cord and scaffold. Quietly and steadily it has kept its march, and the still growing murmur of a people's discontent, has carried out its purpose and its will. And we now look back, almost with distrust, to times so little passed, when treason could be gathered from a household gossip, and a man's hearth be no security from a minister's suspicion, or a

spy's mistrust. And without wishing to uphold the rashness and intemperance which brought upon this young man, whose adventures have been detailed, so much sad consequence, we must still make some allowance for oppression then endured, and the necessities which in part led to the nine days' wonder of "Young Watson, and the Riots of 1816."

H. HOLL.

THE TWIN BROTHER.

THE Brothers of La Trappe were allowed no intercourse with the world that lay beyond the walls of their Convent; they had hardly learned the demise of one king when they had lived several years under the rule of another. The death of their kindred was only announced by their religious Superior requesting the prayers of the congregation for the soul of a brother or sister who had passed away. The dead were not mentioned by name. The labour allotted to the Monks was peculiarly severe, they were hewers of wood and drawers of water. All loves beyond that of Heaven and God were banished their domicile; they were laid to die on a bed of dust and ashes. The scenery around was of the most dreary kind, consisting of dark woods and a stagnant lake.

FATHER! spread out mine ashy bed,
 For dust with dust is blending fast,
 Far o'er the Future light is shed—
 Yet pause with me upon the past!
 Tho' I have crucified desire,
 And in the altar's holy fire,
 Have made a holocaust of all
 That does not lie beyond the pall;
 Tho' I have fasted, watched, and wept,
 One altar human love hath kept—
 One altar in the heart that gave
 Itself to God and to the grave!
 The love of woman—it hath tied
 The aching fast and horse-hair vest—
 Such light temptation was not spread
 For this emaciate stricken breast—
 The short lived, feverish, fond untruth—
 I learned its worth in stormy youth.
 The pride of human pomp and power—
 Say—lives it in this awful hour?
 When false and failing, blank and drear,
 The fairest dreams of earth appear,
 And hope scarce triumphs over fear!

When dimly in the soul's dark skies
 The heavenly moon of faith can rise—
 Of my old self remains one thing,
 To which long years no changes bring—
 One love, I ne'er could bend nor break
 With it—Oh God ! my heart thou'lt take !

Father ! I had a brother born
 With me, on one fair summer morn ;
 And the first face that met mine eye,
 Beaming with innocence and love,
 Was that twin-brother's—ever nigh ;
 And, like the young of the wild dove,
 We lay within one happy nest,
 Were formed and fed in one dear breast.
 Father ! that love it seemed to grow
 E'en with our stature and our strength ;
 So streamlets gather as they flow,
 And roll in mighty tide at length.
 I seemed of him, and he of me,
 Knit by some wond'rous sympathy ;
 Yet we were different ; I was grave,
 To sad foreboding e'er a slave.
 On me the shadow of the tomb
 Fell with a dull and sullen gloom ;
 Life was a feverish troublous thing—
 Passion—repentance—suffering—
 Wild gleams of joy, then scourge and prayer,
 To this sad birthright I was heir ;
 God's judgments, in their deadliest guise,
 Hung as a darkness o'er mine eyes ;
 While my bright brother could but see
 The mercies of the Deity—
 Long—suffering—patient—loving—mild,
 As mother with a sickly child,
 Averting lingering judgments due,
 Carrying, like lambs, the blessed few,
 Healing old griefs by mercies new—
 These were his visions. Faith like this
 Promised in life a heavenly bli-s,
 And he was glad with hope and mirth,
 Enjoying all things from his birth
 Wisely and well—the gifts of Heaven,
 As blessings, not temptations given.

Father ! 'when settled on my soul'
 A sorrow hopeless—past controul,

On my horizon's gathering night
 Our love yet shed one gleam of light,
 But I would live and pray alone,
 And yield an undivided heart
 For the Eternal Spirit's throne,
 A temple consecrate, apart,
 From whose pure courts all thought was driven,
 All hope, but that of Death and Heaven.
 And I came here,—I need not tell
 Thee of my penitence and pain;
 Within the walls of this dim cell
 I've wrestled with my heart in vain:
 His image haunts the fevered sleep
 That fainting nature steals from prayer;
 When Angels with me vigil keep
 The face of my twin-born they wear—
 The only one that ne'er deceived,
 That I, in darkest mood, believed
 His voice upon our anthem swells,
 He sighs amid the parting knells,
 My brother at my side hath stood,
 Viewless, in this deep darksome wood,
 Where the oak's knotted trunk I hewed,
 And granite blocks to atoms broke,
 And strove, amid the solitude,
 To tame my spirit to the yoke:
 Then, from the long grass at my feet,
 There rose a murmur low and sweet;
 Fancy in human utterance wove
 The rustling of the wind-stirred grove;
 The hollow reeds, around the lake,
 With mortal's anguish seemed to quake,
 While on the silence thrilled his tone,
 Plaintive as parting spirit's moan—
 "Brother! why leave me thus alone?
 All the temptations shunned by thee
 Yet gather darkly over me."

Father! I may not paint my dread,
 When, at our vespers, thou hast said,
 "Pray, brethren, for the kindred dead!
 Unto his rest hath passed away
 A kinsman's spirit—let us pray!"
 Oh! then, I thought of my twin-born,
 Was it for him they bade me mourn?—
 And had he died, and I afar?—
 Parted his soul in grief and pain?

And did he whisper, from yon star,
Ed taught him trust in man was vain ?

Father ! 'tis years since I have heard
 Of him, or from him, news or word :
 The chestnut hair, that decked his brow,
 Is, doubtless, streaked with silver now ;
 And o'er his clear eye's laughing light
 Gather the shades of coming night ;
 While, from his tones, have passed away
 The thrilling joy and melody :
 Yet should I know him were the change
 Deeper and sadder than my thought.
 Oh ! what may sever, what estrange
 That tie amid our being wrought ?
 How it hath fared with him in life,
 Alas ! it is not mine to know ;
 I've loved him thro' the weary strife,
 'Mid hopeless prayer, and causeless woe :
 For him my parting spirit yearns,
 And o'er Time's backward path returns.

There, on Heaven's threshold, in the light,
 Golden and roseate, there he stands—
 As in life's morning young and bright,
 With beaming brow, and outstretch'd hands—
 Father ! he seems awaiting me
 To enter in Eternity !

MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

CLUB-CROTCHETS AND CHEAP COMFORTS ;

BEING

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WHITTINGTON FUND.

No. IV.—OUR BEHAVIOUR.

A FEW paragraphs on the behaviour of full-grown men and women, may be thought by some to savour more of the fopperies of *Aywyos*, with his precepts how to sneeze, which leg to put foremost, what compliments suit *teens*, and what belong to *ties*, &c., than befits the plainness of the Shilling Magazine. or the dignity of a popular assembly, like our Cheap Club. And yet, seeing

that men and women are to meet in it on somewhat new terms, and that not merely their personal comfort, but also the well-being of the establishment it is their interest to support, depends on the manner in which they comport themselves, my wisdom about the matter may not be quite so superfluous as it seems to those who fancy every man that pays his debts must be a Grandison, and every woman unwilling to elope on false pretences, a Harriet Byron.

Considerateness without conventionalism ! Here are longer words than I like to use ; but they state the matter more briefly than, perhaps, it is possible to do in "pure Saxon." To reconcile the two is not a very easy business. Still it is not a science, for the teaching of which cottages should be built ; nor are all the niceties and fastidiousness involved in it, which some upholders of good manners would have us believe. For, in our Club, considerateness is not bound to meet the unreasonable whims and fancies which spring up—a hydra crop—in proportion with the attempts made to satisfy them. Persons, for instance, who demand quietness, can have the demand met, until no silence is dead enough to content their impatience of sound—save it be the stillness of a vacuum ! Now, as doors must be shut, and individuals of all sizes and all thicknesses of shoe-leather go (not creep) up and down stairs, it would be hopeless to pass through our club-life in an atmosphere of dread or deprecation of their bitter looks. The unfitness, the incivility (if there be any in the case) lies with *them*, for trying to trouble the average "Israel" of civilised folk, by their morbid peculiarities. Whether, even in domestic intercourse, the "studying," or "humouring" of these, is a virtue when carried to excess—whether it be not a mean and cowardly deprecation of wrath and irritability fraught with its own punishment—are questions I am often tempted gravely to ask, and closely to argue. In a miscellaneous company, at least, to think of the feat is absurd, because to accomplish it is impossible.

Yet the freedoms, of which every man's club experience must remind him—the hardy and obtuse disregard of time, place, and person, one has been called upon to endure (supposing one is not, by nature, "a person of spirit," *alias* a Resenter,) are to be referred to in yet more emphatic notes of warning. Shall I ever forget the tall gentleman, close buttoned to the chin, frowning with his own importance, lowering with weighty thoughts, who

used to select the library of the —— as the theatre for the exposition of HIS opinions on politics, religion, metaphysics, the natural sciences, and the fine arts, in a voice as loud as Lablache's, but as slow in its sound as the hammer of a sleepy paviour? Shall I ever forget the deliberate and menacing history of his law-suit with his mother's brother, by a second marriage, which he *would* begin, continue, and end, in despite of furious looks, coughs, the emphasis of which there was no mistaking—nay, and an impatient exit or two—at the very moment when I was first making acquaintance with dear Mrs. Nettleby? “What *I* said, and what Orger advised—and what principle forbade *my* acquiescence in—and how the case was a very complicated one—and the sacrifices *I* was prepared to make—and what the opposing party had put forward,” &c., &c., &c., &c., with a general dissertation on English law by way of “*ground*,” (as the embroiderers phrase it) and a particular encomium on every separate scrap of good nature or liberality, or willingness to accommodate, which himself the plaintiff had shown Yet Boreworth was a *just* and cultivated man, and passed as well-behaved, failing only in that self-distrust which might have whispered to him, that the Boreworth Cause was not *the* matter which the entire world was waiting and wanting to hear about! Was the rule of silence put into his hands, by the waiter, sharply rung up for the purpose, its authority lasted but for a poor five minutes; so far as the interrupting of the Great Case—its History, went—and, after that, the intolerable man was

“Swinging slow, with sullen roar,”

as ponderously as ever: difficult to interrupt, and impossible to impress. The Club was for Him, and He for the Club; and the Committee of Ten, and the entire list of five hundred members, might legislate and rage as much as they pleased: there was no hope of bringing *him* into form and order! He had never learned at home, or at college, or in church, to consider others! But two such persons (happily, I hope and trust there is only one in the world at a time!) would be sufficient to rend asunder the entire time-honoured Fabric of Club-Society ‘from China to Peru.’ Well might the day of his quitting the haunts of Bachelor Men for domestic pleasures—of his confining his conversation to one poor, injured woman, be celebrated by a House Dinner which is yet spoken of, throughout every metropolitan association, as the most joyful in the annals of Clubdom.

There is, again, that terrible creature, immortalised by Mr. Poole—whose fixed idea is the investigation of abuses, and having his uttermost money's worth for his money: the man who memorialises against his mackerel as "too small in the roe," and his half-pint of wine as scantier, by a few drops, than the half-pints of all his neighbours—and who seats himself, purposely, at a central table that he may see how much better used *they* are than *he* is, and profit, moreover, by all their secrets!—I know not, in all the Natural History of Human Trumpery, a more unprepossessing specimen than this!—Bad is the fanaticism of self-denial; but the epicureanism of consummate selfishness is worse. It is apt to grow, too, on those, who, leading lives of much toil, imagine that their leisure affords no duties to be performed, save that of snatching, or snaring for themselves, as much comfort, at the cost and contribution of every one else, as is practicable. Let me speak a word, seriously, to the middle-aged, and unmarried, of my own sex: especially to those who pique themselves upon their knowledge of life: and sometimes, in a sort of vapouring pride, are apt to begin that pursuit of personal indulgences which ends in a craving that an Eldorado could not satisfy. One meets these dismal and homeless creatures in every place of public resort—hard, unloving, and unloved: querulous in proportion as strength and spirits fail them: and disgusted when they perceive a younger world rising up around them, which disregards their maxims, despises their egotism, and *will* have its own share of pleasure and accommodation. A thankless child is a racking pain for old age; but a thankless bosom-guest, such as indulged selfishness may become, is worse—a duller, slower, more hopeless malady, from the symptoms of which bystanders may well recoil with aversion rather than pity!—I do not write, recollect, as one impatient of the prime places given to the mature—because he is younger: or jealous of influence he can no longer secure, because he is older, than they: but with a middle-aged man's lively, daily, and hourly feeling of the encroachments which what are called "tastes" and "notions of comfort" may make upon the sound judgment, the kindly heart, the free-will. Perhaps it is nothing better than the terror of the most double-refined selfishness which makes me exclaim, "Let me never grow a spectre, a scarecrow, an incubus upon those who are to lay me in the grave!"

And yet it is *not* a mere battle with shadows, here, to dwell on the danger and misery of this foible: inasmuch as Club life, beyond

'all others, may tempt those of small fortunes, with few other means of variety, to this hardened and hardening self-consideration.—To make a Club or Hotel a school or place of penance for Old Bachelors, were absurd: in truth, a species of adult instruction which would mix oddly with every man's own "ease in his inn."—But it is a crotchet of mine, to warn all who are past thirty-five of "their own chair" or "their own table"—of the "bubble too much" as indispensable to cookery, or the one particular temperature they must exist in, which is sure to be too hot or too cold for some one else. At forty-five these little propensities are no longer to be passed off with a laugh! they are then serious. At fifty-five, they are necessities. At sixty-five, they may be offences; and at seventy-five, the Club join in a general *Te Deum* when ague or asthma keeps the Good Liver at home: no longer to monopolise *the* corner in winter and *the* window in summer—no longer to keep the Myrmidons in fretted though submissive waiting on his whimsies—Who would like such an old age?

Take it not amiss, then, Brother Member, if I remind you, that to read the newspaper quickly on the day after an interesting debate, is a courtesy, which may be of value to many of your party: that by not outrageously dawdling over your solitary drop or draught, after dinner, you may be expediting the repast of some hungry man: that you *may* have a neighbour who can't help following your Devil's *tattoo*, to the utter dissipation of his powers of attention: and that if three people are sitting round a fire, two may be sensibly afflicted if you poke it up into a blazing heat which only makes for yourself a change of pretty dream-pictures? There is great geniality in one's own jollity, no doubt: there is some in not utterly destroying, in not frivolously disturbing the jollity of others. And this may be shown, in a thousand ways, without fuss, or finicality, or sacrifice of a single indulgence, save those which Time will convert into burdens!

Nor must I overlook what seems to me a point of importance—considerateness for the servants of our Club, shown in some form or other such as shall befit a cheap and popular assembly. Let it never be said of us—what is urged, I fear too often with justice, against those who are loudest in raising their voices against the luxurious insolence of the aristocratic—that we are harsh and tyrannical masters, who would be served most to our own liking by steam creatures! Let us never hear the plea, that those who wait upon us are in the plight of the "skinned eels" so familiar to

Joseph Miller—that they are paid for their incessant attendance on our caprices. True though this is: it is truth seized by a wrong handle. And let it be recollected, that—inasmuch as there *can* be in a Club none of that home feeling, which, I hope every Head of a household desires to extend to all within its pale, and which gives a certain charm and interest to service—we are bound as men, and fellow-citizens, to consider the estate of those who minister to our enjoyment of luxuries we could not have at home. Further: it is not in the possibility of events that our servants *can* be of as high a class as those belonging to more costly establishments: all the more need is there, then, that they should have the helping hand of cultivation and indulgence extended to them—their library—their holidays: all the more need that we should abstain from tormenting them by immoderate requisitions, as religiously, as we should abstain from breaking the Club bow-window, or spoiling the Club carpets in the bad fashion which much smoking is apt to engender. If we are only to be made comfortable by the training and maintaining of an army of white slaves, the principle of our existence is belied: and our establishment deserves to be closed, so far as the contempt of every lover of progress can close it.

But, of all points of Behaviour, the one most needful to be watched in our Cheap Club, is the demeanour of men towards women. Here again, Considerateness—but not Conventionalism! as much civility as you please—but no sycophancy. We shall never, I think, err on the side of Bashaw-like callousness. We have got, thank God! past the sensual folly of considering our wives as merely cooks and menders of linen,—and our friends, as only friends, in proportion as we are disposed to make love to them, or to excite a peculiar interest by narrating the wonders of our lives and characters, while, in open-mouthed silence, they sit to listen. Heaven forbid that we should, in any shape, see reproduced, that German domesticity which allows the Man and the House-friend to sit grandly enjoying themselves and their mystical *palavers*, while the fervent woman is ever on her feet to feed them—to wait on them—taking a pride in playing the handmaid. But the enervating civilities, by which alone some men show their consciousness of Woman's presence, are to me almost as unpleasing, because arguing a state of degradation, admitted, and to be compensated for. There is no case of Mortal and Goddess, (one respects one's Divinities!) but of Woman and Master,—or, what is less agreeable, of Man and *Mistress*! A thousand considerations mix

themselves with the question which here it would be impossible to state, or to follow out : enough to say, that, at that very time in France when women had the most supremacy as *petites maitresses*, men were the most cruel. It was in an Arcadian bower, such as Watteau or Boucher would have been proud to paint, that the powdered, and laced, and patched, and rouged, and tinselled Brute of title stamped with his sharp-heeled shoe upon the ungloved hand of the Beauty sitting at his feet on the grass—"to see," he said, "whether her face would be disfigured by the expression of pain!" Yet that was the age of handings-out and bowings-low : and of compliments studied in the *Academie* : and of Courts where a Fan seemed the sceptre ! In our Club, if women are really to frequent it : not merely to be made a show of—when Mrs. Howitt comes down to make tea, and Miss Rainforth to sing, or some other Lady (titled by genius) to read us a scene from Shakspeare—we must respect their independence. A mincing over-deference would become as vulgar, and leads to as much restraint and difficulty, as a hectoring and coarse disregard. Women are made exigent, in large part, by the folly and baseness of men. Were our courtesies to the other sex more simple and dignified—less contemptuously exclusive in being addressed only to Youth and Beauty, we should hear of less teasing, less exaction among women, in their spring and early summer—less sourness and selfishness in their autumn. Those who spoil the child, have no right to complain of her childishness ! Those who live in a perpetual atmosphere of softnesses,—fit only for the love-making into which we all fall, blessedly, once in a lifetime,—ought not to breathe a word of complaint if perpetual love-making is expected from them, and the most eagerly when it comes the most sparingly. That any woman could be put to the blush, in our Cheap Club, it would be impossible, for one instant, to imagine ; but, let her sayings and doings, her ways and her fancies, be an object of tender observation or cynical impatience, and she will take her share simply, naturally, and—I hope and trust—without often rolling the apple of discord on the floor to make a scramble among rival candidates.

But enough : and some will say more than enough—of remarks, to the truth of each one whereof some person will bear witness,—to the connection and combination of which, as a whole, possibly no one will subscribe. Be they good or bad—sound discretion or silly drivelling, I feel assured that there is a self-consistency and

a harmony among them: that as illustrations of the principle "For all and for each," they are *crotchets* which (as the musicians would say) make up a phrase which has a character and a meaning of its own. To be canvassed then, for agreement, for objection, or for rectification, I leave them honestly and heartily. May the Institution in whose cause they were undertaken, prosper: and it *will*: so long as it is based upon real principles of liberality—which imply, at once, something of strictness on the part of each member to himself, and of generosity to others—in the administration of, or participation in, the details of daily life and conversation.

THE EGYPTIAN COQUETTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AZETH, THE EGYPTIAN."

BRIGHT flowers round the gloomy tombs! A gay bird blithely singing on the pyramids' eternal height! Seated by the side of the priest of Cneph, and laughing in the eyes of the stern Isiac hierophant, winning from his gravity the Hermesian philosopher, and calling back to life, and love, and joy, the worshippers of the ineffable Eicton; behold the bright flower of life—the gay young bird of love—the beautiful coquette of Mizraim*! We could not spare thee, child of laughter! Thou art not of the noble—but thou art of the beautiful of humanity; and Nature cradles the babe and the hero, the forest oak and the flaunting tulip, with the same love as though they were equals lying together upon her mighty bosom. The earth is wide enough for the daisy and the buttercup to find a place within its garners, though corn and fruits are treasured there; and our hearts may not be so strait that they cannot love the unlike—that they cannot give to the one honour and reverence, and to the other, an admiration which can best speak in jests, and a love that has nought deeper than mirth for its interpreter.

Our coquette is young and fair; and this is an excuse for every fault that is not crime! Youth is imperfection's best pleader, and rarely does it lose its cause. From the petty waywardness of the froward child, nestling, like a cherub lost from Heaven's courts, in

* Egypt.

its mother's arms, to the innocent vanities, and pretty affectations of the spoilt beauty, whose life is the pole-star of hundreds—and whose love has been deified beyond humanity—youth excuses its own faults. For, indeed, that which is called virtue, but which is often only a part, not the whole, of good, is neither so amiable nor so lovely as much which falls under the censure of the severe. The fault of the moralist consists in his excluding grace and beauty from the circle of his virtues. They *are* virtues; gifts from Heaven, pure and direct! Why should they be scorned because they are not temperance, or fortitude, or courage? Is the rose unworthy because it is not the grape? Shall the lark be unheard because it is not the eagle? To each, its place,—to each its honour!

To all women, love!

We repeat this To all women, love! To the chaste matron—to the tender mother—to the pure virgin sitting alone in her maiden's modesty, unseen and unregarded—to all, honour—aye, and reverence, as to incorporations, in their degree, of the Divine Spirit. And, still further:—to you, gay and thoughtless one—you child, rich in health and joy—rich in love, in place, and friends—she, whose smooth brow was never furrowed by thought—whose heart has never known distress—to the bright-eyed bird fleeing through its cloudless heaven, and for ever chirping its merry note—to the young coquette, the giddy flirt, the thoughtless, mindless beauty—even to her, love and admiration! Out upon the cynic who would deny it! Shame upon the virtue that would reject her! She hath her place, yon thoughtless one, and nor sage nor priest may spurn her from it! Carved out by Nature's own hand, her niche stands in the temple of Perfection; and, without her, the world would be incomplete as the hedgerows in the summer, were no flowers blooming there—no birds disporting.

In the past, the Graces were of the rough Latin religion; the Charites were the gems of the Hellenic; the Apsoras haunt the sleep of the Hindu, and their prototypes, in earthly womanhood, still live on Egyptian walls. Though ages have passed into the gulf of time—though kings and heroes have been laid in the dust—though the mighty ones have perished, and the strength of the morning has become weakness—still lives on the sweet memory of fragile beauty! The tombs hold back the pages of many a dark book of lore and mystery, for which the world would pay down gold as it were sea-sand; myths, arts, faith, and knowledge,

these have faded away, while the stern tablet which has registered not poetry, and has hidden the secrets of science, has preserved, fresh and vivid, the record of woman's loveliness ! The emerald table of ^{the} Hermes has become one of the mystic juggleries of the alchemist ; but the metal mirror, in which beauty smiled to see herself reflected, is among the hoarded treasures of time. The mysterious compounds, unknown to us, by which such brilliant effects in art were produced, have crumbled away into dust, and their individuality reincorporate with the universal life ; but the jetty dye wherewith the maiden deepened the lustre of her languishing eyes, and lighted up the torch which should consume the happiness of the Egyptian youth,* still exists to teach the sweet women of earth one other grace by which they may become the sole rulers of that earth.

Nay, start not ! In the grim case* thou seest there—yon shapeless mass swathed in painted wrappers—yon crumbling skeleton, grinning in mockery at the care which would have preserved its life through mouldering cerecloths and precious balms—was once the home and the form of beauty, youth, and love. And, beneath the shadow of the eternal pyramids—laving her fair feet in the splashing waters of the mighty Nile—standing by the gigantic pylon † of the dread temple, while the holy train sweeps past and fills her foolish heart, so light and vain, with solemn thoughts and wondering awe—in Egypt, the land which gave birth to the sphynx, and shadowed out such grand, such glorious, but overwhelming truths—even there, bloomed the gentle flower of woman's beauty and woman's coquetry, Come ! we will wave the wand of life, the mystic Tau ‡, once more over that crumbling skeleton ; once more the rattling bones shall be indued with life, and the spirit shall reanimate the dead, and snatch its prey from the tomb, and rescue his victim from the hands of the Dread Judge §.

Burst thy cerecloths, Maid of Egypt ! Arise from thy narrow place in the sterile valley of the tombs, and come forth before our

* Every one knows that the corpse, or mummy, after the embalming process, was swathed in linen bandages, painted and gilded, &c. then placed in a wooden case.

† The gateway which led into the propyleum, or court of a temple.

‡ The Cross, an emblem held by every Egyptian god, as a token of life.

§ Osiris as Onnofre, or Judge of Amenti. Amenti is the Egyptian Hades, or Hell, the place of the departed, where Osiris Onnofre, the Dread Unnameable, sits as judge, and awards the degree of Metempsychosis.

eyes in all the feelings of thy youth, and in all the fulness of thine adornments. Let us look upon thy bright young brow, as it lightened on the day in the hour of life; let us print a kiss upon thy lips as they glowed in arch seduction when thy lover passed thee by; let us stand beside thee and press thy gentle hand in ours, and learn from thee what was beauty and love in the land of Khem*—what was maiden's coquetry in the hundred gates of the mighty Thebes, and in the streets of the merchant-city of Memphis. Names, dark and gloomy, and weird enough; it seems almost a mockery to bind up woman's grace with them!

The morning has risen, bright and unclouded; the majestic sun sweeps forth from her † chamber, dazzling in her virgin splendour, to greet the young day-god, the bashful Ehôu ‡, as he springs up from his lotus throne, where all night long he has slept, hanging his fair head, and closing his silent lips with his hand. But fair as the young child of Athor the Beautiful §, is that sweet maiden, who now opens her long almond-shaped eyes upon the new day. Sweet have been her dreams in the night, and favourable || the omens that first greet her. Not sounds of weeping—not words of wrangling and discomfort—but childhood's merry laughter—music, mirth, and joy—these the morning auguries to Egypt's graceful maid. The uncovered opening in the chamber, which served her for the more modern window—for the ancient Egyptian was too wise to glaze these apertures, when such a burning sun beat down upon them—looks into the gardens of the city, where she may feast her eyes upon all those glorious flowers which the skilful Theban imitates so well, or rest them upon the quiet green of the palm, and the acacia, and the pear-tree, and the fig-leaf. She may hear the Nile as it wanders by—Egypt's fertilizing god! and she may turn her heedless soul to higher thoughts, as her glances catch the streamers which flutter on the pillars of the pylæ belonging to the temples. The princely halls of the nobles

* Khem is Ham, or Blackness Khemi, Egypt.

† The sun is feminine in Egyptian mythology; the moon, masculine.

‡ Ehôu, by some is supposed to be the sun: but Sir J. Wilkinson, with greater propriety and poetry, has given him his place as the youthful day-god, third of the triad, of which Athor is second.

§ Of all the Egyptian deities, Athor most nearly corresponds to the Grecian Aphrodite. Isis is more the mystic Silene, Rhea, &c., than any designation of physical beauty.

|| All chance, whether of deed or sound, served as omens for good and evil.

have also these same banners, but their gateways are not so majestic, nor are the pillars so lofty ; and our fair young coquette cannot see even the shadow of the streamers which wave round that sacred place where dwells the one she would fain call "brother." *

She opens her dark eyes, bright with the memory of the dreams that linger round her ; she turns her smooth cheek, fresh and warm and glowing, like a rose-bud glancing up from a field of ebony as she throws off from it the straying hair ; and her full lips part, and heave a gentle sigh, that she has wakened from such blessed idealities to the truth of an existence whose reality is below its promise of hope. The bed, itself, is a very world of wealth ; luxury has done her utmost on it ; and taste and refinement have made it the fit habitation for a god. That foreign deity, of whom the strange merchants from Ionia and Attica speak so long and warmly, Aphrodite the Seaborn, might have cushioned her dainty limbs upon it, and never have found that it was a mortal's bed she shared ! Our fair coquette is loth to leave her midnight couch. The toilette is none so short nor light a task to her ; so much must be done before she may show her charms abroad, that she shrinks from the labour, and would fain lie still upon that worked bronze frame, with all its luxurious pillows, and fine linen scented with costly perfumes ; its carved alabaster head-pillow, painted and gilded, and lying beneath her head, as the lotus beneath the young deity of the morning. No heavy curtains close her in, to shut out the fresh air that comes through the window up from the Nile ; but she lies, like a flower beneath the sky, pillowed upon her arm, with nothing but the lofty ceiling of the chamber to enroof her. The bed-linen, perfumed with the costliest drugs and essences of Arabia, is of fine manufacture, worked with the needle and ornamented with colours,—in some parts with gold. But our coquette is extravagant, as all coquettes must be ; and she pays for the night-gear, which no eye sees but her own, the same price that many would give for their stateliest robes of ceremony. All that snowy drapery which now enwraps her came from the Theban looms ; it is the finest that Egyptian fingers can spin ; and the land which sends forth "woven air" to India, Greece, Babylon, Tyre—perhaps even to the Central Flowery Land, that mysterious place of the stationary or conserva-

* Equivalent to husband.

tive principle—does not manufacture to little avail! The cushions are made of feathers, and covered with fine linen, some with embroidered blue or scarlet stuff. They are fit to receive the impress of that delicate form—to kiss the dainty cheek, and to be enlaced by all that long black hair; and if fitted for this, they must be all beauty and grace

The maiden rises. She thrusts her little feet into a pair of the beautiful slippers of Anthylla,* and calling her slaves—happy in their servitude!—she begins the momentous business of the toilette. A true Eastern, she must first refresh herself with a bath, that greatest luxury of the East! While there, sweet essences are poured over her; perfumes are burnt in bronze or gilded censers; and fresh flowers are constantly waved before her; while others are heaped up in jars of fine porcelain, or flung in handfuls upon the water. Her slaves wring out her dripping tresses; they smooth them with their hands, still pouring rich unguents upon the shining threads, until each separate hair gleams and glistens, as though it were stolen from the plumage of the raven. Her delicate skin must only be touched with the softest napkins, fringed and embroidered round the edge; they have been many a day's work to the patient handmaid, who has woven them so skilfully. As the slaves spread them forth, a pleasant and faint odour steals out, as when you pass by a bed of lilies hidden among the trees, or bruise the scented grass with your foot, unconscious of its secret, or pillow your head upon moss tufted with violets, whose large leaves have hidden both their beauty and their being until then. It is a pleasant hour, which the young coquette passes in the bath. In a continuation of the last sweet dream, in which were images of love and joy, she lies there, awakened only for a more intense enjoyment. Increase and deepen, ye images! until ye have such substance and reality that life may not be needed for ye!

The sleek hair is smoothed; the soft body, refreshed with the bath, is dried by the handmaids, and scented anew with the perfumes in those long glass bottles and porcelain vases; and beautiful as a young Naiad of Hellas, she emerges from the waters, more

* Anthylla was celebrated for its vines and its slippers. It became, after the Persian rule, the city of the queen's pin-money. Its vines gave her cash, its hdes gave her shoes; and it was not ~~born~~ ^{born} to wear any but the slippers of Anthylla. Even Egypt had her fashionable *cordonniers pour les dames*!

fresh, more winning, more seductive, than the loveliest of her sisters.

And now the most important part of the daily labours must be commenced. As yet she has but laid the foundation for that superstructure of dazzling beauty, which must soon glow upon the morning air. Her handmaids cluster round her, each busied in some graceful art, or proud to show her skill in some elegant adornment. One holds the coloured strings, with which the other ties the long, sleek plaits, into which she arranges the jetty hair ; another offers the little box of alabaster, shaped as a column, and covered with painted hieroglyphs, which is filled with the mysterious black powder that works such mischief to the peace of Egypt's youth ; and the petted beauty, taking it from her hand, carefully moistens the slender bodkin, then applies the far-famed *kohl* to the lids of her long eyes, and thus gives them the last grace of art to perfect their beauty of nature. Ointments, perfumes, and essences, do their work. The smooth brow is bound with a golden fillet, in which a lotus-flower is placed ; the slender arms are encircled with bracelets, or of gold or of lazule stone, or of gems or of vitrified porcelain ; the taper fingers are decked with rings ; chains glitter upon the swan-like throat ; the small, round ear is hung with costly jewels ; the swelling waist, unconfined by any barbarity of modern times—by stay, or bone, or lace—shows each pulse beneath its costly zone, and the bosom heaves with the gentle breath, making the jewels resting on it sparkle in the changing light. The dress, of thinnest linen, is thrown over under-garments of thicker, though still light, material. These may be, to-day, of deep blue, striped with slender bands of white. The robes reach to those lovely feet, which peep out half shyly from beneath them, and are but partially covered by the gorgeous sandals ; at her neck they are confined by gems, over which is thrown the more simple lotus necklace ; the sleeves extend but midway to her arm, showing the white and firm flesh, which puts to shame the Red Sea pearls that clasp it ; and the zone before mentioned, gathers the plaits round that faultless waist, whose beauty seems to be increased, not hidden, by its covering. If the Egyptian women overlaid fair Nature's work with the alluements of art, they yet had too fine a sense of the beautiful to substitute, or to transform, that which Nature had bestowed as her best charm. If they acted on the truth of the approbation of the one sex being the happiness of the other, they had too much wisdom

to make other laws than those which experience had framed, and to offer false fashions in the place of natural allurements, through the attractions of a refined sensuousness. The small body, out of proportion with the limbs and the stature, was never half so attractive, even to an eye barbarised by long custom, as the yielding waist, where the touch meets nothing harsh to oppose it, and where the eye is not pained by the hard whalebone, the sharp pins, and the suffocating ligatures, by which our maidens wage eternal war with symmetry, ease, and grace.

The bright eyes of the coquette light upon the jewels which deck her bosom. She examines them; then, dissatisfied with their arrangement, tears them off, looking over her stock to see what better mixture she may make. In good faith her casket is richly stored! Come they from lovers, friends, or by inheritance, they are a dowry, these jewels, which might portion half the maids of Memphis! Of varied shapes, too, and of strange materials, they form a curious collection of wealth and simplicity. Diamonds gleam beside vitrified pottery; the deep green emerald of the mines is cased together with the xenite; or the pale pink carnelian; the lapis lazuli, with its brilliant blue, is almost rivalled by the Theban stained glass, and mock pearls cheat the eye by assuming all the beauty of the true. The shapes of these jewels are the same mixture of elegance and imperfect taste. Some are in the form of bells hanging from a slender string; others are oblong beads strung together, with smaller ones intervening; some are beautiful exceedingly, being golden leaves twined round the stalk; while deeply-cut scarabæi depend from a broad band, and circle the throat with a mysterious loveliness.

Her bracelets, next, the fair maiden reviews. Some are too plain: simple gold bands with perhaps a devout or loyal apostrophe engraved in the centre; they have scarce sufficient lustre for her! That little snake, made of plates of gold, and elastic and flexible, seems to suit her better; and she chooses this, using the plain band to gird her arm fast above her elbow. Ear-rings of light fanciful devices, with large pearls or sparkling emeralds set in drops, in a mass of filigree work, she next considers; and taking out those which her handmaids have already fastened in, the massy rings, with the figure of a sacred scarab worked on them, she surveys herself in her mirror, while fastening the others, the proudest and the gladdest dame in Memphis. And that round

metal mirror set in gold and supported by Athor* the Beautiful, as by a handle, could not reflect a countenance of more loveliness than that now beaming in it. The forehead low, but broad and full; the long eyebrow, gently arched over orbs black as night, and almond-shaped, to which the thick lashes and the artificial tinge of kohl, give a peculiar^{*} expression of languor and voluptuousness; the nose, well shaped and rather broad, with curved nostrils of quick and frequent dilation; the full lips firm and arched, blushing over teeth white and small as pearls, and gaining more beauty from the rounded chin and smooth cheeks of such glorious glowing richness; and all this enhanced by the long, long, hair falling down in many plaits, so thick, and soft, and glossy, made up a face of surpassing witchery! And then the figure was so finely moulded; the limbs so firm and exquisitely turned; the muscles well developed, but the feminine softness not destroyed; the bosom arched; the throat thick, and white, and strong, as an alabaster column; the waist of due proportion, showing the sweeping line of the back; the arm so round and white, with hands long and taper; the polished ankle, elastic as a young antelope's; the small feet, with that beautiful curve beneath the sole, through which the water might have run unstopped; all made up a form which the noblest sculptor might have taken for his model, and produced perfection from its likeness.

Aye! gaze upon thy fair face, sweet child of beauty! It's so wonderfully fair, that thou mayst be forgiven if thou feelest even that foolish vanity which prides itself on a good over which it has no control! It is hard to possess that thing which our fellows prize, and praise, and envy, and not feel that proud self-consciousness, that inward satisfaction, which dilates the heart, and lifts the step, and genders pride and vanity within the brain! But virtue is hard; and they only endued with strength can attain the sternness of the virtues. Yet there are more than one; and youth and beauty have their own, though they be not those belonging to the hero or the saint.

One last look in her mirror, then our beautiful maiden^{*} passes from the sleeping room, into that which she makes her usual home. It is a fitting home! The coloured roof is supported by

* It was a pretty fashion, that of making Athor, the loveliest of the goddesses, the presiding deity of the mirror. Sometimes they had Typhonian figures, the Evil Spirit.

pillars, tapering towards the capitals, which are likewise coloured, as are the leaves of the columns. The capital is the palm leaf, and the shaft is the stem of the same tree. This is one of the most graceful of the Egyptian orders of architecture. The floor is covered with square rugs or cushions, made either at Memphis, or brought from Babylon; the chairs are gilded, and covered with blue or scarlet stuff, starred with gold. They are of every conceivable shape. Some are double; others, large indeed and luxurious, but intended only for one habitant. There are low stools, both with and without back supports; some are of foreign woods; and those which are made of the native Egyptian timber are painted, veneered, or gilded, to hide the vulgarity of their origin. A frame for embroidery, and a light frame, or case, for weaving such pretty articles of taste and luxury, as the narrow long scarf or shawl so much used, and the small square napkins, stand in the room. Near them are placed vases filled with flowers, and stands, where lotus necklaces are hung, and others, which conceal cups of water, in which flowers are placed. Wherever the eye turns, it rests upon flowers, artificial or natural. Chaplets, necklaces, bouquets, are flung at random through the chamber; and the result of these, mingled with the faint perfumes of a distant censer,—the whole made fresh by the influx of air from the river,—pervade the wide chamber. It is a graceful taste, this of the Egyptians for flowers! When they are so much valued as to be made articles of tribute to kings, it is easy to imagine how highly they must be prized by gentle woman!

Our sweet coquette flings herself languidly on one of the large scarlet-covered chairs. A footstool is brought for the dainty feet to repose on, and flowers are placed near her; the embroidery frame, and the papyrus basket, filled with wools, and threads, and gold and silver cord, are brought close to her hand—within reach—that she may not rise; the monkey is loosed from its strings, and suffered to destroy and to disturb, that its antics may please the languid heart of this lazy one; the sleek ichneumon, bedecked with a collar of gold, is led into the chamber, where it takes its place upon the footstool of its mistress; and thus surrounded by both living and inanimate beauty, the maiden turns towards the tray which holds the morning meal.

Bread, made of fine white flour, sweetened with cakes, honey, or with seeds—dates, both fresh and preserved, grapes and figs, and weak light wine mixed with water—these form her simple

breakfast. The monkey chatters and screams for the fruit ; the ichneumon looks up from its cushion, and, with its stealthy pace, glides upon her lap ; the maiden laughs and scolds, and grants at once, and offers, in her pretty waywardness, a true and striking picture of her social life with men ; for, with many a vow of "nay" and "nay," she suffers herself to be importuned into consent, and, chiding at the boldness, she breaks into laughter at the success. Harmony is through the spheres ; harmony is the hand of all nature ; harmony is the chain of the spirit and the body :—lower, lower still—harmony, even in the playful coquetry of a young maid ! Oh ! that is a strange word ! it is a mystic revelation ! Wherever is existence, there is also that unspeakable union between the idea and the fulfilment, the intention and the deed.

And now flock in others, fair and soft as herself—all covered in thin long white veils, which serve but to heighten their charms, by the slight mystery of concealment which they lend. Of the dancing girls' accomplishments—of the wares of the goldsmith and the merchant—of the relative beauty of their dress and adornments—of those dear to them, as dear as is possible to such unthinking souls—of the last new pattern for the scarf—of the beautiful stuffs and fashions from foreign lands—of such things they talk : perhaps one, older or graver than the rest, may speak of the latest sacrifice, or of the public omens—of the fearful sickness of the Holy Bull, or of the ominous trail of the Isiac serpent,—who is listened to in respectful but unsympathising silence. Those young gay birds cannot live under the gloom of the gigantic temple. Out beneath the cloudless moon—out in the free fresh air, when not a raindrop sullies the sweet brow of evening, not a thunder-cloud swells over the midnight sky—out, even in the burning sunlight, so that it is but with freedom and delight ;—ought rather than the still stern silence beneath the shadow of the *Ædes* ! The Faith might suit the philosopher, the deep and earnest thinker, for he would find beauty and truth in it ; but to these children of womanhood, there seems but scant difference between it and annihilation ! Well ! it is good ! The pine, and the oak, and the hardy fir, must be nourished in storm and cold and tempest ; the palm and the acacia can only flourish when the sun brightens over them, and the warm air of the south waves round them. There is a place for all ! Why transplant when Nature forbids ? The *Hermesian* philosopher may unravel

the mystery of his baptism—he may ponder on the significance of the rites—why the mother, pale and silent, bore him to the temple, where the priest laid him in the coffin-cradle—why water from the golden cup was thrown over him before he was covered with the red mark of acceptance ;—he may ask of Nature and his own soul why, and what means, the double baptism of fire and water—why, and what means, the strange brute-worship in which his brethren have veiled their homage to the incorporeal Eicton :—all these are questions meet for him, but not for these light-hearted maids ! And of each stern faith they can but cull the brightest portions ; they can but enshrine sweet Athor in their mirrors' handles, and worship her and the young Ehôou—Isis and Horus—as the later Greek knelt to Aphroditè and Phœbus in the groves of Cytheréa and of Delos.

And time flows on, the fair young girl slowly passes from her morning loveliness to the chaste, subdued, and ripened beauty of a gentle matron-mother. The laughing eye has become more grave ; the thoughtless brow is not so smooth as of yore ; the heart, which thrilled with awe at a religion which had not *Love* as its spell-word, has learnt to enframe itself a faith, peculiar and proper for its own needs, from this ; the bosom which seemed to promise love to all, has chosen one to be its life-enduring mate—the bloom of the fresh spring-tide has fled ! And time flows on rapidly, rapidly ! The days have passed, and the months and the years ; and lo ! old age has followed and claimed possession ; and then DEATH comes in ! And she is dead ! That bounding life has ceased—that wild mad joy of being is over ! She is dead—that thing of life, and love, and beauty—she has gone for ever from our sight ! And what remains ?

Tread softly ! ye are in the chambers of the grave—ye breathe the air of the tombs !

Cold and silent are the guests, but gilded are the chambers, and bright with vivid colours, and gay and gorgeous. For what ? For the mouldering skeletons in yon gaudy coffins, wrapped in perfumed bandages, heavy and stiff with gold and paint ; for the sad tenements of a one time youth and loveliness, now empty and deserted, but, to the faithful Egyptian, still holding the principle of life.

And this is true. Well to thee, Egypt, that thou knewest this truth ! that, by myth or by doctrine, thou couldst teach thy children, that death and life were the same !

Now fare thee well, our sweet young maid ! Thou, too, hast laid thee down to sleep—to sleep until the Future Awakening. We have watched thee in thy morning beauty ; we have loved thee in thy noontide splendour ; in old age we have not passed thee by ; in death we will not forget thee. Thou hast sprung up from the silent tomb ; and, at our bidding, thou hast lived over again one brief day of thy happy life. We have looked on thee through thy cercloths, and have clothed the fleshless bones in all their former grace and youth. This, in fancy,—in the hereafter in reality. Sleep, sleep thy dreamless slumber ! Thou hast not the stern Onnofre to judge thy waking, and another than Thoth* shall register thy deeds. The Angel of Mercy shall be thine assessor†—the God of Love thy judge ! Peace to thee, Maid of Egypt ! Fear not the day of thy doom ! for thy weakness was not crime, and thy frivolity was so gentle, that even justice must relax to look upon it. Thou passedest through life as a beautiful bird ; thou broughtest joy in thy presence ; thou couldst not leave sorrow for thy departure. Thou wert lovely, thou wert beloved in the hour of thine existence ; Come ! let us still give thee the same in thy death !

Roses for the grave ! Young flowers for the tomb ! Scatter them thick and fast ; for Beauty is the undying spirit that haunts the wide universe, and broods, like the arkite dove, over the waste of the grave. And like that dove it will return, bringing with it the promise of life and of delight ; for the Beautiful is the sole thing that cannot die ! It is the Life of the Universe !

TESTIMONIALS AND TESTS.

BY PAUL BELL.

WHEN innocent country folks, somewhat vain-glorious on the strength of their familiarity with “botany and grass,” denounce London as a heartless place, in which people do not know their next-door neighbours, and modest merit blushes unseen along the

* Thoth registers the deeds of the soul in his tablets.

† There are forty-two in number ; to us have a little likeness to the Erinnyes, in some of their attributes.

by-ways, while sophistication and iniquity drive coaches-and-six down Piccadilly, (these being country innocents who *do* believe in coaches-and-six, in spite of all the Broughams which come and go,) they are angry, I must say, not merely at peril of their veracity, but also of their reputation, as being able to read. To me, it seems impossible to take a walk abroad, or to consult a journal, whatsoever its politics, whatsoever its clients, whatsoever its *leaders* and its underlings, without being struck by the enthusiasms of friendship and the effusions of gratitude. Seriously, there is no Southcote so outrageously self-complacent or secure as to the world's end, who cannot get followers to receive her strange sacraments—no pill so venomous in its power to sever soul from body, without its list of cases as long as, and more glorious than, those catalogues of accredited cures which science, modest when maturest, simply puts forth; pretending—the vulgar mundane creature!—to no infallibility. And in these warrants, credentials, compliments, (call them what you will,) there is far more of sincerity, and less of selfishness, than the world dreams—unless it be, that the root of all fanaticism is Self—the idea of a Self that shall prophesy; of a Self that shall heal; of a Self that shall overthrow; and to which all prophesying or healing or overthrowing done in others' fashions, is offensive and distasteful. People love to believe—especially be the fact large enough, sufficiently sweeping, and one which slaps in the face established truths—and from believing pass on to generalise with a delicious contempt of objection. The Heir of Castle Pimple, who seems to have been actuated by no other principle of life and conversation, than the fear of “falling as the leaves do in October,” did well, when in an extremity of effervescence and fever, and irritability, to “surprise his stomach” (as my Mrs. Bell drily put it) by cold water, and to give his limbs a chance, by brisk exercise up a hill, with only “a plain dinner” at the top. And no wonder that Pimpleton of Castle Pimple is grateful, warm in praise of the cold element, when he finds that he is now able to sleep without “night-mares in his bed,” to eat without terrors by way of grace before, and twinges by way of *disgrace*, after his meal—now that his head has become clear enough to take pleasure in dwelling upon the concerns of the Carbuncle Cottages, or to organise a vigorous resistance against the branch of Lady Salisbury's pet railway, which was to root up his mother's jointure house. He would be no human

Pimple if he did not gush with gratitude. But he has the misfortune to be connected with the Leanshanks family—spare, melancholy, gray-complexioned, feeble people—not one of whom, since the days of “Bluff King Hal,” was ever known to “be carried to bed;” and who, for the last two hundred years, have been lifting up small voices in admiration of early hours and blue milk. And he happeneth to pounce upon Meagre Corner, at the very time when Miss Lavinia, the seventh daughter of the house, after pining over since she was born, seems now as resolute as a Leanshanks *can* be, to “give up the whole affair as a lost case;” in plain English, “to go out” (for there are departures from life, which hardly deserve an appellation more vigorous). Cousin Pimpleton was always a kind soul: craving to be lethargic, he has become boisterously kind. Something must be done for the fading Lavinia; and that in the “wringing of a sheet.” He will have her off to Umberslade, or Malvern, or Ilkley, with all the speed of a cataract! She is to be wrapped up in wet clouts, as she sits in his open carriage on a raw March day! She is to drink a cup of cold water every time she changes horses; and, when they stop for the night, to pass an hour in the rain-tub, ere she is dismissed to bed. These strong measures have the result which any one, save a Naiad, or Nereid, could have foreseen. Ere three weeks are over, poor Miss Lavinia’s monument cuts a genteel and woful figure in the churchyard; and her kind-hearted cousin and friend wipes his eyes (execrating them the while, that she was let to slip through their fingers, by the drenching having commenced at too late a period) and rushes off to make amends for the waste of this poor dear “drop in a bucket,” by a doubly energetic assault on some other ailing creature—let us hope with better success, though with no better sense!

These are the people by aid of whom the Solomons thrive, and the Morisons build their Gamboge Castles. There is nothing they won’t swear to; they will sign every thing. If a thumb but has ached, they will vow that they had lost the use of one side! If they were apt to see double “of afternoons,” they will print, as a fact, that their “visual organs had, for a considerable period, been essentially impaired.” They would put their portraits on the ambulating advertisers, which make such an odd addition to our London vehicles. What do I say?—they would drive a machine themselves, rather than ungratefully, or out of

false delicacy, hang back from sharing with others facts so inestimable; a deliverance so precious! The Faculty may counsel caution. Since the days of Job, doctors have been old noodles, or worse. *They* know better. Friends may recal past counsels, warnings, encouragements, &c., &c., and the like. Friends lie; they always do. And every one (save themselves and the projectors of the nostrum eloct) is leagued to keep the human race in the dark; and sickly, and wound round with absurd prejudices, for purposes, the wickedness of which lies on the surface!

Stated as above, can anything seem much more absurd than gratitude running a-muck—than enthusiasm knocking down the feeble, by way of helping them to hold themselves up? Yet I appeal to those who have no particular matter in hand of their own, to say whether the humour in which testimonials are oftentimes given—when given voluntarily—is caricatured in my specimen Figure. Ah! long live Faith! Long live Earnestness! Long live sympathy! but long live, too, permission for the bystander to demand a reason for these—to ask what manner of man it is that bloweth his trumpet so loudly, without said bystander being branded as infidel, or put to do penance in the bread sheet, as irreverent, or lashed by brute sarcasm (there is a brute sarcasm no less than a brute force and a brute folly) as bigoted.

But would that these were the only testimonials going!—Vanity is a noxious thing. A Duke who fancies he has a taste in sculpture, and picks out a stone-cutter for his *protégé*, may disfigure London with a Monster on an Arch, past the power of any Press earthquake to dislodge. A fine lady who believes in the philanthropic *clairvoyance* of a Mademoiselle Felicité, may inspire her *coterie* of fine Ladies with curious assurances, that the same Parisian *demoiselle* is to cure them of the need of employing rouge, or hair-dye, or any other material for the making-up of Evening Youth and Candle-light Beauty. And a Monster, as has been said, or a false colour given to several silly women, may come of it, past all hope of redress or cure: to the vexation of all touchy and honest persons. But think of the testimonials which are *not* given in good faith!—Think of the rubbishy statues, and the rubbishy French-women, authenticated “for a consideration”—the Public not choosing, nor desiring, even to examine!

Consider—to dwell upon an important topic, as Mr Carlyle will

bear me out in styling it,—to wit, the Clothes Question—consider ye, the certificates published by the Advertising Tailors—the letters from customers no less august than the personages mentioned in the Irish ballad,—to wit,

“The famous Duchess of Bavaria,
And Dido the African Queen;

which the proprietors of the Autumn Impervious Coblentz, and the Winter Hyperborean Capot—the Summer Dust-Inimical Overalls, and the Spring “Deeds-not-Words” *Paletot* have to show. One Crowned Head, believed to lie under considerable peril from Illuminati, Carbonari, Right-Diviners, or Wrong-Defenders, cannot rest on its pillow, till “Two of the same pattern as the last—one with mother-of-pearl buttons, for the *Château*”—have been “forwarded by the very earliest opportunity!”—Her Peninsular Majesty writes, in no less urgent an agony, “For a Habit of the Patent Superfine Blue Steam-pressed Camlomere,” signing herself “*Isabella*” in a scrawl which you can read from the top of an omnibus. Jenny Lind must have “A Patent Seal Par-Dessus” (at least so the elderly gentlemen who fetched her from Vienna writes to Messrs. Stickle & Snow) on the spot, “or she is unable to contemplate a tour of our cold English Provinces, howsoever solicited to do so, at the instance of His Grace the Lord Bishop of ———.” Two years ago, I should have put implicit trust in all these records of Royal anxiety and haste to purchase. Alas, sir, the bloom has been taken off my confidence! or, as my Lame Boy impudently puts it (to vex me, because I cannot bear slang), I have ceased to be *downy*. We have made acquaintance with a Testimonial Writer:—the very person who returned thanks for the Queen of Madagascar, when the New Patent Parasol was not sent her:—and who described, touchingly, the tears which had come into the eyes of the Monarch of Java or Japan (’tis all the same!) when the Five-Guinea Packet of Mellifluous Amberated Soap reached him!—He it was who indited that letter “To a Lady in the Country,” beginning: “*You are sensible, dearest Emma, that my greatest pleasure is to contribute pleasing facts for your amusement. Within the last few years my hair has entirely turned of a sickly grey,*” &c. &c.—He devised the Romance of “The Blue Morocco Pocket-Book, with a silver clasp, engraved with the Austrian coronet, a shield, and motto: containing correspondence in cipher—which was taken from its owner,

while standing in a crowd in Newgate Street, to see the Duke of Wellington come out of the warerooms of Messrs. Neate & Cleanly, makers of the Alpaca Protected Gaiters. (*Please copy the address, No. 500*). My boy might have made a handsome living would he have associated himself with Mr. Slum, by undertaking "the Pictorial department;" but he declined, declaring—the rogue!—that he had no testimonials to bring forward warranting him qualified for the task!

To turn to another branch of the subject, the use of testimonials in what may be called social transactions, is yet more unblushing and precious than the fine language which accredits the wonders of Tailordom, as reigned over by Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob, or Madame Spinks' pleasing invention for annihilating, not time, but old age, and making "Lovers happy" by eradicating Grey Hairs. —In all the navigations of courtship, for instance, how comical are the things "answered for," and the persons who answer! Think of the references adduced by The German Baron, seven feet one, who, "actuated by no mercenary motives, and being of a domestic disposition," advertises for some congenial soul having 300*l.* to 400*l.* a year at her uncontrolled disposal, whom "it will be the study of his future life to cherish with tenderness!" The German Baron's Reference is an inch taller than himself—a man who has seen service, with a venerable white *moustache*: and who says little, but that little to the purpose; aware that the reserve of English Ladies demands reserve, and honourably anxious to avoid the possibility of disappointment, by stating facts in too rose-coloured a fashion.

I once knew some most droll cases of reference, in a person far less magnificent (and, let me whisper, less of an adventurer) than my advertising Baron: but who, like him, was "girdling the earth" in quest of a congenial soul.—How such an elderly, bashful person as Mr. Timothy Deedes ever wrought himself into the idea that matrimony was expected from him, passes my comprehension; but the efforts he made to fulfil that expectation, were only less signal and unwearyed than those of Old Scrawdon himself. He was the man, who, after a hot chase of Miss Drury the clothier's daughter, announced "That he had been on the point of being married to her, only she refused him!"—He it was, who, before committing himself to Mrs. Harbottle, a widow who was known to have "a pretty fortune at her own disposal," consulted the Parish Register to ascertain what was the age of the gentlewoman; whether

she was indeed, as slanderers said, by ten summers his senior. But the passage I am now particularly remembering was his setting forth to lay siege to Miss Meridew, in company with his cousin. Repeated refusals, it would almost seem, had made him self-mistrustful: inspired him with the uneasy feeling of one who is looked upon as a false pretender: and whose very inches, even, ought to be vouched for: seeing that there are some persons, who, like Monsieur Duprez the French singer, and Mr. Flamely the English novelist, wear heels *within* their boots!—It was needful—alas! this had sad experience taught him—to woo his Queen of Hearts “by the card!”—to have his heels warranted!

Now, it did not make the matter easier, that Miss Meridew was one of those persons who “hear, see, and say nothing,” called by their friends, “persons of good judgment,” “persons of high principle,” and, Heaven knows how many other high-flown names;—but, by less interested observers, known to be vacant, dogged, and suspicious, with and without cause. I only know one species of female more impracticable: the candid woman of quick feelings; who is hurt before you speak, and hurt after you have spoken; who owns “to expressing herself warmly,” and thinks Reason was brought into the world, by way of insult to common Humanity! And even she, I am inclined to think, may be got the better of, by a person more candid and quicker than she is,—provided he owns the advantage in point of lungs!

Well—when Mr. Deedes set forth to woo Miss Meridew, he thought it due to himself, to provide an authentication for all he might state, in the person of a relative, older, drier, stouter, more substantial than himself—one of those worthies who inspires you with a confidence that he were best let alone! The Lady was by herself, working with her usual slow industry, at something which could be neither useful nor ornamental;—on their entrance, turning and facing the suitor and his Referee, with a gaze more stupid than searching, yet none the less hard to meet, therefore. Down sat Mr. Deedes, (he had to invite himself to take a chair)—down sat the Referee: and the matter was entered upon, in dead and unassenting silence on the part of the Lady.

“Ma’am,” began Mr. Timothy, “I have a comfortable, unincumbered little property, which brings me in,—I should say—a clear five hundred a year;—have not I, Cousin?”

“Yes, Cousin.”

No reply on the part of Miss Meridew.

"And I have a house, No. 37, Halcyon Row—with good basement story—and water laid on to the top. Have I not, Cousin?"

"Yes, Cousin."

Miss Meridew bit the knot off her thread; and Strephon had to begin anew.

"And, Ma'am, I am very anxious to assure you, that since I was a child, I have been always spoken of as obliging, considerate, and as fond of the Ladies' company, as a religious and moral member of society ought to be. Is it not so, Cousin?"

"Yes, Cousin."

"Those are nice in the wainscot, gentlemen; that you hear," observed Miss Meridew.

"Yes, Cousin."—Even those dull people were shaken by a testimonial so grotesque and gratuitous. Both the *Strephon* and the *Amanda* broke into a fit of laughter, at the misplaced reply of Mr. Alured Deedes. There was no resuming "the tender subject," that day:—and before that day fortnight, Miss Meridew had bestowed her virtues and her possessions, upon the Reverend Ozias Cockle!—"So endeth a wooing!"

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There is another sort of testimonial of a yet more peculiar quality than the above, worth including in this list of Curiosities of Friendship. An inhabitant of the moon, aware of the very rainy climate of this "terrestrial Ball," or, in other words, of the quantity of tears, which *must* fall thereon, be the season ever so propitious—would conceive himself addressed as a Marine, and not a lunar visitant, were he told that there exists among us a class of persons whose delight it is to conceive themselves maltreated and evil spoken of. Yet so it is: there are some who keep themselves in a fever of complacency by forgiving imaginary injuries. They know that the basest of motives are imputed to them, but, thank God! they can bear *that*. They are glad to find persons so good, simple, and credulous, as to believe that themselves have no enemies: and who try to persuade them of the same. They wish they did not know better! Somebody is always talking them over behind their backs—or was, before they came into the room! Before they do a given thing, they are sure that they will be misjudged for doing it. They were brought into this world, to suffer calumny—to waste affection—to abide ingratitude. "It was sung to them in their cradles." They should be insane to expect any enjoyment, or honest construction!

"People are so ill-natured," used dear Lady — to murmur, hanging her head, the while, like a shepherdess.—"They say, that Sydney Smith and I, wrote '*Cecil*.'" And I am told (not having had the honour, Sir, to know the Lady, myself) that she *did* look teased and "put out," by this sad little dream. We had a gentlewoman of the same family, but more meek—a back quality, who used to keep Halseyon Row, in a perpetual stir, by the imagined ill-usage she had to parry, making a round from house to house, in quest of flatteries and contradictions to reports which no one had circulated; and exasperating my up-right, down-right, angry Mrs. Bell,—till I used to think the latter would become demented, if one calamity more overtook Miss Gosse. Never did irreproachable virgin suggest the same number of peccadilloes, which she could only have, by miracle, committed. She had been talked about, with Mr. Vavasour; she had been accused of starving her maid-of-all-work; and of poisoning Mrs. Stagg's four peacocks, (a slight crime, if true: since those birds used to screech all night, to the detriment and distress of the Row) She had sent anonymous letters to three decided Calvinists. She had threatened Howley, the inarticulate old sexton and parish clerk, with the loss of his place. "Did Mrs. Bell believe she was capable of such wicked doings?" was the invariable conclusion. The last piece of monstrous self-accusation, however, happily closed our doors against the poor, morbid creature. "What do you think they are saying of me, now, dear Mrs. Bell?" burst she in, one day, howling and mopping her eyes. "What do you think they say now?—that I drink! Did you ever hear such cruelty? such wickedness?—Do you believe it?"

"Yes, Ma'am, and worse," was my helpmate's impatient answer. Up bounced Miss Gosse. She was seen within our gates no more. Turn such a person's play into reality: and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, you make an enemy for life, by extinguishing them!

The subject widens upon me as I proceed—spreading out into the conviction that there is no fact for which you cannot find an insincere *and*, stranger still, a sincere witness. Think of the Monument, on which the inheritance of an important estate depended—to the existence of which, in a certain Church, within the memory of man, a number of worshipful parishioners swore, in a well-known trial—whilst as many, equally worshipful, swore as certainly to the fact of such a thing never having existed. Think

of matters asserted on the hustings!—proved by the plump and plain testimonial of by-standers. Think (as we *are* there!) of Tests proposed and accepted. Recollect the delicious traditions only waiting the call of Antiquarians with regard to any obscure passage—and how A shall *cap* B's impression till C gets a fact, which he retailleth unblushingly: and D goes the length of challenging scrutiny—whereupon E enters into an inquiry! &c., &c. Reflect how a whimsical idea, referred to twice or thrice, as a pleasant freak of imagination, takes that form and consistency, which prepares you for referring to it a fourth time as something “you have heard,” if not a reality which has passed within the sphere of your own knowledge!—And the end will be, if not a mistrust of the testimonials which others command, a reserve in granting them to others—a determination, not to rush out with something which *may* be true—by way of producing an effect, or strengthening a cause:—but to let no wish to serve, persuade, influence, or other immediate object, blind you to the dry truth, that the Testimonial in which Exaggeration has aught to do, injures three persons—the party recommended, who is encouraged to refrain from progress; the party without testifying recommenders, who is unfairly neglected; and the party who testifies—to the damage of his discrimination—self-respect, and integrity!

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LITERARY INTERCHANGE.

It would be a curious inquiry that, which would endeavour to ascertain the circumstances which obtain celebrity for a writer beyond the limits of his own country. Some of our greatest English authors are perfectly unknown in Germany and France, and not a few of the noblest literary geniuses that France and Germany have produced have not yet reached England even by name. On the other hand, how many English scribblers whom the English themselves scarcely deign to read have a continental reputation! And how many French and German scribblers who are almost forgotten in their native land, have a popularity wider and far more fulminating than that which some of our best authors enjoy, or are ever likely to acquire. Fame is, of all human

caprices, the most capricious. Sometimes the eccentricity that condemns an author to obscurity and contempt in his own country, gives him glory somewhere else. Sometimes the breadth of heart and the catholicity of spirit, which make a writer a mystery to his nation, a mystery not to be revered but to be laughed at, make him a miracle to other nations, a miracle which they feel inclined to worship all the more enthusiastically from the very distance of the scene where it has appeared. It is strange also to see some worthy wight, who in his day was something more than a notoriety, but who for half-a-century has simply been known as one of the great unread, spoken of by foreign critics, as if he were as alive in the memory and the heart of Humanity, as Cervantes, or Ariosto, or Shakspeare. Thus, for instance, Villemain, an elegant and tasteful, often eloquent writer, though not remarkable for grasp or perspicacity as a thinker, and who, some fifteen or twenty years ago, was as celebrated as a lecturer on literature as Guizot on history, and Cousin on philosophy, devoted as much of serious attention and of conscientious analysis to Richardson the novelist as any English Review would think it proper to bestow on Walter Scott. Occasionally an author secures a European audience for the whole of his productions, however numerous, through having tickled their ear by some early production, trifling and tedious it may be in itself, but which flattered or echoed some temporary foible of the age. Would "Faust," and "Wilhelm Meister" be considered as such marvellous books, or would Goethe the Epicurean be viewed as so admirable a poet, so noble a man; if he had not when young arrested the notice of mankind by his sentimental "Werther?" Because one of Goethe's boyish works was preposterously overrated, it has been thought a duty as proposterously to overrate all the rest. Some of the best authors cannot be naturalised in foreign literatures. Barrow and Jeremy Taylor will always remain exclusively English. The former has a weight of thought, and an exhaustiveness which we look for in vain in any other preacher; but though often eloquent he has no artistic graces of style. His grand massiveness of solid sense unfits him for Germany, his want of rhetorical skill unfits him for France. Jeremy Taylor was not a remarkable thinker; neither can he properly be called an orator; he was a poet in prose, and perhaps as such, unsurpassed. Now poets in prose are peculiarly English; other nations offer nothing precisely similar. The very circumstance, therefore, which renders the

name of Jeremy Taylor a hallowed name in England, prevents him from being naturalised in the literatures of other lands. Montaigne is altogether French; translate him into another language, you strip him of his quaint but picturesque and forcible style, and take from him half of his beauty and strength. There are authors who are very translatable, who are yet very inadapted. Thus, though Montaigne was born fifty years after Rabelais, the style of Rabelais has much more flow and finish, is really a more modern style; yet the subjects which Rabelais chose, and their mode of treatment, render his works unsuitable for any atmosphere but France. In general it may be said, that the literary material that can most easily find its home everywhere, is French prose, chiefly by reason of the social universality of the French intellect, but also through the colloquial power of the French language, which makes it, from its friendly and familiar aspect, welcome, all the world over. Thus, Voltaire's "Charles the Twelfth" is as much a household book in England as ever it has been in France. There are works which from their intense nationality cannot be relished in translation, though easily enough translated. The peculiarities belonging to the style of Junius can be rendered into another language without much loss of pungency, fervour, or energy. But Junius possesses scarcely any interest, except to those Englishmen who are familiar with the history of England seventy or eighty years ago, not only in its greatest events, but in its minutest gossip and most trifling scandal. To any foreigner, therefore, except perhaps a ponderous gluttonous German mind aspiring to know all, both in the universe and out of it, Junius must be utterly without attraction. The "Provincial Letters" of Pascal are nearly in the same predicament. What care the majority of English readers for the squabbles of Jesuits and Jansenists two hundred years ago? In the ecclesiastical history and in the national recollections of the French, however, those disputes have an indestructible vitality. The only persons in England to whom "The Provincial Letters" can have any charm, are ripe scholars, who would prefer reading them in the original. The productions of some authors have scarcely any other merit than that of style. All such it is folly to translate. La Fontaine had the genius, the rare genius for a poet, of being archly and aboundingly natural. His style is perfect; but his productions have no merit beyond the style. Hence he is the most tedious or the most pleasing of writers, according to the subject that chance

threw in his way. He had no creative strength. All his author-craft consisted solely in indolently pouring out his good humour on topics that came of their own accord before him. To translate him is, therefore, to crush all the living breath and the warm blood out of him. The Italians lose immensely in translation, so much of the beauty of every Italian book consisting in the delicious music of the Italian language itself. Occasionally the facility with which an author's works are transferred into another tongue, their literary value unimpaired, arises from their defects of style. Sismondi, with substantial merit as a writer, is exceedingly heavy and monotonous in style. His productions, wanting the usual French variety and vivacity, seem to have something of a becomingness, dignity, and force in their English dress which are not obvious in the original. Certain authors would have written with more effect in another language, than they did in their own. Wieland, fanciful, witty, epicurean, would have found French much more suitable for the expression of his ideas than German; and Lessing, bold, earnest, direct, and energetic, could have slashed more rapidly and killingly into the heart of things if pithy English instead of unwieldy German had been his weapon. Languages have a fitness or unfitness for rendering other languages. German gives best the epic and dramatic poetry of the Greeks; Italian, Greek lyric poetry; French, Greek eloquence; English, Greek history and philosophy. For the translation both of Latin poetry and Latin prose, we know no language equal to the English. Italian poetry loses least in English; Italian prose, least in French. The French cannot translate poetry; whatever its characteristics in the original, they convert it into pedantic rhetoric. Shakspeare, in the hands of Ducis, becomes a declaimer. When the French translate poetry, they are compelled to give it in prose in order to preserve somewhat of its texture and spirit. The prose of most languages is more rhetorical than the poetry. French poetry has the peculiarity of being more rhetorical than French prose. Hence it is as difficult to translate French poetry, as it is for the French to translate the poetry of other nations. For rhetoric supposes amplification, and translated rhetoric implies still farther amplification, in the cumbrousness of which all force and beauty evaporate. Most German prose works are improved by a translation into French. The Germans cannot write prose. As French prose is better than all other prose, German is worse. Compare Madame de Staël's book on Germany with Menzel's on German

Literature, which is a very favourable specimen of German prose, and the difference will at once be visible. Strange as it may seem, however, it is the imperfections of German prose which make German thinking appear so much more subtle and profound than it is. The calf seems an elephant when seen through the mist; and the common-places of the Germans often appear prodigious discoveries, because floating in a haze of cloudy words. France has produced as great, if not greater, thinkers than Germany. But they often look shallow, simply because they are so marvelously clear; and, in the same way as, seen through the cloudless atmosphere of Egypt, the pyramids look smaller than they are. Perhaps, therefore, a German metaphysical work, when translated into French, loses rather than gains. By being improved in style, by being rendered clearer, it is shorn of all its transcendentalism; and what in the original astounded as a mystery, disgusts in the translation as a paltry mystification. Books of more substantial merit, however, especially the chief historical productions, gain by translation from German into French; for they retain all their essential qualities, while acquiring rapidity of movement, sententiousness, and force.

Hitherto Literary Interchange, of which translation is only one of the forms, has been an affair of scholars. One of the best effects of free commerce will be, to make it an affair of nations. And as it is the articles of luxury, often pernicious, that have chiefly passed from country to country, to the exclusion of the corn that feeds and strengthens man, so it is chiefly the prurientes, the frivolities, the vulgarities of literature that have passed from one language into another. As, also, corn will henceforth be the leading article of commerce, we may rationally anticipate that nations, brought into more wise and loving intercourse with each other by the pressure of universal physical needs, will, through the more complete appreciation and sympathy thus produced, be disposed to exchange only that which is best in their literatures. The effect of this on tolerance and civilisation will be prodigious and blissful; but it will also potently and beneficially transform the chief literatures of the world. It will teach the English to generalise, and to see the philosophic links of many isolated details; it will teach the French to confirm and to correct their generalisation by facts; it will teach the Germans that writing is an art like any other,—that pith, clearness, variety, and brevity are the four grand requisites of good writing,—that prolixity is

imbecility, and cloudiness quackery,—that the subtlest thinkers that ever lived, the Greeks, were likewise the best writers,—and that mental incapacity is equivalent to moral defect both in individuals and nations.

New Books.

MAUPRAT. By George Sand. Translated by Matilda M Hays. Forming Parts V. and VI. of the Works of Sand. 16mo. E. Churton.

WE have selected this work, from the volumes already translated by Miss Hays, for a more extended analysis and criticism, because it seems to us to develop the strength and power of the original writer more than any work of hers that we have yet perused. Brevity is the soul of wit, but extension is the life of analysis, and if we trespass upon the reader's time, and may be, patience, at more than our usual rate, it is because the productions of this gifted author are fraught with many varied excellencies. They have the purport of an enlightened philosophy and an energetic politics: they illustrate human character with unusual force; they are constructed with peculiar grace, and written with a fine poetic feeling. Such being the case, it is our earnest duty to endeavour to help to disseminate them, and to aid a cause taken up by the translator and the bookseller, from a higher feeling than any mercenary reward.

The monstrous legends circulated as to George Sand, are beginning to fail of effect in this country, and some faint notions of her true excellence to take their place. Still there are but too many who confound her with the vilest writers, and think that she whose every sentence is an endeavour to refine the appetites, writes but to stimulate them to an inordinate indulgence. Pure, lofty, and spiritual, she sees in some of the formal conventions of society the strongest inducements to the debasements of the nobler parts of our nature. "Custom hath so brazed" many of our institutions, that the spirit of their ritual having evaporated, it becomes necessary to revise the form. With the marriage of true hearts she would not interfere; but thinks to sanctify the bonds and connexion of two creatures, more is necessary than a parchment license sold only for the sake of the fee, and a marriage ceremony, which is but too often only a compendious conveyance of property. She sees no difference, except in price, between the conduct of the woman who sells her body for one guinea or ten thousand. The formal compliances with a literal honesty, are not, to her mind, a manifestation of the natural rectitude and honour of a true spirit. Nor will the finest breeding, nor the choicest manners, supply the place of that

genuine benevolence of soul from which they originally arose. She is, in fact, a great *Restorer*; she seeks to arouse, in a society that is blasé with forms, a spiritual life. Modern civilised society, when it is what is called perfected, is a great heap of pretence where the passions have no play, the emotions a false direction, and the imagination is sought to be suppressed. From this cadaverous existence strong spirits escape; some by crimes, some by talents. Some taking the direction of science, art, literature, or politics, incur the stigma, but not the avengement of such society. Others, guided by sensualities and passions, are plunged into courses of violence or craft, and while truly indicating the dictates of nature, sin, and are sinned against, most brutally. Such things cannot be, and idly pass meditative energetic spirits like George Sand: she sees the evil, deplores, and would amend it. She is a woman, and no weapon is left her but the pen. Ethical dissertation, metaphysical disquisitions, would not attract the beings she seeks to interest or subdue. She shows, as in a glass, these things, and by a fictitious narrative as regards the circumstances, she draws a true picture that portrays human nature as it is. By her ethical power she proves it error; by her metaphysical, she analyses the causes; by her literary art she combines and illustrates these powers; and by her spiritual and poetic temperament she gives to the production a charm that amuses, thrills, and urges on the reader who is drawn within the compass of her power.

To do all this is the office of a great writer; how seldom it is fulfilled, the few works of fiction that survive their birth will prove. Amidst the multitudinous ocean of literature, how few and isolated are the beacons that maintain their position. Daily inroads are making on those pronounced to be the most firmly fixed; and the stars of the heavens, worlds though they be, are as legion in comparison to those few authors, out of countless generations, who can fix the constant attention of mankind.

To write with a purpose, is now, with a thoughtless class, a term of reproach; but without such purpose as we have intimated, the author will very rapidly outlive the man. Life is a serious matter, and he who only develops the small portion of his faculties and being designed to raise or enjoy laughter, knows little of existence, and makes a sensation but for a moment. To be incapable of laughter is a gross deficiency; to be always indulging in it is a tiresome buffoonery. Sand, like all truly great writers, is mistress of the passions, and kindles the emotions in their full circle.

Mauprat combines, in our opinion, all the excellencies of which we have spoken. In its outer form, the charm of the style and the interest of the narrative is sufficient for the dullest reader. Internally, we detect an allegorical meaning which relates to more general and abstract matters. In the hero we have the savage reclaimed by kindness, and see, most exquisitely shadowed forth, the brute gradually awakened to an heroic existence. In Edmée, the female heroine, we have the

embodiment of intellect and sensibility, perhaps indicative of the future condition of humanity when refined by juster laws and circumstances. In M. Hubert we have a symbol of the past mind, with all its hereditary prejudices and some of its better superstitions. In Patience, a creature nobly gifted, who has struggled to knowledge of the profoundest kind by the sheer dint of his own powers. Never were noble ideas better realised. Never have we found a completer, finer notion, of literary art as exemplified in fiction: truly every line proves our theory, that a great work of the imagination is produced by "realising a great ideality." The authoress has determined to illustrate these wonderful processes, and has realized them with such vigour, delicacy, and completeness, that her work reads like a literal narrative of actual circumstances.

The characterization, which is wonderful, is not the only merit: the language and sentiments are equally felicitous. The story, as we have said, is the reclamation, or rather the development, of the soul of a young savage, Mauprat, brought up with bandits of the most ferocious kind, who, by the uncouth passion he has for Edmée is gradually and truly civilised into a noble human creature. The delicate delineation by which this process is made manifest can only be conceived by an attentive perusal of the book. To show that we are not creating a theory, we make the following scraps of extract:—

"I knew something of the remarkable history of this old man; but I had always had a lively wish to learn the details, and above all to hear them from himself. His strange destiny was a philosophical problem that I desired to solve; thus I examined his features, his manners, and his household, with peculiar interest.

"Here is a grave question to be resolved: 'Are there unconquerable propensities within us, and can education only modify, or altogether destroy them?' For myself I dare not give judgment upon it; I am neither a metaphysician, a psychologist, nor a philosopher; but I have had terrible experiences in my life.

"I was already violent, but with a violence sombre and concentrated; blind and brutal in my anger; apprehensive to cowardice at the approach of danger, but bold to folly when once engaged in it, I was at the same time timid and brave through the love of life. I was rebelliously obstinate; and my mother was the only one who could succeed in subduing me; and without reasoning upon the matter, for my intellect was very late in its development, I obeyed her as by a sort of magnetic necessity. Under this influence, which I well remember, and of one other woman to whose power I submitted later in life, there was that within me which led to good. But I lost my mother before she could give me any lasting impressions; and, when I was transplanted to Roche-Mauprat, I could only feel for the wickedness committed there, an instinctive repugnance, feeble enough perhaps, if fear had not been mingled with it.

"But I thank Heaven from the bottom of my heart, for the bad treatment with which I was overwhelmed; and above all, for the hatred my uncle Jean conceived against me. My misfortunes preserved me from indifference to vice, and my sufferings induced me to abhor those who committed it."

Surely the writer of these penetrating lines will never again be accused of promoting vice by her writings. The following and other passages will show that Sand's object is to reveal the power of circumstances and institutions over character ; and this she does by contrasting eras of time, as well as by difference of existing relations :—

" You may well imagine that brought up within the walls of Roche-Manprat, and living in a state of perpetual siege, my ideas were absolutely those which a man-at-arms would have entertained in the times of feudal barbarism. That which out of our dwelling, was called by other men, assassination, pillage, and torture, I had been taught to call combat, conquest, and submission.

" I know not whether I was sufficiently susceptible to a feeling of good, to be inspired by them with pity for the victims ; but it is certain I experienced the sentiment of selfish commiseration which is part of our very nature ; and which, brought to perfection and ennobled, among civilised men has become charity.

" I will make no excuses about it ; you see before you a man who has followed the profession of a bandit. It is a thought which leaves me no more remorse than a soldier feels for having made a campaign under the orders of his general. I believed myself still living in the middle ages. The strength and wisdom of the established laws, were, for me, but words without meaning."

The following is inserted as a note, by Sand, to justify herself with laying the story in so late a time—just before the French Revolution :—

" The Lord of Pleumartin has left behind him in the province remembrances which will preserve the story of Manprat from all reproach of exaggeration. The pen refuses to trace the ferocious obscenities and the refinements of torture, which signalised the life of this madman ; and which will perpetuate the traditions of feudal brigandism in Berry, until the last days of the ancient monarchy. His castle was besieged, and, after an obstinate resistance, he was taken and hanged. Many persons still living, and of no very advanced age, can remember this monster."

Of the beautiful and exquisite pictures of scenery : of the fine bursts of eloquence : of the gentle and sweet philosophy : of the passionate and pathetic scenes in this beautiful little novel, we can give the reader no idea. He must read it for himself—with an earnest desire to draw out of it all the multiplied meanings with which it is impregnated. The following will give some idea of the peasant philosopher, who has struggled, unaided, to an intellectual day :—

" " Before I knew the poets," he said, in his latter years, " I was like a man in whom a sense is wanting. I saw clearly that this sense was necessary, since so many things solicited its exercise. I walked alone through the night, in unrest, asking why I could not sleep, why I had so much pleasure in gazing at the stars, which I could not draw down to me in this contemplation ; why my heart suddenly beat with joy at the sight of certain colours, or grew sad to tears at certain sounds. But I quickly consoled myself in the assurance that my folly was sweet, and would rather have ceased to exist than have given it up. Now it suffices me to know that the same things have been

thought beautiful in all times, and by all intelligent men—to understand what they are, and in what they are useful to mankind. I rejoice in the thought that there is no flower, no cloud, no breath of air, which has not courted the attention, and moved the heart of other men, even to the receiving a name respected among all people. Since I have learned that it is permitted to man, without degradation to his intellect, to people the universe and to explain it in his dreams, I live entirely in the contemplation of that universe; and when the sight of social miseries and crimes breaks my heart and overturns my reason, I throw myself into my dreams; I say to myself, that, since all men have agreed in loving the works of God, so they will some day agree in loving one another. I imagine that, from father to son, education advances to perfection. Perhaps I am the first uneducated man who has divined that of which he had no idea communicated from without. Perhaps also, many others before me have been disquieted at what was passing within them, and have died, without finding the clue. Poor creatures that we are! added Patience: ‘they forbid us neither excess in physical labour, nor in wine, nor in any debauch which may destroy our intelligence. There are people who pay dear for the labour of our arms, so that the poor, to satisfy the wants of their family, labour beyond their strength; there are public houses, and other places still more dangerous, whence the government, it is said, derives its revenue; there are also priests who mount into the pulpits to tell us what we owe to the lord of our village, but never what the lord of the village owes to us. There are no schools where they teach us our rights, or where they teach us to distinguish our true and honest wants from those which are disgraceful and fatal; where they teach us, in short, what we can and ought to think about, when we have toiled all the day for the gain of another, and when we are seated in the evening on the threshold of our cottages, watching the red stars rise above the horizon.’ ”

Of the beauty of the story—of the fierce anguish through which the young savage passes, owing to the vehemence of his passions—of the exquisite mode in which the love of the tender, truly intellectual Edmée, is made to mould him to an heroic existence—we can give no adequate idea by extract. We will, however, give the following, as a brief ensample of Sand's power of description. After six years' trials, Mauprat returns to the woman and the home he adored:—

“As I placed my foot upon the steps of the *château*, I clasped my hands, and, seized with a feeling of religious awe, invoked Heaven in a kind of terror. I know not what vague dread was aroused within me; I imagined all that could interfere with my happiness, and hesitated to cross the threshold of the house; then I darted forward. A cloud passed across my eyes, a deafening noise filled my ears. I met Saint-Jean, who, not recognising me, uttered an exclamation, and threw himself before me to prevent my entering unannounced; I pushed him from my path, and he fell terrified upon a chair in the ante-chamber, while I impetuously gained the door of the *salon*. But as I was about to throw it suddenly open, I stopped, seized with a new terror, and unclosed it so timidly, that Edmée, occupied with her embroidery frame, did not raise her eyes, thinking that she recognised in this slight noise the respectful manner of Saint-Jean. The chevalier was sleeping and did not awake. This old man, tall and thin like all the Mauprats, was bent nearly

double, and his pale and wrinkled head, which the insensibility of the tomb seemed already to have enveloped, resembled one of those angular figures, in sculptured oak, which ornamented the back of his large arm-chair. His feet were resting before a fire of vine-cuttings, though the sun was warm, and a bright ray falling upon his white head made it shine like silver. How shall I describe to you what the attitude of Edmée made me feel ! She was bending over her tapestry, and from time to time raised her eyes to her father as though to question the slightest movement of his sleep. But what patience and resignation pervaded her whole being ! Edmée did not like needlework ; her mind was too serious to attach importance to the effect of shade upon shade, and the agreement of one stitch with another. Moreover her blood was impetuous ; and when her mind was not absorbed by intellectual labour, she needed exercise and the open air. But since her father, a prey to the infirmities of old age, had scarcely left his arm-chair, she never quitted him a single moment ; and, not being able always to read and live by the intellect alone, she had felt the necessity of adopting these feminine occupations, ' which are,' she said, ' the amusements of captivity.' She had then conquered her natural disposition in an heroic manner. In one of those obscure struggles which often take place beneath our eyes without our suspecting their merit, she had done more than conquer her natural disposition, she had even changed the very circulation of her blood. I found her thinner, and her complexion had lost that first blush of youth which is like the bloom that the breath of morning deposits upon fruit, and which is gone at the least exterior touch, though the ardour of the sun has respected it. But there was in this precocious paleness, and the attenuation almost sickly, an indefinable charm ; her deep and always impenetrable look had less of pride and more of melancholy than of old ; her mouth, more flexible, wore a more delicate and less disdainful smile. When she spoke, it seemed as though I saw two persons in her, the old and the new ; and, instead of having lost her beauty, I found that she had attained the ideal of perfection ; I often, however, heard it said by several persons that she was *greatly changed* ; which meant to say, according to them, that she had lost a great deal of her beauty. But beauty is like a temple whose exterior riches are all that are seen by the profane. The divine mystery of the artist's thought reveals itself only to minds in sympathy with his own, and the smallest detail of a sublime work contains an inspiration which escapes the perception of the vulgar. One of your modern writers has said this, I believe, in other and better words. As for me, in no one moment of her life did I ever find Edmée less beautiful than in another ; even in hours of suffering, when beauty seems to be effaced in its material form, hers became divine in my eyes, revealing a new moral beauty whose reflection inspired her face. For the rest, I am but little gifted in the arts, and, had I been a painter, I should never have produced more than one type, that with which my soul was filled ; for in the course of a long life, one woman only ever seemed beautiful to me, and that was Edmée."

And with this we must close. But, deeply as we feel the merit of Sand, we have two regrets to express, with regard to this noble production. We wish, in the first place, that she had taken a larger canvass—that she had given herself greater scope, that she might have delineated the characters of the relations of Mauprat more in detail. It is

strange, and somewhat annoying, to know that the French novelists of an unworthier kind indulge in the utmost prolixity, and to find that so powerful and tecning a writer as Sand condenses to a fault. Her works are essences. The second objection we have, is, that she has troubled herself to be ingenious, in unravelling the plot, and complicated it with invention that would win her the ecstatic applause of the admirers of the *Porte de St. Martin* dramas. It is extremely well managed, and very clearly told; but it is as if *Minerva-Athene* should come off her pedestal, and dance the bolera. Her theme is so high, her powers so great, that they are alone sufficient to fill the mind and govern the emotions. Timely arrivals, shots mistaken, disguises assumed, are not necessary to Sand, in order to create an interest. It is indeed wonderful to see how she invests these tricks with energy and power; and the delineation of character is never lost sight of. We have said thus much to show we are not blind worshippers of this gifted woman's writings. We are anxious to introduce her to those who wish to separate the true from the false, the conventional from the natural, and the really great from the pretentious small.

Of the translator we can say that which is the highest praise. She translates with a kindred feeling—with a sympathising mind that lends vigour to every line. It may be, as has been said, that a few peculiar or provincial expressions have been mistaken; but we are quite sure no mere lexicographer, however correct in his literal rendering, could have imparted the nervous, racy, and vigorous tone to a translation, that Miss Hays has. She has a kindred sensibility and imagination; and Sand is fortunate in having so able a transferer of her sweet and powerful fictions.

A HISTORY OF SERBIA, AND THE SERBIAN REVOLUTION, from original MSS. and Documents. Translated from the German of Leopold Ranke, by Mrs. Alexander Kerr. 8vo. John Murray.

THE old and almost worn-out adage, for we have not met with it very lately, that "one half the world does not know what the other is doing," is applicable in a more extensive sense than is usually assigned to it. "The Servians are too little known to the rest of Europe," says Mrs. Kerr; but as regards England, and probably all the western and southern portions of the Continent, she might have said, nothing is known of Serbia. Here is a nation, professing the Christian religion, and lying like a frontier between it and Mahometanism, of which a few sentences in a school geography furnish all that is known to nine hundred and ninety nine English or Frenchmen, out of a thousand—a brave and noble branch of the great Slavonian family, who have worked out for themselves their freedom and nationality, by twenty years of fierce contest with their remorseless masters. Diplomats and politicians have, of course, closely watched the struggle, and alternately availed themselves of the vicissitudes of the war. Russia has

talked of brotherly love, Austria of paternal affection, and France of kindred sympathies; all of which professions have been turned and twisted about as the fortunes of the combatants changed. The people of any of these countries, who would assuredly have sympathised with them, knew nothing of the struggle in its details nor as to its objects. In the mean time, chieftains who could not read, swine-dealers from amongst the oppressed and despised peasants, men who were as dirt in the opinions of their barbarian rulers, have achieved victory after long years of commotion, misery, and bloodshed.

Such a history must be interesting, and written by such a man as Ranke, must be authentic. We are very glad to have it, and only regret that it is published in a form fitted for the library of the few rather than the many. Let us hope the sale of the present handsome edition will enable Mr. Murray to issue it in his half-crown library. Such histories, as exemplifications of individual humanity, and as interesting records of the struggles of a nation, are fit reading for the people. The conduct of the Servians, though heroic, is not faultless. Ages of oppression had hardened their characters, and their annals are stained with frightful atrocities and reprisals. Human nature is shown in its concrete state, a strange mixture of all that ennobles and all that debases it. Still, on the whole, it is an encouraging picture. The native capacity for goodness of the heart is proved, if circumstances and institutions do not depress and pervert it. The hero of the war and the book is Kara (or black) George. The following anecdote is illustrative of his career, and of the state of morals in the country:—

“George Petrowitsch, called Kara, or *Zrnj*, the *black*, was born between the years 1760 and 1770, in the village of Wischewzi, in the district of Kragujewaz. He was the son of a peasant named Petroni; and in his early youth he went with his parents higher up into the mountain to Topoka. In the very first commotion of the country—which was in the year 1787, when an invasion by the Austrians was expected—he took a part that decided the character of his future life. He saw himself compelled to flee; and not wishing to leave his father behind, amongst the Turks, he took him also, with all his moveable property and cattle. Thus he proceeded towards the Save, but the nearer they approached that river, the more alarmed became his father, who, from the first, would have preferred surrendering, as many others had done, and often advised him to return. Once again, and in the most urgent manner, when they already beheld the Save before them, ‘Let us humble ourselves,’ the old man said, ‘and we shall obtain pardon. Do not go to Germany, my son: as surely as my bread may prosper thee, do not go.’ But George remained inexorable. His father was at last equally resolved: ‘Go, then, over alone,’ he said: ‘I remain in this country.’ ‘How!’ replied Kara George, ‘shall I live to see thee slowly tortured to death by the Turks? It is better that I should kill thee myself on the spot!’ Then seizing a pistol, he instantly shot his father, and ordered one of his companions to give the death-blow to the old man, who was writhing in agony. In the next village, Kara said to the people, ‘O the old man who lies yonder buried for me, and drink also for his soul at a funeral feast.’

For that purpose he made them a present of the cattle which he had with him, and then crossed the Save.

"This deed, which was the first indication of his character, threw him out of the common course. He returned to his own district, with the rank of serjeant, in the corps of volunteers ; but, believing himself unjustly passed over at a distribution of medals, he retired into the mountains as a Heyduc. However, he became reconciled in this matter with his colonel, Mihaljewitsch ; went with him after the peace to Austria ; and was made 'forest-keeper' in the cloister of Kruschdol. But he did not rest satisfied in Austria ; and as, under Hadzchi Mustafa, he had nothing to fear in Servia, he returned thither, and from that time followed his business—that of a dealer in swine. The outrages of the Dahis hurried him into the movements in which he was destined to perform so important a part.

"Kara George was a very extraordinary man. He would sit for days together without uttering a word, biting his nails. At times, when addressed, he would turn his head aside and not answer. When he had taken wine, he became talkative ; and if in a cheerful mood, he would perhaps lead off a Kolo-dance.

"Splendour and magnificence he despised. In the days of his greatest success, he was always seen in his old blue trowsers, in his worn-out short pelt, and his well-known black cap. His daughter, even whilst her father was in the exercise of princely authority, was seen to carry her water-vessel, like other girls in the village. Yet, strange to say, he was not insensible to the charms of gold."

There are numerous episodes such as these which give a life and animation to the narrative, whilst the historical and political portions are distinguished by the accuracy and impartiality which are the distinguishing characteristics of Professor Ranke's historical writings. The romance of the subject may have somewhat evaporated under the severity of the political treatment, and we cannot say that we distinguish any of those profound or original remarks that would entitle the author to rank with those ancient historians, who, while they penned a narrative of individuals, characterised a race. Of history, in its highest form, we see nothing ; but as a level and comprehensive narrative of important and interesting events, much that is to be commended. It is a section of history entirely new and well worth studying on every account, inasmuch as it treats of a people connected with a race probably destined to play a very prominent part in the future politics of Europe. The Sclavonian nations when united will avenge the outrages committed on that portion bought, sold, and destroyed in Poland.

The translation is elegantly rendered, and the difficulties of the original remarkably well got over. The translator has the advantage of being intimately acquainted with the subject and the country, and by her notes and her preface has added to the value of the original.

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did not, therefore, suggest, though it undoubtedly has served to encourage, the present enterprise.

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Having, whether as a writer, or at one time as an actor in public life, advocated steadfastly that principle which would place whatever books can convey of profit or of pleasure, within the attainment of the humblest reader ; so I trust it is not with an ill grace that I now contribute my slender offering to those granaries of intellectual food, which our age, with a wiser charity than our fathers', throws open to all who feel, as a want of our nobler nature, the hunger of the mind.

If I cannot, in works of so light a character, profess to teach, at least it may be mine not ignobly to interest, not frivolously to amuse ; while there is that progressive link between book and book which permits me to indulge the hope, that many a mind which my fancies may please, or my speculations may arouse, will be led unconsciously on to the study of wiser instructors, and graver masters.


May these works, then, thus cheaply equipped for a wider and more popular mission than they have hitherto fulfilled, find favour in those hours when the shop is closed, when the flocks are penned, and the loom has released its prisoner ; may they be read by those,

who, like myself, are workmen ; may they afford some relaxation after toil, some solace amidst pain, some not unsalutary escape from the stern realities of life ! The sterner the realities, the more the escape is needed.

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For a Specimen of the page of THE CHEAP EDITION, the reader is referred to the other side.

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LONDON : CHAPMAN & HALL, 186, STRAND :
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So, still mechanically platting his garland, but with eyes turned towards the quarter of the expected procession, the young Roman moved yet nearer towards the river.

Presently the train came in view,—a gallant company, in truth, horsemen in front, riding two abreast, where the path permitted, their steeds caparisoned superbly—their plumes waving gaily, and the gleam of their corselets glittering through the shades of the dusky twilight. A large and miscellaneous crowd, all armed—some with pikes and mail, others with less warlike or worse fashioned weapons, followed the cavaliers, and high above plume and pike floated the blood-red banner of the Orsini, with the motto and device (in which was ostentatiously displayed the Guelfic badge of the keys of St. Peter) wrought in burnished gold. A momentary fear crossed the boy's mind, for at that time, and in that city, a nobleman begirt with his swordsmen was more dreaded than a wild beast by the plebeians; but it was already too late to fly—the train were upon him.

"Ho, boy!" cried the leader of the horsemen, Martino di Porto, one of the great House of the Orsini; "hast thou seen a boat pass up the river?—But thou must have seen it—how long since?"

"I saw a large boat about half an hour ago," answered the boy, terrified by the rough voice and imperious bearing of the cavalier.

"Sailing right a-head, with a green flag at the stern?"

"The same, noble sir."

"On, then! we will stop her course ere the moon rise," said the baron. "On!—let the boy go with us, lest he prove traitor, and alarm the Colonna."

"An Orsini, an Orsini!" shouted the multitude; "on, on!" and, despite the prayers and remonstrances of the boy, he was placed in the thickest of the crowd, and borne, or

rather dragged along with the rest—frightened, breathless, almost weeping, with his poor little garland still hanging on his arm, while a sling was thrust into his unwilling hand. Still he felt, through all his alarm, a kind of childish curiosity to see the result of the pursuit.

By the loud and eager conversation of those about him, he learned that the vessel he had seen contained a supply of corn destined to a fortress up the river held by the Colonna, then at deadly feud with the Orsini; and it was the object of the expedition in which the boy had been thus lucklessly entrained to intercept the provision, and divert it to the garrison of Martino di Porto. This news somewhat increased his consternation, for the boy belonged to a family that claimed the patronage of the Colonna.

Anxiously and tearfully he looked with every moment up the steep ascent of the Aventine; but his guardian, his protector, still delayed his appearance.

They had now proceeded some way, when a winding in the road brought suddenly before them the object of their pursuit, as, seen by the light of the earliest stars, it scudded rapidly down the stream.

"Now, the saints be blest!" quoth the chief; "none is ours!"

"Hold!" said a captain (a German) riding next to Martino, in a half whisper; "I hear sounds which I like not, by yonder trees—hark! the neigh of a horse!—by my faith, too, there is the gleam of a corselet."

"Push on, my masters," cried Martino; "the heron shall not balk the eagle—push on!"

With renewed shouts, those on foot pushed forward, till, as they had nearly gained the copse referred to by the German, a small compact body of horsemen, armed cap-à-pié, dashed from amidst the trees, and, with spears in their rests, charged into the ranks



DOUGLAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE

THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ORION."

CHAPTER XVII.

FATE OF TITUS ANDRONICUS AT PORTSMOUTH.—MR. SHORT'S SUCCESSFUL FAILURE.
—MR. WALTON RESOLVES TO MAKE A TRIP TO DUBLIN.—DILEMMA OF ARCHER
AND MARY.—MR. SHORT'S LOVE TACTICS.—ARRIVAL OF ELLEN LLOYD.—
DEPARTURES FOR IRELAND.

HARDING came to Archer with a face of some perplexity. "What shall I do?" said he. "I am very unfit for this sort of thing—and I do not like it—yet I should not wish to offend Mr. Walton. He is already very angry with *you*. He says you called the tragedy of 'Titus Andronicus' gross bombast, and told him not to expose himself on the stage as a 'Clare Market butcher.'"

"I shall merely say this to you, Harding," replied Archer. "When Titus Andronicus has cut off his hand in order to save the lives of his two noble sons, and when the treacherous Aaron sends him back, in mockery, the heads of his two sons, together with his hand, his brother Marcus Andronicus exclaims (and the passage is quite in the towering vein of Marlowe)—

- "Now let hot Etna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!"

But Titus Andronicus stands as if stunned by concussion of the brain, and at length says—

"When will this fearful slumber have an end?"

* Continued from page 117, Vol. VI

clung by the tip of one of the bolts, which the excited Captain beneath was endeavouring with all his might to force back again, but in vain, and then, with a most rueful look, down went Saturninus through the stage, leaving his diadem at the brink, over which Titus Andronicus and Aaron cautiously peeped, looking in terror and confusion into the abyss amidst the convulsive laughter of the audience. Most assuredly the "effect" produced by this upon Mary's mind, was anything but what poor Mr. Short had contemplated.

This ludicrous and unintentional *coup-de-théâtre* was prolonged by the confused energies of the Captain underneath, who in his wild endeavours to repair the disaster he had caused, clasped Mr. Short's legs in both arms and hoisted him up, loudly exhorting him to regain his position upon the stage; so that the wretched head and shoulders of Saturninus rose again, and appeared for a few seconds above the trap, and then sank for ever!

The drop-scene was lowered in confusion. Mr. Short was not hurt beyond a few slight bruises, and a grazed cheek and elbows; but it was impossible to resume the tragedy. The after-piece was, however, very successful, producing almost as much laughter as the tragedy, and the audience went away extremely satisfied with the evening's amusement, which had exceeded their expectations.

Mr. Walton had left the theatre in despair at the untoward accident which had destroyed the further progress of the tragedy, at the end of the second act. Mary sought in vain to console and calm him.

"How have I exposed myself!" cried he; "to what ridicule! amidst which the drop-scene fell, only just in time to prevent my throwing myself down the hole after poor Short, and hiding my confusion! What fools did we all look! Who could have foreseen such a disaster! Yet it all makes Archer appear so very right, and me so very wrong. No doubt but the character of Titus Andronicus was very unfit for me. I accept the evil position Fate has ordained me. To-morrow morning I shall write a note to Archer, and make a humble apology, regretting extremely that I did not attend to his advice. Mary, where is my nightcap? I think I should like to sit in it a little while."

Mr. Walton's head sank upon his breast, and with a most humble and abased air he sat silently looking down at his toes. He continued in this state for nearly half an hour, by which time Mary had caused the supper to be laid. She persuaded her father to

turn round to the table. He did so in a very resigned manner, and, by degrees, and as if he scorned all eating, made a very good supper.

He had concluded, and was in the act of stirring a tumbler of red wine negus, when a note arrived from Mr. Short. It was to the effect that notwithstanding his bruises, he had caused all the money to be brought to him from the theatre, and had sat up in bed to count it. The proceeds he declared far to exceed his most sanguine hopes; and he had moreover already received several visits and messages from persons of consequence, condoling with his accident—trusting he was not severely hurt—and expressing the greatest interest in the Anglo-Celtic Smack-building Company. The theatrical failure of the tragedy was a commercial success. It was a most prosperous beginning of the undertaking.

“Aha!” laughed Mr. Walton, “here’s news! Read this note. Who is right now, Mary? I thought Short knew what he was about. Archer took too much upon himself. He ought to make me an apology.”

The “noise” of all this, added to the amount of money collected, and the apparent interest excited, worked a change in the opinion of more than one person, previously opposed to the attempt.

The views Mr. Bainton had entertained of the theatrical performance had been of a complicated nature. In the first place, he highly disapproved of all such things, on the score of strict religious tenets; but he thought a charitable purpose might render it pardonable. He endeavoured to persuade himself that the scheme of smack-building in Ireland came under the denomination of charitable, because the Irish fisheries were in a wretched state of neglect, yet offering great means of ameliorating the condition of the people—and there was nothing the Irish needed more than good example. It was therefore charitable to give them this by showing them how the fish might be taken. Nevertheless, he thought it a very strange and unbusiness-like mode of commencing an undertaking like theirs, and he was more than half disposed to withdraw from it. The great success, however, of the amateurs, and the notoriety it caused, settled the question in his mind, and he requested Harding to be in readiness to accompany him to Ireland in the course of next week.

A great many persons (most of them idlers) called on Mr. Short and Mr. Walton, and asked various questions concerning the new project; several also inquired about shares—when they would be issued—how soon they might be expected to be at a

premium—who were to form the Provisional Committee—whether there were any vacancies—and what attendance-fee would be given to a member of the Provisional Committee. Mr. Short winked at Mr. Walton, and held up one finger, to indicate caution and quietude under the fermentation of success. Mr. Walton rubbed his hands, and asked how soon Mr. Short intended to set out for Dublin, as he was resolved to accept his invitation for a few weeks.

Amidst these circumstances, added to some others, the relative positions of Archer and Mary were perplexing and painful. Archer's remittances also, had not yet arrived—the editor of the quarterly journal to which he contributed, was on the continent, though expected back daily; and the friend who had borrowed of Archer still delayed to send it according to his promise, which Archer thought very extraordinary behaviour. His landlady had meantime sent up her account for “three weeks’ lodgings, and sundries,” and would be glad to have her bill settled. She was quite an ordinary sort of woman, and had no delicacy. Archer could not bear to write to his uncle, nor, under present circumstances, could he apply to Mr. Walton. He shrunk even from telling Mary, feeling that he was in a position of paltry annoyance; and he was very much of Hazlitt’s opinion (whose essay on the subject he forthwith read with unctiousness), that the want of money is apt to make a man ridiculous. He had bought all Voltaire and all Goethe, a great bargain, and had left himself without a shilling, and owing for “three weeks’ lodgings and sundries.” It was equally contemptible and irritating—nothing in itself, but unbearable in its consequences. So much for external circumstances—but how as a matter of feeling? To say the truth, Archer did not much wish to accompany them to Ireland. He did not object to Mary’s going, as it was only for a short time.

The circumstances, and state of feeling in which Mary found herself, were no less perplexing. She did not like to allow her father to go without her, neither did she like to accompany him on his visit to Mr. Short, whose behaviour to her whenever Archer was not present, was of a kind very difficult to deal with, or to endure. He was preposterously polite, attentive, and most respectful; yet as he knew she was engaged, there was too much of all this. At the same time, he never committed himself in any particular instance that would warrant a reproof, or direct objection. As far as her own feeling was concerned, the temporary

separation from Archer did not weigh much. They had both been accustomed of late to depend more upon their own inward resources, than sympathies, which were unfortunately only partial; still she hardly felt it delicate towards Archer, to become the visitor of Mr. Short; neither could she say this to her father, as he would have pooh-pooh'd it, and asked for signs and tokens, none of which she could adduce, or would like to speak of, if she could.

Harding and Mr. Bainton now came to take their leave, not knowing if Mr. Walton and Mary would be likely to come to Ireland during their stay. Mr. Walton told them he had nearly made up his mind to come over to Dublin very shortly; he did not know if his daughter would accompany him. He shook hands with both of them, and wished them a fine voyage. "Mary is up-stairs in the drawing-room," said he, "writing notes to Ellen Lloyd, and to her aunt Judith, and half a dozen more. Run up and wish her good-bye." Mr. Bainton and Harding accordingly left the room, where Mr. Walton was reading the newspaper, and Mr. Bainton ascended the stairs. Harding loitered below in the passage—then hastily advanced to the foot of the stairs. Mr. Bainton's heavy footsteps sounded upon the floor above,—but Harding hesitated with one hand upon the bannisters,—and looking down at his feet, he remained there till Mr. Bainton returned.

"I thought," said Mr. Bainton, "you were close behind me, coming up to wish Miss Walton good-bye! I told her you were below. Run up, man,—make haste! I wish to be off early—why, how pale you look! An't you well, Harding?"

"Oh, very well," replied Harding—"only a slight headache. It will go off directly I get out into the open air."

"But won't you ——"

"No, I thank you—Miss Walton will excuse it, I know—we are late."

And Harding hurried out at the door, followed by Mr. Bainton, who was not sorry that he made no further delay. They left Portsmouth the same evening, accompanied by three shipwrights from Mr. Bainton's own building-yard, and a boy who was about to be apprenticed to the craft.

While this was transpiring, the acute and sensitive Mr. Short had become aware of a certain indescribable something in Mary's behaviour to him which made him see the wisdom of caution; he therefore resolved upon a fine touch of policy which should neutralise Mary's objection to coming as a visitor to his house. He affected

to be greatly delighted with the society of Miss Lloyd, and divided his attentions equally between her and Mary for a few days. He then proceeded to give the balance a little in favour of Miss Lloyd; and he even went so far, one evening at tea, as to "make eyes" at her across the table, just between the candlesticks and the urn. Miss Lloyd wondered what had happened to him, or to herself. Mary (being quite deceived by this *ruse* of the ingenious gentleman, and too happy to be relieved from his attentions) joked Miss Lloyd upon her conquest. Miss Lloyd felt a little uncomfortable at the thing, as she had a peculiar dislike to Mr. Short; both the ladies, however, laughed very much over the whole business, because Miss Lloyd did not fail to express her regret at the rapid "change" in Mr. Short's sentiments.

The clever and bold Mr. Short now went so far as to hint at including Miss Lloyd in his invitation. Their acquaintance being so recent, besides that she expected her sister Ellen would shortly arrive, she of course declined. Whereupon he requested Mr. and Miss Walton to press her warmly to accept the invitation, while he took an opportunity, when nobody else was present, of repeating the same to Miss Lloyd in the coldest manner. All worked to his wish, and the skilful Mr. Short soon found that Mr. and Miss Walton were to be his guests in Dublin.

Such was the state of parties and affairs when Ellen Lloyd arrived, under the simple-minded but safe convoy of David Williams. Amidst the bustle and preparation of Mr. Walton and Mary for going to Ireland, happening as it did so immediately after the fluctuating excitement of the amateur tragedy, and amidst the unsatisfactory state of mind and feelings experienced by Mary and Archer, added to the vexing circumstances of the latter, the arrival of Ellen Lloyd was felt a most refreshing and happy event. As she had not been present during any of the recent events, everybody forgot them for a time, and returned in imagination to their pleasant abode under the roof of the cottage in Wales, with all the soft and pastoral associations of the surrounding scenery. Ellen seemed to bring among them an innocence of all the affairs of the world, and a freshness and sweetness of nature, which renewed in every one the happy emotions of youth, and the dawn of hope and fancy. She looked rather pale, but was not sad; and when they asked her about her music, she smiled away the tinge of melancholy that was upon her cheek, and charmed them all with the pathos of her voice and expression in singing one of the melodies that had delighted them in Wales.

“If I had not almost sworn I would go to Dublin,” said Mr. Walton, “I would stay here to enjoy the society of our young friend Ellen.”
 “I am sure,” said Mary, “we shall all return the sooner for our own sakes, and I hope we shall be able to make amends to her for running away now.”

In a few days Mr. Walton and Mary accompanied Mr. Short on a visit to Dublin. Archer was to follow, in all probability, next week, as he said. But the friend who was to have remitted the sum borrowed of Archer still remained silent, and the editor of the quarterly journal aforesaid had not returned from the continent. Archer thought this latter delay particularly hard, as he had written the leading article, and the editor had received several complimentary letters from parties who supposed it to proceed from the editorial pen, and were allowed to remain under that impression. There was no help for it. Archer would follow on to Dublin, if he could do so, in the course of a week; if not, it would scarcely be worth while, as Mary would be returning.

Meanwhile Ellen Lloyd remained with her sister in Mr. Walton's cottage, which he and Mary earnestly exhorted them to regard as their own, however unworthy the comparison, in a picturesque point of view, though the latter had even included the free use of his new boat, and his brass telescope.

“THE PEOPLE TRAMPLED DOWN:”

WITH A PROPHECY.

Once on a time in England
 The king o'er all did rule,
 Whether he wore a knave or knight,
 A wise man, or a fool.
 And the haughty barons feared him,
 And bent before the crown;
 None heeded then the stifled cry
 Of the People trampled down.

When this king he went a hunting,
 He sent his merry men
 To drive the farmer from the field,
 The shepherd from the glen;

“ THE PEOPLE TRAMPLED DOWN.”

And they razed each peasant's cottage,
In all the country round,
That the king might go a hunting
On a kingly hunting-ground.

He seized the strong man's castle,
By the right of the more strong ;
And neither Priest nor womankind
Was sacred from his wrong.
What recked he of a woman's tears,
Or of a churchman's gown ;
What heeded he the stifled cry
Of the People trampled down ?

Now this king he had a quarrel
With his cousin king of France ;
So he called out all his merry men,
With sword and bow and lance ;
And they fought full many a battle
On many a bloody plain,
And only rested from their strife,
To strive the more again.

Then the Barons they grew bolder,
And met at Runnymede ;—
“ Thou'st taught us war, oh King ! ” they cried,
“ And now we must be freed.”
So the king he quailed before them,
Them and their stern appeal ;
And he gave them Magna Charta,
And sealed it with his seal.

Next the Barons ruled in England,
With iron heart and hand ;
And severer even than the king,—
Did they oppress the land.
For the fiercest was the noblest,—
That man was deemed the best,
Who drove his sword the deepest
Into a foeman's breast.

• They fought full many a battle,
With Roses White and Red,
That they might put a shadow's crown
Upon an empty head.
And their wars spread woe and wailing
Through country and through town ;
None heeded then the stifled cry
Of the People trampled down.

Then the crown in turn grew stronger,
And for many hundred years
There was one tyrant in the king,
Or many in the Peers.
And in then bitter striving,
The red blood poured like rain ;
And the flower of English manhood,
By English hands were slain.

At length they ceased to battle,
And cut their neighbour's throats ;
And, as gentler Whigs and Tories,
They bought each other's votes.
And the rich man only made the laws
For country and for town ;
None heeded yet the stifled cry
Of the People trampled down.

At last there rose a murmur
From out that patient crowd,
And the sound of million voices
Swelled like a tempest loud.
'Our rights ! our rights !' they shouted,
Till it thundered in the ears
Of the gentle Whigs and Tories,
And the King and all his Peers.

Oh, that claim of earnest millions,
None may withstand its might !
When strong in holy patience,
Strong in a holy right.
So with Justice for their banner,
And Reason for their sword,
They won their bloodless battle,
But wronged no squire, no lord.

Now there 's right in merry England
For the cottage and the throne ;
The King, he has his honour,
And the poor man holds his own.
And through our happy Island,
In country or in town,
Is heard no more the stifled cry
Of the People trampled down.

POUND AND PENNY BRIBERY.

BY PAUL BELL.

London, August, 1847.

“ ’Tis a far cry to Lochow,” says the old Scottish proverb : and betwixt London and Paris lies a channel of Discord, too wild and wide to be easily bridged over. Still it required no acoustic electricity, on a certain day last month, to bring a pistol-shot to my ear, as distinctly as if it had been the first sound of fire-arms which had ever been heard in France ;—and as if there were no such things in that land of the Pacific as duels—practising targets—*feux de joie*—or other explosions of gunpowder, in which is vented the enthusiasm of a People, who are nothing, so runs the boast, if not military.

I mean M. Teste’s attempt on himself. A Minister rushing into suicide because he cannot endure the exposure of his having received a bribe, is, indeed, sure to make a sound which shall arrest the attention of all Europe. By aid of my Lane Boy, (who chatters French like a magpie,) I learn that the Paris journals speak of the poor gentleman as having lived beyond his means, in accordance with the present French fashion of the time ; which is to furnish splendidly, to dine “*succulently*,” to dress curiously, to ride as the Arabs do ; to have coaches and fine clothes, and trinkets, and opera-boxes at the service of every Lady who is neither wife, daughter, mother, nor sister. It is not long since I was looking over a collection of statistical notes on household expenditure in France, calculated to astonish all moderate and old-fashioned souls, who think they have furnished, when their rooms are chaired, tabled, carpeted, and curtained ;—with a sofa for the invalid, and a solemn easy throne in the chimney-corner set apart for “*Grandfather*.” So much for looking glasses !—so much for clocks ! (your frivolous people, it may be observed, have always an inordinate fancy for clocks)—so much for *candelabra*—so much for marble tables—so much for *portières* ; curtains to hang before doors of which no properly built house stands in need—so much for “*objects of taste* !” I forget the average paid for ornaments on the mantle-shelf !—but it seemed enormous, some might say

wicked, to such of us as were brought up on a stuffed gold pheasant, two screw shells, and a pair of card screens warped with heat and yellow with time. One has but to listen to half-a-dozen of the new French novels to learn how much our neighbours think of such things. There's hardly one in which the author does not show that he understands more about a Curiosity Shop than Mr. Dickens' old man of card-playing memory. And—to jump with French audacity to a conclusion about French matters—since this living outrageously must be maintained, if not paid for—Ministers must consent to the shame of being bribed, and the tale be wound up, as we have seen, like a chapter of “Monte-Christo”—with a loud and shameful *report*.

The tale, however, would be of little more serious import to us, than the dashing and brilliant romance I have mentioned (which is nearly as good as if it were true), could we turn its pages with quite clean hands. We are far, I trust humbly—knowing that Pride leads to a downfall,—past such political profligacy as seeks its *quietus* in suicide. The days of our Brouckers, and of our Bubb Doddingtons, are over. So long ago as Mr. Pitt's reign, our Premier—if we are to trust Lady Hester's sprightly reminiscences—had attained to the virtue of sending back the chest of gold to the City, in the hackney-coach, with the merchants who brought it. With all the rabid acrimony of the Country Party, they have never dared to whisper that Sir Robert sold their corn-fields for a Wood by Hobbima, or a Waterfall by Ryssdael! It is not the gold of the Fever Doctors—nor of the Homœopaths—nor the Hygeists—which has bought out the Health of Towns Bill—nor “the rent” of the Hedge Schoolmasters and Poor Scholars of the *Verdigris* Isle, (as the Emerald gem of the sea in its famine-mildew was most fitly styled) that has purchased the assistance for Maynooth, which has made so many Black Gowns, black in the face also, with charitable Protestant choler! Who would dare to imagine, even, that The Duke had been “reduced” by the adroit administration of one lump of bronze, into acquiescing that another lump of bronze, more huge and unsightly still, should stare into his drawing-room windows—for the delectation of the dray-men, porter-brewers, and other such *cognoscenti* as pass Hyde Park Corner?

No: positive though we be—every Gaul will swear it—and “shopkeepers,” moreover, as your Frenchman will equally assert: with a sneer like Sheridan's at those who imagine money was

coined into the world for the futile purpose of paying debts—it is long since we have given up cash transactions of this kind, in our high places—or even those more primitive operations of *ba.ier*, by which Mussulmen and Mussulwomen seek to insure the favour of those who can protect or injure them. There is improvement, too, in the world below stairs. Profligacy counts its gains at election time, by hundreds—where of old it was an affair of tens of thousands. Canary birds, Cuckoos, and Cockatoos, are no longer a fortune to the independent Women of Muffborough. Your Scion of the Nobility will think twice ere he will offer his “pony” for the privilege of kissing the stubborn voter’s last-born hope, “the flabby, dabby, baby,”—who is one day to be made an Exciseman or a Tidewaiter by my Lord’s permission. There is a growing taste for Purity among other sanatory improvements. This all honest men will help forward to “the best of their authority,” (as an old school-fellow of mine used to put it), seeing that whereas most of the Virtues may become morbid, if pushed too high, and strained too far—Purity *cannot*. “Rude health” is the worst similitude which can be applied to it: and the race of Lord Eglantines, who were shocked by this, is, happily for British Manhood, becoming rapidly extinct.

But let me ask—if we be increasingly clear of the coarse vice of giving in to Bribery: increasingly disposed to recognise sincerity in our public men, whether it be the sincerity which acts upon changed opinions, or the sincerity which stands fast—are we sufficiently nice in the employment of, in the appeal to, Influence?—sufficiently honourable in avoiding all by-ways, all manner of secondary means to turn the tide of affairs. Or, expecting no such impossible perfection as that selfish and vulgar chicanery shall cease in the land, do we sufficiently recognise the Principle—that those having power are accountable for its use to others than their personal friends and private correspondents?

The verdict in a recent English trial, jarred on my ears very nearly as harshly as the French pistol-shot. It was proved that a servant in a public journal, was moved by individual displeasure to give more than common publicity to the report of a trial affecting the character of one who had affronted him. Pains was taken to make the “showing-up” complete—in a case which, otherwise, might have been let alone: the case being one of no remarkable importance. But Nokes was resolved to use *The Trumpet* to blazon abroad the infamy of Styles. Styles, aware of the intent

of Nokes, wrote to the Proprietors, warning them that their *Trumpet* was about to be converted into an organ of injury. Nokes opened the letter, as was his business— but withheld it, at his pleasure, till the *Trumpet* had blown its blast, and the infamy of Styles was proclaimed. The Proprietors of the *Trumpet*, honourably indignant at this keeping-back of the truth from them, till vengeance had wrought its work, dismissed Nokes on the spot: as a traitorous servant, not to be trusted. Nokes brought an action against them for wages: which could be only recovered in case he was proved to have been unfairly dismissed. The jury decided in favour of Nokes.

Now, 'tis of little matter whether one mean man or another shall be five hundred pounds richer or poorer. But it is of consequence that Malice shall be authenticated by Law, in using the public press for its private uses. Granted that the letter of propriety was kept: granted, for argument's sake, that Styles was racked not a screw's turn more than he might, otherwise, accidentally have been racked—the suppression of Styles's letter should have been sufficient for the Twelve Wise Men: as showing them secret interest at work, to the mystification of public documents. The theory of every respectable journal is to shame The Devil. Here was Nokes holding the candle to that Personage: dismissed for tampering with the Evil One. “Nay, but,” said the jury, “it was but a farthing candle which Nokes held! Let the man have his wages!” For, twist and turn the fact how you will—to this, and nothing less or more, did the verdict amount. Had Nokes been really innocent—really victimised by Satanic virtue—he would have had Damages—not Dues!

I know not, however, whether one should be surprised or depressed, at twelve thoughtless men thus falling short of high principle—thus giving the sanction of English Law to the bribery of the English Press,—if one has had any opportunity of observing the ways and means of directing and expressing opinion, sanctioned so universally by those who rule the World—the Men of Genius and of Letters.

What misuse, for instance, have we not seen, of those charming words, Sympathy and Admiration! how few will practically admit that the limits of support before the public should be determined by Truth, not personal partiality! Are we clear—we Men of Letters—of demanding that our critics should be eulogists and nothing more? Which of us—when an un-

favourable judgment is registered against his new poem, play, picture, or novel—when, even, it is pronounced inferior to some of its predecessors—will allow the opinion to have been honestly formed? Shall we not rather say that Nokes has been careless; or is growing twaddling; or has taken offence; or joined a new set who have resolved to cry us down? Which of us does not criticise the Critic, with as much virulence—with as unhesitating an attribution of motives—as if our business, which is to create, and his, which is to distinguish, were one and the same?

But, then, the geniality of Praise! the blessed influence of encouragement!—the necessity of making up for the contempt and indifference of the worldly. As well, it seems to me, extol Rouge as the true bloom!—or gas-light as more wholesome than the noonday sunshine, which is crossed with clouds! Who but laughs at the vanity of Queen Bess, and her royal edict against shadows in her portrait? Yet are we not as vain?—or, at least, for the secondary purpose of thriving, are we not willing to seem so? Do we not forget that Praise, when it implies concealment of faults or flattery of beauties, is imposture upon the Public?—that the encouragement which presses a writer to believe himself immaculate, is destructive of all incentive to Progress?—that, inasmuch as it is the World which patronises—(must I be coarse, and say *which pays*?)—and since the World looks to the Critic for guidance and protection—it is no light thing to destroy confidence of the Public: to hoodwink its powers of discrimination, by passing off as first-rate an inferior or an important article?—And, then, 'tis all very well for *us* who have friends: but think how this “shoulder to shoulder” resolution of supporting A. B. and C., down to Z. of our own particular alphabet, through thick and thin, operates in keeping down—in keeping out—the Man who is unknown; or whose manners, being less prepossessing than his genius, do not win him in private the enthusiastic affection of his comrades. Till we can come to a direct adjustment of these matters,—till we can admit the critical function to comprehend only Truth and not Favour,—we have small ground to feel a Pharisaical assurance that we are raised by moral growth, above the possibility of State Bribery and Press Corruption:—no right to listen with the eager ear of flattered vanity to tales of the venality of the Parisian or Transatlantic journalist, and the blindness, according to tariffs, of the Austrian Police!

Nay: in our social relations—in our kneading-troughs, or in

our private chambers—can we say, that the English preserve the dignity which declines all indirect traffic, and thus renders Bribery impossible? Do we forget Miss Edgeworth's over-true tale of the "dried salmon," forced upon Lady St. James, by Lady Clonbroun, with the return of an invitation in prospect? What do our novelists—what do our play-wrights tell us about the Manœuvring Wives, Mothers, Aunts, of England? Let M. disclose the secret history of his dinner which figured so proudly in *The Post*: Let N. reveal how she stormed Castle *This*, and the other Great House; and fetched away their aristocratic owners, to give an air to her Ball or her Breakfast. Not to pry, sir, I will go no further; but conclude this part of my homily touching Bribery in the West—as a Wise Man of the East should do, by an Example—not to call it a Fable!

This is a delicious passage in one of the Italian comedies, which I never fail to think of, so often as the subject returns upon me. A certain vulgar Merchant's vulgar Wife, rich, enterprising, obtuse, and ambitious, resolved to force her way into the fashionable society of an Italian town, where she had lately come to reside. The great Ladies, resolute like Mrs. Fielding in "The Cricket," "to be genteel or die," would have none of her. She *must* procure the powerful aid and protection of one of "the Order"? Godmothers were scarce. Happily, however, the Order was not a very rich one. One Lady, with the very bluest blood in her veins, -- an unlucky Grandee who had lost a fortune, or a lover, or an estate, (who knows?) allowed it to be whispered that she had a sympathy for the vulgar Woman—*might* be prevailed upon to cross the Rubicon of Etiquette for her sake, on conditions Heavens above! but *what* conditions? Time was being lost: Life is short:—Let the great Lady only name her wishes! Not so fast Tacet forbids rude haste. One must be delicate when handling Earth's Porcelain! Suppose that the Merchant's Lady's present were too gross a thing—not to be thought of Our Countess would faint at the bare idea!—Suppose, then, that the Merchant's Lady were to manage to lose a wager to the Grandee: a diamond brooch, say No?—Well, a diamond brooch, such as the Countess could wear, *is* costly!—A watch, perhaps:—It should be a watch, that the vulgar Woman of Castellamare should stake, (of course a watch of the best quality, capped and jewelled, sir, no doubt)—yes, it should be a watch. And the Go-between ventured to say,

that, the watch once won, and fairly in ward,—the Paradise of High Life, with all its endless sweets, should be thereupon set open to the She-Trader ; the Countess undertaking to answer for the benignity of all the other Countesses, Duchesses, Marchionesses, and of the Cavaliers who did unto them belong :—A large promise : but she had to deal with one who had learned to exact her penny's worth for her penny !

Well, the Wager was to “ come off ” at one of their great evening parties, where travellers tell us there is nothing to eat, and as little to say worth hearing :—And punctual to the moment, arrived the Vulgar Woman, fine as hands could make her—for this never to be forgiven—and with *such* a watch at her side ! The watch—half of which was paid for by himself—given to Mr. Pecksniff, at Mr. P.'s request, by the publisher of his “ Popular Architecture,” which was exhibited up and down the country, a travelling and ticking proof of the success of the treatise—even *that* watch, designed by an R.A., completed by Hunt and Roskell's best hand—was a mere uncouth turnip,—a barbarous Nuremburg “ hour-egg,” as compared with the horologe so temptingly paraded by The Tradress of Castellamare ! In spite of the vulgarity of staring, The Countess and the Countess's Gentleman-in-Waiting could not take their eyes off it ! To be sure, it was sarcastically criticised ; but only by the unhappy persons who were shut out of the little-go.—The Vulgar Woman took courage. The Grandees were all in the power of that Watch !

Conversation began with great spirit :—the object being to fit up an argument on the shortest possible notice. But this did not prove easy. Difficulties arise even in amicable suits. Our Vulgar Woman, proud to exhibit her politeness, would neither contradict, nor be contradicted. “ The Ladies knew best ! ” and it was only when she put forth her one fashionable fact, that the Marquis of Sangue-Dolce had a hooked nose—that the impatient Woman of Quality, by asserting the feature snub, in the flattest manner, was enabled to bring matters in the least into the right train. The Tradress fired up :—“ No—she was not quite ignorant : she *had* seen something of genteel Life!—the nose *was* hooked.” “ Would she lay a wager on the point ? ” asked the Countess, who neither knew nor cared about aught save how to *finger* the Watch.—“ Willingly ”—and the Wager was made. A convenient arbiter was to be called in. But, alas ! the vanity of the Vulgar Woman had been so piqued as to make her forget, for the instant, all her

ambitions and the cunning devices thereunto appertaining. She became angry, obstinate—*could* not lose her Watch in a lady-like or an un-lady-like manner : was found wanting—and bundled off home in disgrace. A flaming sword was set at the gate of her Eden. She was thenceforward, and for ever, forbidden to set so little as a toe upon the threshold !

One rejoices in her discomfiture ; still more in the disappointment of the Little Gentlewoman, whose vulgarity had been so near profiting by that of the Pretender to Fashion ! But can we rejoice, without a certain uneasy consciousness that such things are done, not only among the dwellers at Castellamare, but likewise at Chester, or Cirencester, or Camberwell ? Call me a wire-drawer who will, fastidious about matters of small consequence ; it is only one hard name or so the more to bear. And I can bear it, provided the inhabitants of one house are strengthened in fair trading ; provided those who have affairs in their hands—the Man over his state papers or merchandise—the Woman in her minuter sphere—can be brought one step nearer owning that there is one thing better even than gain, or success, or victory—and that is honourable, and uncorrupted Truth ; neither bribed, nor giving in to bribery to the amount of Pound, Penny, or Pepper-corn !

DEMOCRACY IN 1847.

“ They cure the warts, and leave untouched the ulcers, or even envenom them still more.”—LUTHER.

At the present moment especially, the progress of the principle of democracy claims earnest attention and manful exposition. Within the last few years there has been infused into the social body an honest spirit of self-assertion—a recognition of the principle that seeks to do away with class legislation. And it is a strong proof of the soundness of this growing principle that it has become identified with the spirit of European legislation—has been responded to throughout all civilised communities.

Democracy has worked its way into every empire ; it has made the tyrant tremble, but it has not appalled the enlightened statesman ; it has borne into every constitutional country the noble

maxims of political, civil, and religious equality, and its battles with existing wrongs have been bloodless.

They who obstinately cling to a past state of things and regret the decadence of old institutions only because they were old, and they who, being interested in the continuance of laws pressing upon the poorer classes of the kingdom uphold those laws, call democracy the discontented clamour of an ignorant rabble. Be it so. Let us even judge the rulers and the ruled by this debasing principle—let us for a moment suppose democracy to be the clamour of ignorant discontent; and what is to be said in justification of the party in power? Simply this—that this ignorance, this discontent, and this clamour are part and parcel of the consequences of their misgovernment. To speak in homely metaphor, what would be said of the man, who, having taken his children's blankets in addition to his own, upbraided them because they complained of the cold? We should assuredly call the fellow a senseless tyrant.

However, the democrat is no longer a suspected ignoramus—a dangerous man; he is only obnoxious to those persons who would lose their unfair privileges and immunities by the restoration of his rights. He is an enemy to those who have wronged the lower orders: he is an enemy to titled arrogance.

It has been urged in justification of the present state of the law as regards property, entail, and primogeniture, that this nation, under these laws, has risen to a higher state of civilisation than any kingdom upon the face of the earth. This plausible plea has little real weight. The question is, whether better laws would not have induced a still higher degree of prosperity and of refinement in this country—whether the French law of succession would not have spared England all those degrading pictures of starvation in the midst of boundless wealth—of beggars crouching in the doorways of teeming palaces. True is it that in England the arts and sciences have made giant strides, outstripping foreign progress; but it is as true that this grand development of art and science has been made, not for the benefit of the people generally, but at their expense and as the luxury of the privileged few. This exclusive policy—solely owing to the concentration of property into few hands—gives to a nation the appearance of splendour and prosperity without the solid foundation of either opulence or internal peace—it is the policy of a slovenly mother who washes her child's face and hands and leaves the brat's body uncleansed.

Indisputable facts demonstrate most clearly that the concentration of wealth has changed the relative strength of the different elements of power, leaving the grand body of the people without any other defence than the inevitable influence of a free internal spirit. In 1815 the properties of 250,000 families had, within the space of forty years, been concentrated in the hands of 32,000 proprietors; and so 218,000 families had in the above space of time lost their influence in the conduct of the state. This was aristocratic policy worthy of its progenitors—it was endured silently.

The land of France belongs to fifteen or twenty millions of peasants who cultivate it; the soil of England is the exclusive property of thirty-two thousand aristocrats who hire men to cultivate it.

“If we would know the inmost thought, the passion of the peasant, it is very easy. Walk, any Sunday, into the country, and follow him. Look! there he is yonder before us! It is two o’clock; his wife is at vespers; and he is in his Sunday clothes. I warrant you he is going to see his mistress.

“What mistress?—His land. * * *

“It is probable he will not work; but what prevents him from plucking up a weed, or throwing aside a stone? And then that old stump looks ugly; but he has not his spade; that must wait till to-morrow. Then he folds his arms, stops, looks serious and thoughtful; he looks a long, long time, and seems to forget himself: at last, if he fancies himself overlooked, if he perceives anything passing, he moves slowly away; after a few steps, he stops, turns round, and casts upon his land one last profound and melancholy look: but, to the keen-sighted, that look is full of passion, full of heart, full of devotion. If that be not love, by what token shall we know it in this world? It is love!—do not laugh—the land will have it so, in order to produce; otherwise this poor land of France, almost without cattle and pasture, would yield nothing; it brings forth because it is loved.”*

This picture is true to human nature. There is a love of independence implanted in the breast of every human being; the most hardened miscreant covets liberty. The knowledge that he is in the power—at the mercy of his master—debases the workman. The workman, who owns not even the battered hut he lives

in, is, in point of fact, little better than a slave. He has his muscle—his industry; and these possessions are marketable. True. Still he is the mere tool of his employer; his master may send him adrift to-morrow. Labour certainly is wealth, but labour cannot, like corn and coals, be bandied from land to land in search of its market; and herein lies the difference. The labourer has a wife and family; he has lived in the parish of Dewdrop some twenty years; he offends his employer; he is dismissed. There is no other employment to be had in the neighbourhood. What alternative has he? He must fill the craving stomachs of his family. He removes to another neighbourhood; to Summerly. He lives at Summerly during two years, when labour again failing, he trudges on elsewhere, a mere machine, whose muscle produces what its master chooses to pay for it. Does this man participate in the vaunted civilisation of England?—and of how large a class of the British community is he a type? Yet this man pays larger taxes in proportion than the landed proprietor who employs him. When property became concentrated in few hands, the larger number of the community became dependent upon the lesser number, and therefore powerless; and the landed proprietors, conscious of their power, and alive to their individual interests, have not scrupled to indulge their selfish and grasping propensities at the expense of dependent millions. It is the masses—the men who own not a rush in the land beyond their daily earnings—who support the boasted dignity and supremacy of this country, as they lie at the feet of the “landed gentry.” In 1792 it was resolved to effect the division of common lands, and accordingly a bill was passed, which enacted that they should be bestowed on the richest landlords, because such persons could, with the greatest facility, bring them into cultivation! Mark well the spirit of this wicked enactment. It professed to operate for the general welfare of the state, while it gave the land belonging to the people at large to a few rich proprietors; it deprived the peasants of those free spots where they had gathered firewood and fed their pigs, &c.; in short, it completed the dependence of the poorer classes. Pitt’s ministry saw the property of the kingdom—its wealth and power—concentrated in some few hundred families, and the House of Commons no longer represented the people of England. The equality of power was destroyed. The proprietary class prospered, and the mass of the people were impoverished and uninfluential in the state. The taxes were wrung

from the poorer classes, and land was untouched. The Corn Laws increased the rents of the landlords; and, under the pretext of securing the nation against the evils of scarcity (but in reality to maintain the largeness of the rents), premiums, sometimes equal to an eighth part of the price, have been granted on the exportation of corn. The necessities of the poor are taxed, and the landed proprietors are untaxed. Thus the burden of the state falls upon the grand mass of the community, while the opulent class monopolise state power, without so much as contributing their fair share to the demands of the legislature.

The Reform Bill cannot, must not be a final measure. Blackstone tells us that the true excellence of the British government consists in this—"that the people are a check upon the nobility, and the nobility a check upon the people, by the mutual privilege of rejecting what the other has resolved, while the king is a check upon both, which preserves the executive power from encroachment." Herein we have a clear definition of the government this country professes to adhere to. But can it be said that the Commons, as at present constituted, are the representatives of the people, checking the interested motives of the upper House? Do we not know that the members of the lower House are for the most part men of large properties, commanding the votes of their dependent tenants? Are they not as much the aristocracy as the peers of the realm? Are they not the younger sons of rich peers, or the protégés of some "noble house?" There are brilliant exceptions in the House, and all honour be with them; but it is nevertheless a grievous fact, that the present constituency of England do not fairly represent the masses of the country.

It is most true that this country is a glorious beacon of intellectual light to other countries—a lighthouse amongst the nations, guiding them to harbours of noble workmanship; but the simile holds good in other respects: her intellectual lights are built upon a dangerous—a yawning quicksand. H. Passy says well: "We ~~be~~ to those nations where the magnificence of the few displays itself at the expense of the greater number." The democracy of this country consists of the injured classes. The democrat is the man who, being called upon to obey the laws of England, and to pay for the enforcement of these laws, is nevertheless without a vote. He is a democrat who recognises the equal rights of man; who agrees, that all who are called upon to obey the laws and to contribute money for their enforcement, should have some

voice in the creation of the statutes they are called upon to maintain. A nation is a large insurance company ; the parliament the board of directors. I will only ask, what would any reasonable or just man say, if he, being a member of the said company, though he held but the puniest share, were denied the privilege of voting for members of the board. The constitution of England in its integrity is a parallel case : it yet denies the member his vote. The aristocracy of this country have long made a good harvest : they have wrung the honey from the vast hive, leaving little for the working bees ; but the bees are now wide awake, and the drones must beware. There is a spirit abroad that will not be hushed : it cries for justice to all classes ; it demands universal suffrage ; it demands a tax on property ; it will no longer consent to bear the burden of the state alone ; it will have religious liberty.

Soon a new parliament will be assembled—a parliament, chosen it is said by the people of England. How many of these picked men owe their seats to their monetary influence or to aristocratic birth, we will not here determine ; but this we know, democracy is abroad : it is the active principle acknowledged throughout England ; it is making giant progress in France ; it is vital in the spirit of Germany ; in Italy the Pope acknowledges the sovereignty of the people. There is an unconquerable demand for radical reform ; the people have, in a measure, educated themselves ; they now fully understand their position ; they know right from wrong, and they *will* have right ;—in short, you should con- sider attentively, new members of parliament—the people of England will not be contented if you only cure their warts : you must root out the ulcers. There is a mighty spirit at work throughout the land, that calls for the destruction of the ulcers which disfigure the British constitution : give heed unto the just askings of this giant spirit, for it has right on its side and it will not be hushed.

CLUB-CROTCHETS AND CHEAP COMFORTS;

BEING

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WHITTINGTON FUND.

No. III.—THE ENTERTAINMENT.

THE House arranged- the complement of Members filled up, with anxious hundreds waiting for admission (our Club not being quite as expansive as the tent of *Pari-Banou*)—the matter, thirdly, to be treated, is the Entertainment of the Guests. In my treatment of this, more than of any other clause of my homily, shall I be esteemed *crotchety*; since here have the infinite varieties of taste and humour to be provided for: and it is the luck (shall I call it?) of those who are tolerant in great matters, to be, sometimes, singularly hard to please, and full of conceit, when legislating for the small concerns of daily life and occupation.

Matters of entertainment comprehend food for the body—food for the mind - food for the fancy; and the consideration thereof will lead us from “the basement story” upstairs, with a peep at the Library in passing—to the Drawing-room, which may by courtesy be called “The Ladies’ Chamber.” It is needless to re-iterate, that the motto of a popular club must be “Economy and Comfort.” To attempt to control the kitchen by any dietary statutes, were indeed an impertinence, “which exceeds my power.” —We may have desperate members rushing in and calling for oysters (as Mr. Weller assures us is the wont of such) at that very juncture of the year when “the natives” are coy, not to say inaccessible: and are said desperate members to perish by the formality of a statute? Forbid it, Social Citizenship! We may have jovial souls, resolved upon “a gaudy day,” when two puddings shall smoke upon the board- and is our Cook to be inaugurated with some medal, *à la Mathew*, which shall preclude such a spice, or so much more citron, on pain of loss of her place? This were to make Cheapness and Pauperism synonymous—our Club, a sort of Whittington Union, where people were “allowanced,” and gentlemen rated according to their tastes and appetites. And exclusiveness, as I pointed out last month, whether dictated by

Finery or Asceticism, is not a thing which can be endured. Still, as self-government is the vital principle of Popular Concord, seems to me that Simplicity and Plenty in the larder and at the table will suffice as the general rule of entertainment, ~~for~~ our members will clear their heads of all possible rivalry with the luxurious establishments (some of which live on, like other Personages of Fashion, by grace of their creditors).—or unless we are so unlucky as to entertain “unawares,” not Angels, but Dandos.—The profoundest gastronomists, I might add—with Mr. Walker of “The Original” at their head—will bear me out in comforting those who demand good eating, by assuring them that they need lose nothing, because they have not a Sovereign to contrive *Sampayo soufflés* and *Cerito* creams,—this new *epigramme* with olives in honour of an Elihu Burritt, or the other *paté de Billingsgate* to solemnise the glorious day when Game Laws shall have “died the death.”—They will stand by me in saying, that there are beauties in “plain roast and boiled,” which Englishmen love and Frenchmen do not hate!—But I scorn this tampering with epicurism: since refined Selfishness may go as far and prove as troublesome when in quest of simplicity as of Apician combinations. I trust in the good sense of “The Committee of Taste,” that it will forbear from wooing Self-indulgence, while it gratifies every reasonable desire:—I trust in that gentlemanly conformity to circumstances, on the part of the members, which honourable persons will ever show: and in which, moreover, they will find the permanency of their home, and the comfort of “their board” (to use the prim phrase of the Idyllists) assured.

Yet, permit me, while on the important question of meats, and the simplicity thereof, episodically to call attention to one or two very profound truths. It is possible that as a nation, we English are only beginning to emerge from barbarism in our culinary usages. The ancient English Cook was a hot and hasty creature: given to the administration of “many pepper” (as a German friend of mine phrased it) in her sauces; beginning to cook her dinner at the time when a French practitioner was concluding the process: and sustaining her life in face of a furious fire by aid of cordials and strong waters. There was no science save “rule of thumb”—and as little economy in her proceedings. The Gallic Artist, on the other side, was “a man of parts,” and as many words as parts,—in a white night-cap: whose “visions of the head upon his bed” were of the afternoon’s dinner: and who began to light the charcoal under his

earthen pipkins, and to "taste and try" his compounds, early in the Day—being philosophically aware, as a great authority once said, that "whereas Man may improvise a Sonnet—an Angel cannot extemporize a Soup!" Hence, with a full and experimental consciousness of the hideous things which may be said concerning the filth of a French kitchen—and the "strange flesh" laid upon the table—there is no denying that there is much to be gathered from our neighbours, if we will only lay by our insensate pride in roast-beef and plum-pudding. Saving of money, sparing of health, cultivation of temperance, maintenance of temper and mutual respect, are involved more than appears at first sight, in the planning of the Cook's domain, and in her cultivation of something better than the patriarchal pig-headed resistance to "foreign messes." Every now and then, the march of events makes a breach in the wall of even kitchen prejudice. A Fortune comes home from China; and behold new vegetables for the pot! There is a movement among the makers of coffee-pots which forces us nearer the strength of the Turks, or the clearness of the Palais Royal. From time to time, too, Mother Nature takes part in the compulsory diffusion of knowledge. Blighting our potato crop, she drives us upon the Brahmin's resource, rice; or biddeth us lean on the staff of Brother Jonathan, which is maize. Would it not be well, then, while we disclaim all pretensions to a Ude, or to a Soyer with his poetry and philanthropy and his picture gallery,—to provide, in our arrangements, for culinary enlightenment; to keep a corner in our cellar, (figuratively), for beverages, which, thirty years ago, the men of England, were used to speak of as philtres or dangerous draughts—fatal to our honesty and nationality. Port and Porter are stately and stout drinks;—John Barleycorn and John Bull have an affinity which will not be dissolved while the life and soul of London hold together. All due reverence and respect be paid them:—but let us not for this, sour with our contempt, the wines of the Black Forest, or the Rhine, or the South of France; nor because Free Trade is making them cheap, and Foreign Enterprise "laying down," year by year, a better quality, at a more attainable figure, speak of them as "trash," "verjuice," rubbish only fit to make vinegar of. We can no more shut out the new liquors, than we can exclude "those foreigners." Let us, therefore, meet them, make the best of them: and keep us far from stupid bigotry, as from greediness or epicurism; remembering, all the while, that, whereas a Kitchen

Committee represents its constituents, it is, also, not without power to influence them. The consequence of meats and drinks the formation and development of national character—and to the cementing of club concord, is a subject, at once too delicate and momentous to be “filipped away” at the end of a paragraph—calling for a Charles Lamb, or a Titmarsh. Failing these greater lights, I may, some future day, trouble the world with my tediousness over the matter of Macaroni, and my “fifty reasons” why every house should have, if not its “fowl in the pot” so liberally desired by the French King—its *pot au feu*, which the French Cottager can manage. But that must be when space and leisure are more plentiful than at present. A hurried consideration of table matters tendeth, as the Abernethys will also declare, towards indigestion. Banter apart—whether as regards expense or comfort—or the easy working together of masters and servants, the matters I have been trifling with, claim in their arrangement, a sense, a liberality, and an experimental knowledge, which do not belong to the old English World below stairs.

And now, from material to intellectual provision:—from the Bill of fare, to the table in the Reading Room. There is small doubt that the tastes of the generality will be sufficiently consulted in the furnishing of this:—financial limits being duly respected. One could make a list at a moment’s call of the periodicals and productions sure to be in request. One knows what newspaper will never be “out of hand”—what “serial publications” will be thumbed into a state of ruin which might content the author of authors most desirous of popular acceptance! So that, to pretend to offer contributions towards a list of “things wanted,” would be a labour very nearly as absurd as the ordering of banquets *à la Barmecide* for the benefit of surly and well-appetized youths, resolute to “dine off the joint” at once heartily and cheaply. But I have my crotchet, about what may be called the *furniture-reading* of a Cheap Club, which I will freely give up to the ridicule of all “good laughers:”—content, if one sober thinker sees something in it. Our Club is not a party business: not a “Crow Club” where the person croaking the loudest against Popery is the great man of the assembly—not an artisan’s association, where he who, like Sir Walter Scott in the coach, is unable to say something about “bend leather,” is set down as a dull fellow—neither is it a gathering of which “the Duke” and “Lord

Nelson" are the two *shibboleths*: still less a circle of travellers, excluding everything which moves near the home-centre, and esteeming worthy him alone who has climbed the Himalaya Mountains, or "looked in" at Sarawak, or fraternised with the Vladika of Montenegro.—It is a gathering of men of all sorts and conditions, bound together by a feeling of the duty, the necessity, and the feasibility of progress; and, therefore, desiring information as much as sympathy, from the world without. I should like to see this, in some sort, practically, not picturesquely expressed, in the Reading Room. I should like that some small, yet constant provision should be made for hearing "the other side." It seems a Hibernian counsel to say that I am for having the paper which is "voted out," kept in "on principle!"—whether as a reminder of our own superiority, or an alternative when we wax arrogant—whether as an eye-hole through which we may peep into the enemy's camp, or a magnifier, turned full on our own beauties and blemishes. It seems to me that such a principle of selection, temperately, not fanatically recognised, must be productive of enlightenment and interest—must bring into the entire compound a flavour of independence, totally different from that quarrelsome haste, which makes A. never content save he is cat-echizing B's dog-ma—must, in short, redound to the good of every one concerned. The suggestion will be called Quixotic, random, a "strengthening of the hands of our oppressors," and many hard and half-true names besides! No matter, it is now on paper; and if Mr. Goldthumb only be found to read it, in some contemplative hour when he is taking unusual pains over his trunk lining, he may retail it to his son, who may pass it off as his own when and wheresoever he pleases;—so but it be spread as a truth worth considering, that it may be as well, sometimes, to study the things we disagree, as well as those we agree, with.

The last matter of entertainment I shall here consider, is possibly the least important, because most beyond the sphere of ordinary club-usage and routine; and to be dispensed with, without the stability or usefulness of the establishment being, in any respect, impaired. Old-fashioned members, indeed, will object to any set evening meetings or parties, as much as I object to the appellation *soirée* (a word, very like the copper lace on a stage-dress, methinks). But the number of old-fashioned members, who conceive that a Club means gregarious unsociability, will not, I fancy, be overwhelming; whereas, the number of those willing to enter-

tain each other and to be entertained, is likely to increase, if the thing be proved practicable—without involving too much ceremony or too much familiarity.—Where there are large rooms, well-lighted, large parties seem a natural consequence; and to these the new scientific discovery is pretty sure to be brought, and at these the new design for a building, or the new pattern of manufacture, may be exhibited, without, in the slightest degree, trenching upon the province of the learned Societies, whose business it is—as some one has saucily said—to be “dull and deliberative.”

The first condition of a party is, that no one should be “bored.” Hence, I have a certain fear of too long orations—of readings aloud—save they be mercifully administered. With many, I have observed, all such formal pleasures produce an immediate and rebellious desire to “express themselves in talk,” which is sadly irritating to all parties. When money has been paid, an English audience *will have* its money’s worth, and heroically exhibit its patience till the uttermost farthing has been “worked out,”—in this respect, however, yielding the palm to the Americans, who seem to have an appetite for lectures and preachments which nothing can satisfy—and to the Germans, who will abide four hours of comedies—so called—the dreary pedantry of which is enough to drive a lively-spirited person distracted. But where there is no idea of “sale and barter,” tediousness becomes an unpardonable offence; and Folly, made strong by fancied persecution and by the contagiousness of distaste, is apt to take matters into her own hands, and throw the best managed meeting into discord. Something of Spontaneousness is as necessary to Society, as brevity is to Wit.

While, however, too inordinate a quantity of Instruction is not to be let loose against innocent persons met for the purposes of amusement,—let it never be forgotten, that unless there be a disposition to raise the tone of mixed society, it is apt to degenerate, till the better class of persons drops away from it; finding books at home, or the society of its own thoughts, better than “the crackling of thorns under a pot.” Let us never drivel to the *dead level* of fashionable Inanity which leaves the Drama of England alone: and rushes to see half-a-dozen men with blackened faces, talking a gibberish which is the language of no people under the sun, and making uncouth grimaces and uncouth noises, under pretence of Music. To come to my point, when we deal with Art,—let us especially remember that, in its pleasant

way, Art is a Teacher, and should not therefore be treated as a Buffoon, fit only to minister to vulgar curiosity or vacant laughter! I should, hardly, have laid stress on this matter, had I not observed it most strangely and exceptionably neglected, in the very places, where the recognition of a better principle alone, was the solitary excuse for Art's introduction:—I mean in some of our Scientific and Literary Institutions. The Directing Committees of these would redder, like persons insulted, were one to recommend for the delectation of their members, on any given evening, a reading of "The Red Barn," or a dissertation on "Thomas and Jeremiah" (to give the old *extracurricular* as dignified a style and title as possible!). Think, again, how a public of Art-Unionists would be insulted, were one to bring in for the edification of a *soirée* a tray of nodding Grimalkins, or green Parrots, or *tombolas*! But, the Music too often introduced on like occasions, is of its kind, little less trashy, than the matters just named would be. Yet no one seems outraged:—and, for aught I know, I shall be set down as professionally pedantic—a *crotchet*-monger this time, with a vengeance!—for saying, that now is the moment, when an effort, gentle, but not despotic, may be made to raise the taste in this as in every other transaction of and appendage to our daily life. There should be a wide difference between the scope and style of the singing at a Cyder Cellar (no contempt of this—coarse and aimless, though it seems!) and the song at a Whittington *soirée*! Let it be also noted, that the musicians are, of all classes of artists, the most unhappily prone to condescend, for the purposes of immediate effect: and that to this is mainly ascribable the disrespect in which their calling so long lay in England. So, that those having authority will do well perpetually to lean in a contrary direction: and while they avoid with pious horror, every chance of *boring* their clients, may safely believe that the latter are more capable of enjoying what is good, than they were. The old Vauxhall ballad, the foolish ditty with which a Mrs. Fuggleston or a Miss Snivellicci could twenty years ago, bid all the sticks and umbrellas in the upper gallery "break out a-fresh"—poetically vulgar and musically ungrammatical—are no longer the only specimens of "sound married to sense" which the young men and maidens of England can relish and enjoy!

But I stop—having said enough for those who understand me—and too much for such as are distrustful *vin ordinaire* in the cellar, and new-fangled French innovations in the kitchen—such as would

only allow *their side* a representation in the Reading Room—and would keep the Drawing-room quiet and empty—because “*they* hate crowds.” In time, they may be made to acquiesce in, if not to enjoy, the schemes of Entertainment above outlined : howsoever disposed they be for the moment to receive them with dear Mr. Burchell’s monosyllable.

It but remains for me, to offer a few suggestions, as to the manner in which the above invaluable hints and excellent provisions can be forwarded and wrought out, by the Behaviour of the Members of our Cheap Club.

A WORD OR TWO ON GENIUS.

It is somewhat difficult to give an accurate definition of a principle so deep and subtle as that of genius. Perhaps we may not be wrong in describing it, as a power enabling its possessor to accomplish by a kind of mental instinct, those things which lie beyond the reach of the more laborious efforts of less gifted minds. It seems to be compounded of the most keen intuition and the most ardent love for the objects of its exercise, and to take equal root in the intellect and the feeling. The characteristics which distinguish it from mere talent, may not, perhaps, be obvious to a casual observer, but the most decided difference nevertheless exists. Talent is a *particle* of the mind ; a faculty limited to the comprehension of one, or more subjects. Genius is the tone, the character, the complexion of the *whole* mind ; the amalgamation of thought, fancy, taste, and sensibility ; a creative energy, that admits of no partial exercise of its powers. Talent may be considered as a piece of mental machinery, which may be put in motion independently of the sympathy and co-operation of the imagination or the feeling ; genius may lie dormant, like rich ore in the mine, till application and labour have dug out the gold and impressed on it the stamp which entitles it to the recognition and esteem of men. but it must be the application of the heart—the “labour of love”—it will not work till the “grand agent” has been applied—till the Promethean spark has fired the train of *feeling*, which then lives and breathes in the characters of Expression, immortal in its nature, whether it speaks in the

truthful tints of the canvas, the changeless beauties of the marble goddess, or the burning words that stir the deep and hidden springs of the heart. Talent may be engaged on subjects of a purely practical nature, totally uncongenial with the spiritual essence we call soul. Genius draws its nourishment from the love of the beautiful, which is both its guiding star and sister spirit, and through that wide and rich field loves she to stray, finding sweet companionship in every form and hue and tone of loveliness or grandeur. Genius is versatile and comprehensive in its energies on those subjects which possess power or beauty sufficient to attract its eagle-gaze, but like that proud bird, it refuses to unclothe its wing for an ignoble quarry. This, perhaps, may in some measure account for the tardiness and partiality with which its influence is sometimes acknowledged. Genius can only be fully appreciated by intellect of a corresponding order, and the mole-eyed plodder through the world's mud, regards as folly, those soarings of the spirit which extend beyond the limits of his own clay-born sympathies.

It is remarkable how slight a thing, to outward seeming, will awaken the slumbering power of genius: the accent of a voice, the beaming of an eye, the rustling of a leaf, the falling of water, the twinkling of a star, are each and all as so many keys of the delicate instrument. Burns attributes his first inspiration to the "witching smile and pauky een" of his winsome partner in the harvest field; and it was the mute, but eloquent, encouragement of a mother's kiss, that dipped the brush of West in immortal colours. We should conceive it hardly possible for genius to dwell in the mind of any one, without the consciousness of its presence; still, we see that it is almost invariably accompanied by a child-like simplicity and a modest estimation of its efforts. It does not follow, that where genius exists it must necessarily be expressed.

"Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perhaps the best—"

their quick sympathy with the lovely, the humorous, and the ideal, and their devoted attachment to spirits of a kindred glow, constituting the tie of brotherhood with those who have tasted the sweet vanity of Fame. Men of genius have ever felt a sensitive anxiety as to the success of their works; and the dread of attracting the fierce notice of some critical hawk, may have pushed into silence the sweet melody of many a "native wood-note wild,"

and repressed many a tuneful record of the heart's eventful history. To witness, unmoved, the wanton disparagement or cruel calumny of labours which have been sustained by hope and enthusiasm—to gaze calmly on the ruins of the bright fabric of expectations cherished so fondly and so long, is more than can be expected from such a mental constitution, and there have been those who, with a poisoned sting in their hearts, have turned from an unfeeling world, to hide in secret the pang by which they died. Speak, shades of injured and departed genius! has it not been thus with you? It would be superfluous to ask whether happiness can be compatible with overwrought susceptibility; greatness of mind, as well as that of any other kind, must pay the price of its distinction, and the man of genius lays as much claim to our respect and veneration for his peculiar and unapproachable sorrows, as to our admiration of his brilliant and unattainable powers. We do not here allude to the trials and griefs of humanity generally, of which he has his full share, in common with other men, but to that fever of the soul, that unslaked thirst of a heart which lives in a world of its own imaginings, too high and pure to be realised, and which at the moment of his proudest triumph, tells him that he is still—alone,—and he turns for a solace and companionship to the bright aerial shapes which minister to the yearnings of his unsatisfied heart, holding intercourse with them, till

“Of its own beauty is the mind diseased
And fevers into false creation. Where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?”

This is the unmistakable badge which Genius sets on all her children; however they may differ in other respects, they all bear a heart scorched with the flame of her own passion, felt alike by him who has moved a nation's sympathies, and him who,

“All unknown,
Sleeps with the inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone.”

There is a tendency in this matter-of-fact age to undervalue those things which have no direct practical bearing—to consider nothing important which is not visible and tangible; imagination seems frightened back to her own sunny skies, by the rush and roar of the “go-ahead” world, and that kind of literature appears

to be most popular which professes to bring everything down to the understanding, rather than to exercise the spiritual faculties in their native regions. The same erroneous idea, we think, prevails in the system of instruction generally ; instead of letting a child feel its own powers, and revel in infantile delight at the unexplained wonders and fresh beauties which at once solicit and expand its mind, it must be early taught to become a " useful member of society," by having its little brain oppressed by an incubus of technical terms or pedantic phrases, and be compelled to acquire, by close and irksome attention, things which Nature would, at her own best time, instil with gentle yet impressive touch. We confess, we cannot in every respect accord with the oft-expressed sentiment, " What great educational advantages are enjoyed by children in the present day ? " In what do they consist ?—in forcing open with a hasty hand the young and tender buds of mind ?—in creating an unhealthy and injudicious emulation in precocious attainments ?—in exhausting the mental soil by crops too heavy for it ? Should we consider him wise, who would endeavour to plant an oak in a flower-pot ? and is it quite judicious or beneficial to cloud the open brow of childhood with mannish thoughts, and to shadow with worldly wisdom, faces which " should not have borne this aspect yet for many a year ? " The mental standard of succeeding generations must be the answer to these questions. The greatest men of whom the world could ever boast, have declared, at the close of their laborious lives, that they knew nothing. Poor neglected souls ! We dare say there were no " Pestalozzian Systems " in their day, or " Philomathic Societies," where sages, ten years old, revealed the hidden forms of Truth, or they would never have died in such a lamentable state of ignorance.

Let us return from this digression, and pay a visit to the studio of ——— during his absence. Arrived at the top of the dark garret stairs, we open a low door, and *there* stands before us a work which turns the wretched attic into a temple ; we are breathing an air hallowed by the presence of Soul personified, and we instinctively uncover, while gazing with mingled veneration and rapture on the more than mortal beauty which hushes, as it were, the very beating of our heart. The door opens and the artist enters : he sees us not, but seating himself languidly and wearily, he regards with a mournful expression the beauteous offspring of his imagination ; give it but a tongue,

and it would tell how that pale cheek was once wont to flush with hope and pride—it would tell what sighs had burst from that breast in which despondency has crushed enthusiasm—what unseen tears have fallen from those eyes, now lustrous with the light of the tomb. Silently we withdraw; and, giving a passing glance into the adjoining room, we see poverty and sickness draining the life-blood of those dearest to him on earth, thus completing an amount of suffering which may perhaps, ere long, be terminated by the poison-cup or pistol. Oh, fatal gift! who would covet thee at such a fearful price?

“ One breast laid open, were a school
Which would unteach mankind the wish to shine or rule.”

Does any utilitarian put the favourite question, “ Cui bono,” to the efforts of genius? Does he ask in his heart, what business such a man has in this world? Doubtless there are moments when, in bitterness of spirit, the man of genius asks himself the same question; when high thoughts are contending with paltry necessities; when, with ill-concealed disgust, he distinguishes the cringing homages which follow the track of men’s doltish idol—wealth; when, feeling himself to be compounded of contradictions in all things relative to his well-being, he asks himself—“ To what end was such a one created?” We will answer the question for him. He was created to work up and spread the heaven of Mind through the lumpish mass of human clay—to reveal man to himself in the faithful mirror of his own brilliant thoughts—to open a channel for pent-up woe, breaking up its stubborn hold, and drawing it forth with melodious murmurings to the relief of the overcharged breast—to touch with softening finger the harsh features of relentless sorrow, throwing a heavenly light over the heart’s wintry landscape, like to the sunbeams breaking through the dark masses in the stormy west—to water with refreshing streams the scorched verdure of the soul, that haply one green spot might escape the desolation of the spoiler—to knit spirit to spirit with a bond electrical and indissoluble, and to bequeath to his native land a ray of that glory which exalts her amongst nations. If men truly estimated the worth of such minds, and were aware how much they are indebted to them, would they allow the man of genius to struggle unassisted through trials he is ill-adapted to encounter? Would they permit his heart to sink for lack of kindness, sympathy, and encouragement, which would cost them but little, but which

would be deeply appreciated by him? Would they suffer the dark clouds of anxious care and threatening want to shut out the light of joy and hope from his morning sky? No! instead of placing a pillar of stone over his grief-worn remains, resting in that dreamless sleep long coveted as his only refuge, they would have placed on his barren table the essentials of existence; instead of gratifying their sight-seeing propensities with the view of apartments in which inspiration and suffering had long dwelt together unnoticed and unknown, they would have clothed their desolate walls with comforts which would have brightened the dim eyes of their cheerless inmates, ere death had sealed them for ever! Not that we object to the veneration and honour which posterity justly pays to the memory of the great: far from it; but we say, "Do the one and leave not the other undone;" revere the mighty dead, but remember the suffering living! "The heart knows its own bitterness," and its chiefest sorrow is too often incommunicable. Let us be more solicitous to lessen those trials and soothe those griefs which *will* yield to humanity's touch, and to remove, if it be only a single thorn, from the painful path of those who give us such rich and lasting treasures. Honour be to them! May they

"reach their native kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, and joys,
In some mild sphere;
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year."

A. J.

YOUNG WATSON; OR, THE RIOTS OF 1816. IN FOUR PARTS.—PART III.

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AFTER congratulating Young Watson on his safe arrival, a consultation was held as to the best means of carrying out their plans for his safety and security. With a large family, and in a small house, Mr. Holl conceived positive concealment to be impossible. His eldest son, a youth in his eighteenth year, was at once taken into their confidence, as his suspicions, and perhaps imprudent observations, might otherwise have hazarded the safety of their charge. He would not have been so easily blinded, as to

the real character of Young Watson, as the younger members of the family. It was also suggested that Watson should pass by another name, and be received into the house as a young man who came as a pupil to Mr. Holl to study engraving. This proposal was readily accepted. But another, and more difficult one remained.

Mr. Holl had at the time two persons in his employ, Mr. Roffe and Mr. Brilly. They had been boys and fellow pupils together. He had the fullest confidence in their honour and integrity, and no consideration, he felt assured, would induce them to a breach of trust. He would have placed his own life in their hands; Young Watson must do the same; since, being all day, and part of the evening in the house, it would have been impossible to have kept Young Watson out of their sight, or knowledge: the particulars of his description would at once have led to that. The notion of the young man passing for Mr. Holl's pupil, was apt, and likely to succeed, but how to keep that pupil shut up in a room, in secrecy and seclusion, when the study was his proper place, was the natural question forced upon their minds. Their present position was attended with too much danger to hazard speculation as to *who*, or *what* this young man might be, and Mr. Holl proposed that both Roffe and Brilly should be confided in, or, that refused, Young Watson had better at once remove to where such speculation was not rendered necessary, as he felt it impossible to receive him into his family without the knowledge of these two gentlemen; their suspicion, as to who he might be, would otherwise lead to the ruin of himself and his protector.

After some little deliberation between Young Watson and his two friends, Evans and Moggridge, Mr. Holl's proposal was agreed to.

When everything was thus far arranged, Mr. Evans said that his father and a few friends, had set a subscription on foot, for the support of young Watson, as they felt that no one person should be so taxed. To this no objection was made, provided it were done with due caution, and that Moggridge should be the sole agent between Mr. Holl and Mr. Evans. One pound per week was regularly paid up to the 9th of February—a space of some six weeks—when Mr. Evans and his son were arrested, and the payment ceased.

The most solemn assurances of secrecy and discretion were now entered into; and it was agreed on the part of Evans and Moggridge, that the strictest silence should be observed, and

that Young Watson's abode should not be disclosed to any one. We regret to say, this pledge was broken on the part of Moggridge, who not only told his wife, but his daughter, a girl of some sixteen years old ; and it is a matter of no little wonder, their observations as to "their knowing *where* Young Watson was," &c., did not lead to his detection and death. The clue afterwards obtained, no doubt was the consequence of their imprudence, and *his* breach of faith. After repeating their assurances of secrecy and discretion, Mr. Evans and Moggridge departed.

The next morning, Roffe and Brilly were made acquainted with the responsibility Mr. Holl had taken upon himself in the cause of humanity, and at once gave the required promise, at the same time expressing their satisfaction at his confidence in their good faith. Their promise was never broken.

Young Watson was now introduced to his new companions, and regularly installed in the study, as a pupil in the art of engraving, to which, as drawing is a necessary step, he immediately applied himself.

In the hands of entire strangers, he at first appeared distrustful, and notwithstanding every assurance of their friendly inclination towards him, he exhibited a considerable degree of shyness and uneasiness. This however gradually wore off, and in a few days he became quite reconciled to his novel situation, and new friends.

Another difficulty was, how to delude the children ? The name of "Watson," uttered in their presence, were sure destruction, as they might repeat it ; and who could control a child's prudence, or discretion ? To avoid this necessity, and to invent a name as familiar as possible ; it was agreed to call him Mr. Henry Dudley, the brother of a young man whose name was in constant use in the house. And the better to account for his long continuance within doors, the family were told that Mr. Dudley's father was recently dead, and therefore he disliked company, and was quite indifferent about going out, his only pleasure being reading, drawing, &c. This artifice succeeded very well, and he soon became a great favourite with them, and to this day, though the remembrance of his person may have ceased, the name of "Mr. Dudley" is to them a household word.

The moles upon Young Watson's face having been accurately described in the Proclamation, became of necessity an object of

much regard and anxiety. The children too might notice, or even mention them abroad. Trifling in themselves, they became formidable in their consequences ! Their removal was determined on, and caustic applied, not only for present safety, but future escape, since with those "damned spots," the eyes of eager recognition would be at fault. Its operation was slow, and the better to conceal its effects, his face was muffled up, under the pretence of a violent toothache. This pretended malady called forth the commiseration of Mr. Holl's eldest daughter, who being a fellow sufferer, consoled with him on his assumed trouble and distress.

All exercise by day being of course impossible, Mr. Holl and his charge sometimes rambled out at night across the fields towards Kentish Town, that is, when the night was dark enough—on moonlight nights he never stirred abroad. Moggridge too was not neglectful of the health or comfort of the young refugee, and sometimes took him out his darkened walk, for exercise and air. But, strangely inconsistent in his wish to serve, and most unmindful of his promise, he came one night with Thistlewood, that dark mysterious man—who, it may be remembered, accompanied Young Watson during his flight on the 2d of December, and was his companion through the eventful days that followed. This was a clear breach of trust, and Mr. Holl commented upon it in strong terms, and at the same time declared he had no fellowship with Thistlewood nor men of his stamp : he but strove to save a life, forfeited (as he conceived) through youthful folly and imprudence, but he would not have his house made the haunt, either of conspiracy or crime. His feeling of annoyance was not lessened, when on Young Watson's return from his night walk with Thistlewood, he found him much excited, and loud and violent in his speech. Having with some difficulty restrained his impetuosity, he insisted that Thistlewood should never be brought to his house again.

The apparent shyness of Young Watson, and his dislike at meeting strangers, were matters of much speculation among the children, more especially the sudden running up stairs to his room—where he had pistols—if any one knocked at the door, and his only going out at night. These and other circumstances were accounted for as occasion served, and neither the family, nor its visitors, had the remotest thought that the much-sought-for Young Watson had found a home beneath their roof.

The character of pupil he carried out, steadily and well. He made considerable progress in drawing, attempted an etching, &c., and from the skill and readiness he exhibited in his new vocation, there is little doubt, with time and practice, he would have made some stand in that most difficult art—portrait engraving. He also took upon himself the task of schoolmaster to Mr. Holl's younger sons, and rapt their knuckles for their inattention or blundering, with a proper sense of his new authority.

These incidents will show the confidence he had in his new friends, and his readiness in adapting himself to circumstances.

At night he was provided with a newspaper, and read aloud the busy subjects of the day, and the all-engrossing one of his own immediate self. His captures—his arrests—his flights, and his disguises—of his being taken in Holland—at Boulogne, Bordeaux, &c., and of his having escaped in the disguise of an old Frenchwoman—of some clue to his retreat being found—or of all trace of him being lost—as likewise the detailed accounts of the “takings up,” and examinations in all parts of the country, of the many young men in “brown great-coats,” whose appearance in any measure tallied with his own. Daily arrests and daily disappointments went the round of the papers, together with the tempting offers of rewards for his apprehension. The perusal of these paragraphs caused him no small amusement, and his laughter found a ready helpmate in the eldest daughter of Mr. Holl, who at every fresh disappointment clapped her hands, and expressed her eager hope that “he would never be taken.” Little did she suspect the object of this search and turmoil was quietly seated by her side, reading his own dangers and escapes.

Early in the month of January, 1817, he read an account of a young man, supposed to be Young Watson, who had sailed from Hull under circumstances of a mysterious nature, for some port in Prussia, or Denmark. Officers were immediately dispatched in his pursuit, but returned without meeting with the object of their search. This circumstance suggested the idea of deceiving the police with the belief that this young man was indeed Young Watson. To further this deception, he wrote a letter detailing many imaginary escapes, and other particulars of his fictitious journey from London to Hull—of his kind reception by a friend there, and final departure from the kingdom. His letter was written with the intention of being conveyed, through the agency

of a friend, to Hull, and so by post to London, and was addressed to Mr. Evans, senior. This was inclosed in an envelope of thin paper—so that Mr. Evans's name could easily be read through the cover—and directed to the "President of the Meetings, at the Cock, in Grafton-street, Soho," where a Spencean meeting was held.

There was little doubt this letter would fall into the hands of government, and that the particulars of his flight to Hull, &c., in his own handwriting, would confirm the notion that the young man, whom the officers had followed, and lost on the continent, was no other than Young Watson himself. By this means he hoped the news of his escape would spread over the country, and not only put the police on a wrong scent, but cause them to slacken the vigour of their search. Young Watson was acquainted with the master of a vessel trading between London and Hull, named Banks, in whose friendship he had implicit faith. Through him, he hoped to get this letter conveyed to his uncle, Mr. Knowles, residing near Hull. It was accordingly inclosed in a parcel to his uncle, with a request that he would immediately forward the letter by post to London. The particulars concerning his abode, it need scarcely be said, he carefully avoided mentioning.

This letter was conveyed to Captain Banks, whose vessel was on the eve of sailing, who promised to deliver it into the hands of Mr. Knowles.

The packet had been dispatched some days, when Young Watson received the painful intelligence that Mr. Evans and his son were arrested, and his mortification was increased by the supposition that the letter he had sent had been the cause of his arrest. This was indeed a sad blow, since, independent of his regret at their present danger and imprisonment, he had lost two faithful and valued friends—friends who had proved their friendship in his need, and in whose kindly offices he had the greatest faith.

The arrest of the Evans's, however, was *not* in consequence of this letter. The parcel was safely delivered to Mr. Knowles; but in the interim of its receipt, and such time as he should post the letter, he read an account in the newspaper, of the arrest of Mr. Evans and his son, and not thinking it prudent either to forward or to keep it in his possession, he burnt it.

The destruction of this letter was a fortunate circumstance for

Mr. Knowles, as police officers came to examine his premises only a day or two afterwards, which they did in a very minute manner, inspecting every scrap of paper they could find, &c. One of them drew a young child of Mr. Knowles's apart, and giving him cakes, asked him a variety of questions as to whether he had seen his cousin James lately, if any one was in the house, &c. Failing in their search of Young Watson, or some clue to his retreat, they put Mr. Knowles under arrest, and took him before the magistrates at Hull for examination. A vast deal was here spoken about "offended justice," "his king and country," and "that it would be the height of patriotism and virtue to deliver his nephew—if he had him, or knew where he was—over to the hangman." But in this particular Mr. Knowles was as ignorant as even the worshipful magistrates themselves.

During the concealment of Young Watson, the out-door discontent had by no means abated. Provisions were fearfully dear. A quatern loaf was as high as one shilling and eightpence, and the general distress sought far and wide a relief from suffering. The Prince Regent and the ministry turned a deaf ear to petition and remonstrance, while public clamour was assailing them on every side; and, not content with words, the populace attacked the carriage of the prince on his return from opening parliament, January 28th, 1817. Stones were thrown at the guards, while missiles of every description were hurled at the prince and the royal carriage in its passage between Carlton Gardens and the stable-yard gate. The glasses were broken; and, from the evidence of Lord James Murray, it appeared "that one or two bullets had been fired at the coach." The next day, a royal proclamation offered a reward of 1000*l.* for the apprehension of any one who had so offended.

Doctor Watson, Preston, and John Keens were arrested about this time, on the charge of high treason. The Messrs. Evans and Hooper were already in custody on the same charge. Thistlewood and Young Watson were yet to be taken.

In the two Houses of Parliament, the proceedings of the 2nd of December, and their enlarged consequences, were not suffered to remain idle; and by way of paving the way for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, the report of the committee of public safety was laid before the house, February 19th, to the effect that—"your committee are convinced that, notwithstanding the failure of the 2nd of December, a plan was formed for a sudden

rising in the dead of night, to surprise the soldiers, to set fire to the barracks, to seize the river, and the bank, and that, to assist in the execution of their project, a formidable machine was invented, by which the streets could be cleared of all opposing force; that placards, bearing the following inscriptions, were exhibited in all parts of London:—"Britons, to arms! the whole country only waits the signal from London. Break open the gunsmiths. Arm yourselves with all sorts of instruments. No rise in the price of bread. No Regent. No Castlereagh—off with their heads. No taxes. No Bishops—they are all useless lumber;" and that nothing less than a revolution, expected and avowed, was the object of the Spencean and other Societies.

This report was followed by Lord Sidmouth proposing in the House of Lords, February 24th, a bill for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act—a bill, "to enable his Majesty to secure and detain such persons as may be suspected of intention against his Majesty's peace and government, since no doubt was left in the minds of the committee that a traitorous correspondence existed in the metropolis, for the purpose of overthrowing the government;" and he required the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, since "it was not merely the lower orders who had united in the conspiracy: individuals of great activity, resolution, and energy, were engaged in the contest."

On the bill being read a second time, the Duke of Sussex rose and said, "He had been present at the examination of most of the rioters, and the result of all he had heard was, that the subscription amounted to the enormous sum of ten pounds. The ammunition was contained in an old stocking—there were about 50 balls, none of which fitted the pistols, and one pound of powder! Such was this mighty plan of insurrection, and he would not allow molehills to be magnified into mountains. He, therefore, should vote against the second reading."

It was carried by a majority of 117.

On the same date, in the House of Commons, Lord Castlereagh had proposed the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and other Acts, "for the security of his Majesty's person." Mr. Bennet rose, and after commenting strongly upon the bad policy of such a measure, said, "that ministers had already imbued their hands in the blood of their country, and had been guilty of the most criminal cruelties."

Upon the second reading of the bill, Sir Francis Burdett,

moved as an amendment, "That no person detained under this bill should be shut up in a dungeon, or other unwholesome place, or be deprived of air and exercise, loaded with irons," &c. This proposal was negatived without a division.

The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act was a fresh theme of discontent, and public murmur. Persons in the least obnoxious in their principles, or supposed to be so, were immured in prison at the will of the Secretary of State, or upon the information of hired spies and ruffians. No man's home was safe, and, as may easily be supposed, the situation of Young Watson, and his protector, was rendered even more critical and trying. The vigilance of the police and their agents seemed to increase rather than diminish, by their unsuccessful search, while Camden Town seemed literally beset with officers.

Nor was the arrest of Doctor Watson and his friends, together with other circumstances just detailed, the only peril Young Watson had to encounter. The danger had, in fact, reached the very door. The search was so untiring, and minute, that all persons, whose age, stature, dress, or person, in any way corresponded with Young Watson, were viewed with eager suspicion, while he himself was scented at the heels. Officers and their myrmidons seemed to have taken up their station at the corner of every street in Camden Town, and all the avenues leading to, or from it, where they seemed to have their regular system of communication. The public-houses were frequented by them, at all hours in the day, and questions asked of all who came, or went; while, to render the situation of the refugee yet more perilous, Bow-street officers were seen lurking at each end of Bayham-street, and a house was searched only four doors off!

It was learned afterwards, that a young man, lately returned from sea, had been followed to the house where he lodged, No. 18, and being mistaken for Young Watson, was immediately arrested, but as his identity could not be sufficiently established, he was discharged the next day.

The close surveillance under which Camden Town was placed left no doubt but that some clue had been found to Young Watson's retreat. But how obtained?

A second proclamation had by this time made its appearance, "in the name and behalf of his Majesty," in which was renewed the promise of a reward of 500*l.*, "offered on the 6th of December for the apprehension of James Watson the younger, charged

with having wilfully attempted to kill and murder Richard Platt, by firing, &c. ; and whereas a bill of indictment had been found by the grand jury of the City of London against the said James Watson, but that he had not yet been apprehended, and therefore we, (the Prince Regent), in behalf of his Majesty, are pleased to renew the reward of 500*l.*, so made on the 2nd day of December, and renewed on the 22nd of January, for the apprehension of James Watson the younger, that he may be dealt with according to law ; and we hereby charge all persons, upon their allegiance, not to receive or harbour him : all persons offending herein will be held guilty of high treason. And we do also promise a like reward of 500*l.* to any person who shall discover, or cause to be discovered, any person so receiving or harbouring the said James Watson.—Given at our Court of Carlton House, the 18th day of February, 1817.

“ The above James Watson is a surgeon by profession, and has been employed in that capacity on board a Greenland ship. He is apparently 23 or 24, but in reality only 20 years of age ; dark hair, rather pale complexion, five feet four inches high—has a mark or mole with a few hairs on it, on his left cheekbone near the eye—the left eyelid rather drooping over the eye—very faint remains of small-pox in his face—has rather a wide mouth, and shows his teeth (which are very black) when he laughs. He sometimes wore a brown great-coat, black under-one, black waistcoat, drab breeches, and long gaiters. And at other times, he wore blue pantaloons, and Hessian boots.”

This is the official portrait of Young Watson, which, as before stated, was incorrect. He had light brown hair, ruddy complexion, was five feet three inches in height, and had very good teeth. The drooping of the left eyelid was indeed a peculiarity, and many were the experiments tried to remedy the defect—we believe successfully.

Young Watson and his protector were surrounded on all sides by danger, and their anxiety, as may be easily supposed, increased, with every fresh movement out of doors. Fortunately for all parties, the plan adopted for their security had the desired effect ; no apparent caution was observed, the children were seen going to school or playing about as usual, and the absence of anything like mystery, or departure from the accustomed habits of the family, doubtless blinded the eyes of those who were on the watch. Every house in the street had become an object of inquiry and

suspicion, while a second house, immediately opposite, No. 6, was searched.

No question now remained as to the accuracy of the information or the nearness of the pursuit. But how had the clue been obtained? It was conjectured that Mr. Evans, jun., had been watched to Camden Town when he called to see Young Watson, a few days previous to his own arrest—his only visit to Mr. Holl's house since the night of the 17th of December, or that imprudent observations had guided the pursuit to the immediate neighbourhood of his concealment.

The question now was, the removal of Young Watson to an asylum less fraught with danger; but who would shelter him? The proclamation presented itself at every turn, and the knowledge of the reward for his betrayal, together with the certain punishment of his concealer, rendered the task too perilous. Young Watson was the pivot upon which all turned. Once in the power of the ministry, they had sufficient means to bring the charge of "guilty" home to all whom they wished to connect with him in the riots of the 2nd of December; and a long string of victims would have graced the hangman's beam, adding another "lot" to that disgraceful and death-dealing period. This young man at large, they felt, as it afterwards proved, that their charge would fall to the ground.

Who would shelter him? Who would brave the wrath of government by concealing him? Application was made to several, but all declined—Moggridge among the number. He said, "the risk was too great that ministers, in revenge for being so long balked; in their search, would visit upon his concealer their cherished vengeance, and involve him, if only as an example, in the general doom of death."

A rather singular manner of escape was at length devised for him. It proved, however, unsuccessful.

It appeared that Moggridge was acquainted with a Mr. Casey, the keeper of a private mad-house at Plaistow, and having business in that neighbourhood, had called upon him. Here he met a Mr. Dennison. After dinner, their conversation turned upon the subject of Young Watson, and of his past and present difficulties, which Moggridge dwelt upon at some length; when Mr. Dennison observed: "What a capital hiding-place Mr. Casey's mad-house would be!" A confidence was at length reposed as to Young Watson's need of concealment, when it appeared that Dennison had himself

come to consult Mr. Casey, as to whether he would afford a shelter to Thistlewood, who was in like jeopardy ; a pecuniary offer was made to Mr. Casey, which was accepted, and it was agreed between them, that Watson and Thistlewood would be brought in the course of the week.

Some short time previously, Moggridge, on a visit to Young Watson, had brought with him a mutual friend of theirs, a Mr. Pendrell, a bootmaker in Newgate Street, whose services, in the after escape of this young man, were of so much and essential value. It is rather a curious circumstance that this Pendrell was a descendant from the same family, whose name, in connexion with the concealment of Charles II. in the oak tree, takes so important a place in the romantic history of his dangers and escapes. The family for many years enjoyed a pension of 100*l.* from the crown, but from some reason not known to the narrator, its present representative was not in receipt of the royal bounty.

A meeting had taken place at Pendrell's, when it was agreed between himself, Moggridge, and Dennison, that Young Watson should be removed to Mr. Casey's house the Monday following ; but by some mistake, Thistlewood was taken in his stead ! He was conducted to Plaistow by Moggridge and Pendrell, and was strangely disappointed at not finding Young Watson there. After the departure of his two friends, he became violent and uneasy ; said he was trepanned into a mad-house, and insisted upon leaving it. No objection being made, he left the asylum prepared for him, in the full belief that his wife had conspired with others to confine him in a mad-house.

The sum offered by government for the discovery of Young Watson was in itself large, while the knowledge that *any* sum might have been obtained from the secretary of state's office, provided information could be given of his retreat, together with the arrest of his concealer, was enough to make the boldest tremble. The secret, too, of his concealment was already known to several : poor and needy men, whose imprudence, or the temptations of a large sum of money, might at any time betray. And all this risk ! for what ? to save the life of a rash, unthinking man, whose folly, rashness, and imprudence, had placed the gallows black before him ; while wife and children, life itself, were staked against the saving of a man, unseen until protected, unknown until befriended.

Friendship does much. Humanity did more.

The slightest noise seemed fraught with terrors, while an unexpected knock at the door, or casual survey of the house, caused fresh anxiety. His evening walks were now cut off, but prompted by his curious fear, Young Watson kept a studious watch by day on all who passed. At night, with pistols within his reach, he got what fevered sleep he could.

One day, while prying through the window at who might pass, he almost started from his post, as he saw Vickery, the Bow-street officer, watching from the windows of an empty house immediately opposite, and next to the one already searched! The game was up. The police had at last hunted him down! He crept from the window, and remained, as well as he could, sheltered and concealed. It was a dark and dismal night for all. The hopelessness of escape—the certainty that pursuit had traced him to the very door—gave the death-blow to the hope either of Young Watson's safety in his present shelter, or flight from it. It was an anxious, fearful night; and seated round the fire, while the rest of the household were in bed, Young Watson, his protector, with his wife and son, sat gloomy and mistrustful. Speculation was busy in their minds, and with half-breathed words, they kept a noiseless conversation. It was near midnight, and their thoughts were full of dread—their words of fear.

A knock! a single, loud, and unexpected knock, struck at the door! All started to their feet! Resolute, and determined to sell his life dearly, Young Watson rushed up to his room and seized his pistols, while the son, taught by the example of his some three-months' companion, and desirous to assist in his escape, armed himself with a dirk, and thus equipped, sallied out at the back of the house into a small garden with Young Watson, who, strong in his determination to kill or be killed, stood waiting the moment to act.

All seemed lost. The house was no doubt surrounded—resistance useless. After quieting, as he best could, the fears of his wife, Mr. Holl took a light, and, expecting to be seized the moment he removed the fastenings, he assumed as much indifference as he could, and opened the door.

H. HOLL.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FACTS

THERE is no one who possesses a deeper faith than I do in the present powers and ultimate progression of the human species. The distances of worlds, which, notwithstanding their magnitude, appear to us mere specks, have been accurately calculated by the mathematician: the depths of our planet have been compelled by the geologist to render up the pages of its past history: the perfection of mechanics, by which the labour of thousands has been reduced to a few manual operations, and the triumphs of steam, which has annihilated space and time, and broken down all boundaries between the brotherhood of man:—these are just proofs of the power that has been boasted. But, without throwing a damper upon exertion, by inquiring whether there have not been similar phases of progression in the anterior history of the human kind, or hinting that the law of the physical world is also the law of the mental, “Thus far shalt thou come, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed,” it may be as well to give a man a nudge, at least, in these his dreams of this day’s utilitarianism,—to show him that there is something else to live for, besides buying and selling.

But, however mysterious the amount of man’s knowledge, there is a thing equally mysterious, the amount of his ignorance. Though he has amassed facts, ransacked nature, and pushed his knowledge to the uttermost, the Baconian principle of modern philosophy, of building theories upon facts, has not one whit more succeeded in informing him of the nature of things than the exploded, but perhaps not altogether untrue, system of ancient philosophy—first constructing the theory and then assorting the facts. We know the forms of matter, but what know we of matter itself? We know the operations of the steam-engine; it has become to our mind’s eye almost the child of our creation, a second monster of Frankenstein; but what know we of the soul? We know the political relations of nations,—the metaphysical actions of mind—but what know we of ourselves? This is a wisdom which has been—which is invaluable,—but which seems to be passing away:

ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ was the oracle of ages ago ; but where has been the response in later days, except amongst the savage sages of the eastern and western worlds, whom we have contributed to destroy ?

“ Ε ἐκ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ καταβήκει γινώσκει σεαυτὸν ”

said the Roman satirist, catching the inspiration ; but this is altogether lost sight of in this utilitarian, go-a-head age. There is a higher wisdom and more glorious progression for man, than constructing cotton-mills, and flying over the world by steam. Mind, we do not say that this is not a stage of his advancement—that great social advantages are not derivable to the human family therefrom,—but simply that it is not his ultimate destination. The progression of our ancient brethren was one of pure intellect,—of high art : after thousands of years they are our exemplars to this moment : *ours* is no doubt more practical, more *universally* useful ; but which is most abiding in the principles and constitution of the human mind ?—which associates itself more with the existence and elements of an immortal soul ? It is altogether a question of nature, and not of degree. This error is pervading not merely our philosophy, but freezing up our feelings and affections, and even debasing our language. The title of the standard modern work upon astronomy, is “ *Mécanique Céleste.*” We hear the phrase constantly repeated “ *Mechanism of the Heavens.*” I define *mechanism* to be a work whose motions must come to an end, despite the will and despite the repairs of the contriver. Now no such thing can be predicated of the fabric of the Heavens. The language is calculated to degrade the conceptions ; and to reduce God’s universe, of which we, perhaps, can grasp with difficulty but a fractional part, to the mere arrangement of the springs and wheels of a piece of clock-work. There is another phrase of later date, which I consider to be more unphilosophical and offensive : it is essentially utilitarian : I mean that of *bread-stuffs*. Now I do think it no favourable sign of the progression of the Spirit of man, when the fruits of the earth are described in the same category as the products of the loom ; but as my object is to discuss truth, and not to dogmatise, I request your liberal pages for the purpose of converging a few more rays of light upon an interesting subject.

I maintain, then, the progression of man, but that it is to be one of mental and not of material development. I maintain that material progression, if I may so term it, has already made its

appearance at various intervals in past ages, in *certain* cycles of time and in different forms, and that these cycles seem subject to a law which has been guessed at, but which, as a metaphysical problem on the mightiest scale, is almost impossible to establish. That law seems to be a succession of *ternary* revolutions, whether of worlds or of men,—whether of principles or of facts. This has not escaped attention among philosophers. It has been asserted that the facts of history repeat themselves—as comets return in their orbits—the moving principles, the circumstances, the same. It has been asserted that the very characters of particular individuals are reproduced, fitted for a similarity of times. It has been personally experienced by many that there is a recurrence of facts, when we have exclaimed, “surely such a circumstance has occurred to us before.” And whether we explain this fact on the principle just mentioned, or ascribe it to what is called *duality* of mind, or to a sudden lapse of memory into some unfathomable abyss, which then returns, but divides the fact between its commencement and its close, and recognises it as *two*, we have said enough to show that this idea is by no means new, that facts are reproduced in vast circles, complicated but certain—a mighty psychological system. What then has been uniform, we would also establish as true. The progression of man consists within him. To his powers of feeling and conception we can assign no bound; but he is cramped and controlled by facts without him,—facts, in many instances (and herein consists his greatest ignorance), with which he has contributed, and is daily contributing, to surround himself. I do not profess to stop human action, it is but the sign of inner power; but I would attempt to regulate it; and I would do this, by showing, that a great deal of man’s misery arises from himself, by his giving impulse to a series of these mighty vortices whose tendency is to engulf him, and by tracing these astonishing results to the minute point of action from which they commenced to move. Philosophers say that the nucleus of our planet was a mist, and the telescope discovers the indistinct specks of the milky way to be a system.

Drop a stone into a lake, and straightway you set a number of concentric circles in motion, and those at the extremity are gradually widening in proportion to the force with which you throw, and the size of the stone let fall. If any obstacle meets those advancing circles, they impinge, and produce new revolutions of circles in their turn. In the mean time the centre has become again

placid, and the stone which has been the cause of all, is perhaps still travelling down slowly to its unknown depth. Such is the *first* analogy that occurs to me, by which to explain the nature and operation of facts as acting upon the social surface. Now it appears at first sight that this is but a vain and trifling analogy, but it is not. It serves to express the philosophy of the thing, the mode in which actions operate, circling from near to far, and producing new systems of circles, connected with a cause which has already buried itself, as it were, in a forgotten past. And, secondly, we cannot tell, even with respect to the waves upon the water themselves :—they may operate upon things invisible to us so as to affect them. We cannot presume to call this trifling, or indifferent ; some insect life may be shortened in the, to them, tempest that is created. Nor is the cause of all this destroyed ; it is only hidden, not lost, and may, in its new position, produce new effects.

But let us take a plainer, because more practical, analogy. The soil of a field is ploughed up, and to the surprise of the farmer, unknown flowers spring there, that were never, as he thinks, planted there ; or a garden is dug up, and weeds of some strange species appear there. Now we know that they were not of spontaneous growth. There must have been a cycle of time and of circumstances, perhaps a wide one, under which they originally sunk too deeply into the ground for growth, and under which they again made their unexpected appearance. But was either their disappearance or their re-appearance, indifferent ? Then how account for their preservation ? “ The times and seasons are not in our own power.” Their disappearance might have been a judgment or a mercy : their re-appearance the same, if not to us, at least to other creatures in the scale of being ; and thus this analogy is doubly illustrative of our argument, because it shows the operation of the principle, and touches us in its application.

Let us strengthen our position by another analogy on a larger scale. Fathoms deep, in an immeasurable waste of barren ocean, exist myriads upon myriads of infinitesimal beings, endowed with life, instinct, energy, and motion : they construct habitations— they erect palaces higher than our loftiest— they appear upon the surface of the water—*they build a world* ; and, in the cycle of ages, it becomes the home of a portion of the human race, and the theatre of love, hatred, industry, genius—all the smiling arts of peace, or all the bloody miseries of war : but it would require

the vision of an angel to connect the last catastrophe of that world with the first faint insect-movement, that thousands of years before, had put in motion the centre of this mighty system. How then can we talk of the triviality or indifference of actions?

There is no possibility of any fact being indifferent. The tread of my foot may be the destruction of a world,—it is nothing to the argument that that world be an insect one. The glance of my eye may smite a moral blight, or call up a whole circle of rejoicing emotions. The first crack of a patch of plaster on a wall, may terminate in employment, giving bread to numerous families; or, if that simple fact be let grow, may terminate in the death of a father and supporter, of a lover or an infant, and generate again its own cycle of calamities.

The Greeks, that acute and metaphysical people, early discovered the existence of this vast chain of moral and material events. Their great historical tragedies were composed under the form of Trilogies. The slight fact took in them its starting point, and grew until it swelled into its fearful catastrophe. Nor did it end there: from that catastrophe another seed generated and grew; and the eventual development of the first fact assumed a character of *ternary* succession, from which the term *Trilogy* is derived.

The Germans have also followed this arrangement in their dramatic literature, but their explication is derived from mere human sources, and not from historic agency, or the fortunes of heroes: so that they cannot be supposed to have viewed this arrangement in the light of an artistic device, but to have adopted it as the actual operation of a universal truth.

The French have applied the principle to politics, and have introduced a new phrase, not merely into their language, but our own—*Un fait accompli*—not to express, solely, the conclusion of a cycle of facts, but also the starting point of another generation, sweeping onward to the completion of a grander crisis.

But the most extraordinary confirmation of the truth of the theory is the revelation of the doctrine in the sacred writings. We are told that Deity “visits the sins of the fathers on the children to the *third* and fourth generation.” This, then, which cannot be regarded as an individual punishment for offences, must be regarded as the declaration of a regulating law, and is quite sufficient for human guidance, although the reasons and mode of working out of that law must still remain a mystery.

Before I proceed with the story which, at greater length and more explanatory detail, will place these principles in a fuller light, I shall lay before the reader some minor anecdotes in point, which will serve to strengthen my argument and illustrate my meaning; and as in a case of this kind instruction solely is intended, and the placing valuable truths, for the speculation or the reception of those who may be interested in them, before the public mind, I shall premise that there is no dressing-up in them of imaginary or even partial facts to make good a supposititious case. There is no deception: they are genuine cases—occurring at different times, and in different places, to the knowledge of the writer of this paper: and appearing to him not only as strange in themselves, but as having ulterior purposes; they have impressed themselves strongly on his mind, and have gradually worked themselves in his judgment into the form of examples to strengthen a great philosophical proposition.

The first case is that of a man who had been living for many years in a state of great and deadly sin, and whose heart, by success, and absence of discovery, had become totally seared, both to a sense of his crime and its consequences. At two separate and shortly distant times, two individuals, who had paid the penalty of poverty and disgrace for a similar offence, and who had no connexion whatever with each other, were presented before this person in all their wretchedness of misery, like spectres in the revolution of the cycle of facts. Why were they thus attracted from different places, and under different circumstances, so as thus to pass, ghost-like, before the earthly vision of this person?—doubtless, not accidentally in the great scale of causes and events; but the first and second appeared and vanished, unnoted as they came, and there was no impression on his mental eye. In about the same period of time, between the appearance of the first and second individuals, this person by the discovery of a new and final offence, finished the *accomplished fact*, both of his own previous course, and of their premonitory appearance, and fell into a similar position of debasement and misery. Who will be hardy enough here to talk of accident, and want of connection? It is evident those two fellow-offenders were thus purposely moved round in their orbit of action to fulfil a design, and give a warning that, though then unnoted, was subsequently, by that individual, and by others, so interpreted.

My second instance is that of a gentleman who had grievously

violated the confidence of his friend in his dearest domestic relations. This friend had the happiness to die before a discovery was made, which would have served to have brought him broken-hearted to the grave, being one of the most sensitive and amiable of human beings. He happened to be buried in the vaults of a church in a distant part of ———, which have the strange power of naturally mummyizing the bodies placed there, so that after a few months the coffins might be opened for the inspection of friends who may again wish to see them. The individual who had thus so deeply injured him was travelling in company with a legal friend in the neighbourhood ; and, mind you, was ignorant of the place of his victim's burial. These two, actuated by curiosity, paid a visit to those remarkable vaults. The very first vault they entered contained a single coffin—it was *his* !

“ There lies Mr. S—— ! ” said the sexton.

This was the second part of the *accomplished fact*. In six months afterwards this gentleman was discovered in a fresh intrigue with a member of a family, for whom his friend and travelling companion acted as solicitor, and this very man was employed to sue him for damages, and ruin him ! Were these facts in themselves trivial, or rather did they not regularly harmonise and revolve upon themselves ;—commencing, connecting, and concluding ? Was it not as if the spirit of the injured man had given into the hands of his stranger visitant his case, to prosecute and procure vengeance for his wrongs ?

James N—— was a member of the bar, of agreeable manners, fine talents, and generally accomplished. He was also a man of good family, and possessed of good fortune. All these advantages were thrown away. He aimed at companionship with the highest society, where he was only tolerated for his convivial qualities. He gambled—he lost all principle—he was ruined. The razor was snatched from his throat by a friend who discovered his intended suicide in time—he was privately smuggled out of the country, and went to Constantinople. He became a favourite in high quarters there—was offered promotion in that State, if he renounced Christianity. He *did*—he became an Apostate, and was rewarded. Years rolled on, and thoughts of the past and yearnings for the future returned upon him ; he privately made an engagement with the master of a trading vessel, at Constantinople, to return to his own country. His abandoned faith had embittered his happiness, and he purposed to return to it again. His

secret was betrayed. He received the fatal message, for which, in that country, there is but one interpretation; and passing along one of the corridors of the seraglio, he was met by the two mutes, who threw him down and strangled him. The application of this *fait accompli* to my theory is equally plain, though not in its inferences so personal. We must therefore leave it to work its way upon the mind, in confirmation of our positions, especially as it is liable to more mysterious application than it is our present purpose to discuss.

It is with no intention of being tedious that we reiterate isolated and independent examples, but merely to establish a chain of argument, and to give others some data to guide them in the inquiry as one of great interest; and, therefore, we offer another case, still, as we think it necessary again to affirm, of our own knowledge.

A gentleman, a distiller by trade, had raised himself from being a poor, shoeless boy, to great opulence and importance in his county. Having arrived at the pinnacle of his position, he seemed quite intoxicated with success, and lost altogether the sense of his own true position in society. I believe there is no more dangerous nor abandoned state of mind. He lived in high society, who were necessarily, by county interests and county business, brought into communication with him; but his natural vulgarity, instead of being checked and controlled into meanness, as having yet his fortune to make, now exhibited itself in full-blown, dictatorial, low-linguaged insolence. He was given to drinking, but, though a distiller, no spirit ever passed his lips: he used to drink wine by tumblers-full. This fact is necessary to be stated. Ostentatious in his connexions with the great, and his expenditure to entertain them, he was a man fond of money, and not inclined to show leniency to the poor or those under him. Having thus portrayed his circumstances and his character, I proceed, briefly, to state his warnings and his fate, and describe the wheel of circumstances that, as I contend, bore him upon its periphery to his final fate.

One Sunday, he made his appearance in his seat at church in the inflated pride of wealth, and surrounded by his happy, handsome family; after church he received a letter announcing to him the failure of a merchant who was indebted to him five hundred pounds. This was nothing to him as a loss in a pecuniary way, but it served to irritate and inflame his passion, and drove him still oftener to the wine-bottle for the ensuing week. The second

Sunday saw him again in his place, he rode there and from it in his carriage; he had again his retinue of family and servants about him: on this Sunday he was called out of church to inform him that the extensive cattle sheds on his country estate, a few miles out of the town, were on fire; these were all consumed, together with forty head of cattle. This loss was severe, it amounted to more than a thousand pounds, but still it could neither affect his credit or his comfort: this was not the purpose of the cycle of visitation. It happened however, unfortunately, that in his avarice he was seized with the dreadful idea of making *that* a case of incendiarism, (in order to recover from the county,) which was plainly and publicly known to be mere accident, and took an oath, as necessary to that effect. The third Sunday he was dead—and died in so remarkable a manner as to make a great impression in his neighbourhood. His free living had considerably injured his general habit of body. On some slight illness he had retired to his room, and there received a remarkable and unusual wound, which ended his existence quickly by superadding mortification. Here also is an example of the trilogistic revolutions of circumstances, although its orbit is smaller and the time of motion quicker, but doubtless its *accomplished fact* having fulfilled its own mission, served, and indeed, did eventually serve, to set a new cycle in motion with respect to the fate and fortunes of his surviving family.

I shall add another example, and I do it gladly from the public journals of the day; First, to preserve a strange instance of the theory I have propounded; and Secondly, because it has been already noticed in several papers and attracted public attention, so that there will be double effect in my application of what has already interested them, though but as a passing incident of human existence.

A young man, in service, of good abilities and good character, is sent by his mistress, residing in the country, to a jeweller's in a neighbouring town, to bring her a diamond ring. He procures it and returns, and in crossing a wooden bridge, he drops the ring among some brushwood on the brink of the river. He searches and cannot find it: stupified with astonishment and affright, he dreads to meet his mistress lest he should be suspected of a theft. He flies, visits India, brings his abilities and integrity into play, makes a fortune, and after the lapse of many years, returns to England; his first honest and kind-hearted intention being to visit his former mistress, bringing her a ring equal in value to the one he had so strangely

lost. He reaches the neighbouring village, and takes his way by the very same fatal spot. A stranger meets him, who, attracted by his manner, asks him does anything affect him; he then details the history of the ring, its loss, his flight, his wanderings, his success in life, his return, and his present purpose. "Perhaps," said the stranger, "the ring may be there still," and putting down his stick into the hollow of an old tree that impeded the stream, he draws out the ring that had been lost. His honesty was guaranteed, and he had been raised in the world; and now, having fulfilled his own mission, and perhaps given new impulses of thought, feeling, and action to others, he had returned to reap the fruit of his labours, and to find himself independent and happy. On reading this narration, of the truth of which there can be no reasonable doubt, one is immediately reminded of Parnell's tale of "the Hermit," and tempted to think, almost, that the stranger who met him must have been an angel in disguise; but passing this as impertinent to our theory, the whole statement serves strongly to maintain and confirm it, and we doubt not it will so appear to the unprejudiced inquirer.

A gentleman of my acquaintance, when a very young lad, paid a visit late one evening, to a house immediately adjoining a Cathedral, the whereabouts of which it is unnecessary to mention. The house was the official residence of the sacristan, who was a shoe-maker by trade; the lad went to get a pair of shoes. While he was waiting, there was word brought to the sacristan that there were robbers in the vaults. He got torches and pistols, and accompanied by his two sons, strong and brave young men, went to the vaults in the performance of his duty. The lad earnestly requested to accompany them; the younger son took charge of him. When they entered the vaults, they proceeded at once to one which was termed "the Royal," where a great many persons of rank were buried, as it was supposed the robbers would seek that vault for the purpose of stealing the lead. On entering this vault, a sad and disgusting spectacle presented itself: the robbers had indeed been there: the rich velvet palls had been carried off, the leaden coffins had been sawn asunder, and the bodies, in various stages of decomposition, were lying on the ground. In one corner of the vault had lain for years, a remarkable lead coffin: it was not exactly what we call a coffin, but it appeared as if sheet-lead had been rolled round the body, still preserving the shape of the poor human frame that mouldered within it. The report ran, for there

was no record of its burial, that it contained the body of some person of consequence who had died in France, that it had been sunk in the sea, attached by ropes, and thus brought over; but who he was, or why buried there, nobody could tell. The lad, in surveying the body thus so strangely buried, and so strangely exhumed, kicked something with his foot; he picked it up, and found that it was a small leaden case with a lid, and the sacristan sagely supposed that it had contained the gentleman's heart, (I have omitted to mention that the body was embalmed): this, with a few strange-looking French artificial flowers that had decked the corpse, was all that they discovered. The robbers had made good their retreat.

Years rolled on, and the boy had become a man; the memory of his night's adventure, when a youth, was almost forgotten: he had been at a great school, he had graduated at Oxford, he had been called to the bar, and in the heart of this great city he was toiling honourably, but hardly, for advancement. At this time, in the circle of his acquaintance, he continually heard a great deal of the beauty and accomplishments of a young French girl, Mademoiselle Melanie de R——, she was an orphan, and had come over with the children of a respectable English family, more in the light of a companion than governess. She herself had English blood in her veins, but she was ignorant of her connexions, if any existed. She had been told by her mother that she ought to be in possession of some inheritance, but her information on that point was scanty, and though hope and imagination gave many pleasing pictures to her young and innocent mind, it was more than probable that they were untrue as indistinct. However, she was a very charming girl, her friends could not think of parting with her, and they were sure, that, at any time when absolutely necessary for her settlement in life, she could obtain an advantageous establishment. It happened that our young advocate was introduced to Mademoiselle Melanie, and, ardent and impassioned in all his thoughts and feelings, he no sooner saw her than he loved her, and not to tire my readers in a philosophical paper with a tedious description of courtship, for a true tale, he married her. He had a small independence; he had a good profession; and with love, health, and talent, he could see no cloud gathering athwart his career of honourable ambition.

Such are generally the feelings of youth; but however pleasing to run into debt to Hope, it only adds to the fell power of Despair when he forecloses the mortgage. My friend had miscalculated;

the law is a long and laborious profession; the prizes depend little upon chance. An increasing family and some private losses had made his position very gloomy, and his prospects not such as those an affectionate husband and father would desire for those near and dear to him; but Melanie still kept up his heart and his spirits, used often jocularly to say that her grand connexions would one day or another turn up, and that she would yet be a fortune to him. Her husband used to smile at this, and tell her that that was unnecessary, for she already was one.

After another interval of years, my friend was once more in his natal city on family business, and at the house of his brother, who was curate of one of its lowest and most poverty-stricken parishes. It was in the time of the cholera, when all persons were bowed with the fear of momentary dissolution, and when even the clergy themselves shrank, in many instances, from the consequences which might accrue to their families from the performance of their duty. My friend's brother was a man of high principle, and putting his life in better keeping than his own care, was always foremost in every necessary work upon that occasion. The two brothers, after a long evening's chat over the different circumstances of the day and time, had retired to rest, and were already asleep, when they were aroused by a loud knocking at the door. On looking out, they saw three men of the lowest and most sinister description, with stout bludgeons in their hands, and attended by a savage-looking dog. "What did they want?" "They had come to request his reverence to attend a poor dying man." He objected at that unseasonable hour, and under such suspicious circumstances. They swore to him that not a hair of his head should come to harm, and conjured him not to abandon a dying soul in his last hour. Thus appealed to, the curate no longer hesitated, but said, "You must permit me to take my brother." The three men hearing this, retired some distance for a conference; at length the spokesman said, "We trust your reverence, let him come."

Through lane within lane, and court within court, the men conducted them with the most ceremonious respect; they were evidently in the lowest and vilest haunts of the city; but their passage was unmolested, and they felt completely secure. "Here is the place, your reverence," said the leader, striding over a putrefying kennel, and diving into a dark cellar. The brother stopped, "I swear," said the robber, "by —, that there shall no harm happen to a

hair of your heads ; I have brought you safe, and safe I will bring you back. I told my dying comrade I would fetch you ; you would not desert a dying soul." Thus adjured, they entered.

The cellar was damp and dark. There was no mistaking now the nature of the lawless calling of the men. At one end sat three thieves playing cards on the upper head of an empty beer cask, a miserable tallow candle set in the bung-hole ; while the atmosphere was so dense, that the smoke would hardly rise ; a gin bottle and broken cup stood between them. Although their companions had entered, they continued their game.

"Get up, Jim, and light a candle for the gentlemen," said the spokesman leader of the curate and his brother. It was lit. In the far corner, on the bare flags, on a puddle of wet straw, lay the form of a man in the last stage of the cholera. No medical aid had been sent for ; he wished to die ; he wished to be rid of the life he had been leading. He had been a respectable tradesman's son, and had been seduced by women, drink, and bad company. He had turned in one day to church, for want of something to do, and had heard the gentleman preach, and it had reminded him of old times, when he used to accompany his father to church, so he could not die easy until he had seen him. This was the dying robber's unhappy tale. The curate prayed, and endeavoured to administer to him spiritual consolation. Finding the man sunk into a state of collapse, he went over to the men to propose that they should go for the parish doctor : the brother still remained beside the dying man. He rallied again, and mistaking one brother for the other, he said,

"Hush ! hush ! come nearer. I have been a great sinner ; I robbed a church, I robbed the dead ; but here, here, here,—" and fumbling in the damp straw, he drew forth a roll of crumpled parchment, handed it to the astonished lawyer, and fell backward from exhaustion.

"This, then, was one of the robbers in the Cathedral that night," said the lawyer to his brother, as they returned home, guarded as before.

What an end for crime ! What a warning to youth ! But what were the feelings of the lawyer on arriving at home, when, opening the parchments, he discovered that they were the title-deeds of an estate, and that the name was the same as that of his own wife, Melanie de R——.

It was not my intention to write this paper merely to amuse, or

to afford a subtle disquisition to exercise the mind, unless I could suggest useful maxims for the regulation of the conduct of my readers with reference to facts, in order to prevent any of them (which will be reward enough to me for my trouble) from being overwhelmed, either in themselves or families, in such vortices of calamity as I have exhibited in all times and among all classes, to have embraced what is commonly termed a series of *indifferent* actions. We have seen that no word is indifferent: *à fortiori*, no fact can be: and could we trace the most important events of our lives to their first germs, it would surprise us to discover the murder, in the first cruel killing of the fly; the robbery in the first stealthily appropriated piece of sugar, of the infant man. The poet utters the oracle of a deep philosophy, when he says—

“The child is father of the man.”

The intervals of time, however long, destroy nothing of the consecutiveness of events, or of ideas and feelings, which are as true events as acted ones. The office of time is but to ripen them for good or evil; and as the octogenarian cannot remember every pulsation of existence from the first perceptions, although he is conscious of his identity, and feels now, though his life has been agitated by many incidents and events, that his existence is rounding into a sleep, to awaken again with new modifications of being; so though intervals of motives to action may exist, or may remain unnoticed and forgotten, we know they may be dormant, but not dead, and will return in regular and perpetual cycles of fresh causes and effects. In this view of the case there is many an action of the youngest child, that receives the toleration and provokes the laughter of the delighted parent, though the judgment at the same time informed him or her that the action in question was neither indifferent nor light: the pleasure consisting but in the witnessing the precocity of infant-mimicry of mature wrong. But does philosophy teach this strictness with children? The answer is, there is no *strictness* in the matter; but if there were, the answer again is, experience proves the necessity of abstinence from such folly—restriction is better than destruction. In this view of the case there is many an *indifferent* action of our own, that, if we would beforehand trace out its probable course and cycle of consequences, we most assuredly would abstain from; therefore, as we cannot altogether do this, let us be cautious and

guarded in the actions themselves. How many a reader knows numbers of his acquaintances, who have surrounded themselves with calamities, unimagined till felt, the range and power of which they cannot fathom, merely from light circumstances of apparently the most indifferent imprudence. These are not selfish nor misanthropic views. We may be cautious, without being cold—we may be prudent, without being apathetic—but I do not wish my moralities to be tedious, and conclude with this apothegm:—

A miner raised a stone from the bottom of a mine; it had some shining parts: these *he* threw away, and kept the rest, though only to make a pot or a kettle: a *child* found the remainder, and charmed by its glittering, he took it home and put it under a glass-case in his little cabinet.

OUTIS.

THE WISDOM OF "ANOTHER PLACE."

Most persons remember the place which it was once thought not proper to name to ears polite. There are now two places in each of which the same etiquette is kept up with regard to the other. This reserve must proceed from one of two motives: first, the individuals who find themselves in one of these limbos may not think those congregated in the other worth mentioning; or, secondly, they may hold them in a veneration too profound to admit of the habitual naming of their *habitat*. On this momentous point it would be presumptuous in me to decide; we have little sympathy with the frequenters of either place, though, as in duty bound, we think each wiser than the other, and infinitely more superior to the profane "out of doors."

At the present moment, however, having just concluded the laborious operation of selecting from thirty millions the wisest and best men we could find to fill the benches of a neighbouring locality, we have scarcely a moment left to bestow "on another place." Still it may be an object of legitimate curiosity to conjecture what it is likely to undertake and accomplish next year, influenced as it must be, by the character and opinions of men, haranguing or deliberating elsewhere. It is a fact not sufficiently considered by the public, that "another place" has no idiosyn-

crasy of its own, but displays a sort of second-hand character impressed upon it by an external agency. Its hereditary dispositions are modified by every accident; it sympathises with all the changes effected in a neighbouring assembly, and reflects, though feebly and imperfectly, its successive forms and colours. It is the passive organ of legislation. All the activity it seems to possess comes to it from without, so that to ascertain what it will think or do under any given circumstances, we have only to acquaint ourselves with the ideas and determinations of its better half.

And what qualities is this better half likely to exhibit next session? Will it be fiery, and impetuous, and eager to go a-head, or tamely inclined to repose on the political back-water, and be floated into the rear of the age? In sundry parts of the empire, obscure intimations have been thrown out that we are fast approaching the precincts of a new Golden Age, in which all political differences will disappear, and every man be seen sitting down contentedly under the shadow of his neighbours' opinions. Party is to lay aside its weapons; men of strong feelings and high principles are to coalesce amicably with people who have no feelings or principles at all, and the world is to be infinitely the better for it. In this universal regeneration "another place" will of course participate; and if we glance at its normal conditions, we shall probably be disposed to acknowledge that there is considerable room for improvement. To be thoroughly convinced of this, we have but to look back a little, to examine its sayings and doings during the preceding session; to calculate the efforts it made to achieve nothing, and the perplexities and embarrassments it was under to discover some method of killing time.

Occasionally during the dawn of the present year, we used, by way of variety, to drop into "another place" to observe the shows and appearances with which our ancestors would seem to have been much delighted. And what was it that we saw? Very much that puzzled our powers of conjecture. Less fortunate than Dante, we found no good-natured manufacturer of verse or prose to guide us through the intricacies of that doleful region. On the floor of a dimly-lighted apartment we beheld sundry figures, mostly stationary, and heard from time to time the chirping as of grasshoppers, which, in our benevolence, we were fain to accept for human speech. But the topics, it may be asked, what were they? Did they smack of the vitality of this age of steam and noise, or were they thin and airy like the speakers, and in the

cracked moulds of antiquity, and redolent of the political charnel house? We repress all inclination to pursue such profane inquiries, and desire to have it believed that we profit greatly by the sage discourses we there and then heard—all the speakers being titled, and titles invariably conferring upon men the power to delight and instruct others. Still we have been upon the whole disappointed in “another place.” The grim and bony shadows of legislators who there congregate, not so much to transact public business as to illustrate the position that while all the rest of the world is actively engaged they have nothing to do, and seldom get properly thawed until June. Like the bears, they are hibernating animals, who should not be disturbed till the sun rides with Taurus; they may then come forward with some chance of continuing awake five hours in the twenty-four, partly for their own amusement, and partly for the benefit of the nation.

But when these ancient gentlemen are roused by a sort of legislative galvanism into activity, what is it that they perform? To what generous sentiments do they give utterance? What proofs do they offer that the interests of this mighty empire are intelligible to them; that they are familiar with the character of our industry, that they have duly estimated the value of our colonial establishments, that they have familiarised themselves with our genius, moral and intellectual? Have they qualified themselves to pour the poison of tropes and figures into our ears, and to allure us from the consideration of our rights by the blandishments and witcheries of language, by gorgeous imagery and piles of rich and dazzling thoughts thrown up over the every-day world till they pierce the empyrean? Do we, while listening to their words, imagine that they speak the style of gods, and forget our wrongs and sufferings in the deep and powerful fascination of their aristocratic rhetoric!

Alas, nothing of all this! But the inmates of “another place” are perhaps humble, inquisitive Christians, who examine the relations of pounds, shillings, and pence, and watch over the vulgar interests of the nation? In some sense they are often sufficiently humble. We find them, for example, entering minutely into the history of a soup-kitchen, advancing certain propositions, relating certain circumstances presumed to be facts, and scattering certain accusations believed to be well founded. This constitutes the work of one day; and having conscientiously accomplished it, the wise men adjourn to indulge in hock and champagne, and gamble,

intrigue, or sleep, till the morrow. They then repair again to "another place," and having no particular business prepared for them, nothing to legislate upon in the actual state of the country, nothing connected with our numerous distant dependencies, or with the complicated relations subsisting between us and foreign states, they return to the all-engrossing topic of the soup-kitchen, confess that they had been inadvertently betrayed into certain errors and mis-statements, that the evidence laid before them had been incomplete, and that consequently they desire to make a sort of retraction. The faculty of saying and unsaying being among their privileges, they retract accordingly ; and thus the second afternoon is profitably consumed. The third dreary day dawns and witnesses in "another place" the same dearth of legislative employment. They search their journals, they look wistfully at each other, they glance imploringly at the door leading from the national place of business, in the hope that some stray bill, some topic prolific of discussion or contradiction, some hint upon which a hungry orator might fasten, may present itself. But the people in the antipodes of "another place" are inexorable, and without paying the least attention to the windy suspirations of the primitive gods of the earth, proceed strenuously with their own work, feeding the pauper in one place, and condemning him to starvation in another, according to the influence of the stars. Shocked by this development of the monopolising spirit, the men of titles and distinctions, the hereditary oracles of the world, revert a third time to their soup-kitchen, and turn it over and over, and round and round, to discover whether or not anything more can be got out of it. In this way, and by the help of certain complimentary phrases, they add the fatal sisters in spinning out one hour and a half more of their lives, when, conceiving that they have achieved wonders for the happiness of the country, they adjourn again. Dukedoms and marquisates impart no skill in statesmanship. Even the Countess of Salisbury's garter, though bound round the forehead, would scarcely act like political inspiration ; and so the melancholy grandees drop a fourth time down in their glittering equipages to "another place" without precisely knowing wherefore they do so, and how they are to find employment when they get there. The soup-kitchen is stale, but it must serve once more. The great props of the State, with "Atlantéan should-*as* fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies," sit in conclave on the

kettle and the skimming-dish ; sport their syllogisms and their enthymemes ; remember their Eton and their Harrow days ; and strive to plump out their unleavened discourses with threadbare verses from the Greek and Latin poets. Whether they quote right or wrong, it matters not. Their memories have become like the tub of the Danaides, through which all scholarship would leak as fast as it might be poured in. So that though their practised ears may detect a false quantity, they would not be in the least shocked at hearing a passage from the Eumenides attributed to Homer. If the days of theological discussion were not over, they might invite an Episcopalian orator to entertain them with a political diatribe on the five points, not of the People's Charter, but of the controversy between the Calvinists and the Arminians. Unfortunately, these helps to legislation are worn out. Like the divinities of Paganism, therefore, these Patricians of the nineteenth century are condemned to feed their airy intellects a fourth time on the steams of the soup-kitchen, which, rolling round the oligarchical Olympus, ascend thin and vapoury to their nostrils, suggesting no idea of sacrificial pomp, but redolent rather of hungry paupers and Irishmen, defrauded of their Sunday's dinner.

Will no one, therefore, have pity upon "another place," and supply it with some small pittance of occupation ? We have constitutional philosophers who descant habitually on the marvellous benefits we derive from these two branches of the legislature which sit on the banks of the Thames and enliven our winters by their witty exhibitions, but can discover no equity in the way in which the constitution has thought fit to tax their legislative powers, all the labour being heaped on one, and all the leisure on the other. The hereditary House is a real Castle of Indolence, where gartered knights and mitred prelates nod at each other, and snore in couples. And yet it is considered highly objectionable to talk of reforming "another place." There is such a thing, we are told, as a political atmosphere, by inhaling which a man becomes wise mechanically. He does not need to study, to consume the midnight oil, or commune with the thoughts that wander through darkness, and visit the sleepless in the deepest silence of nature. He who breathes the political atmosphere knows things by instinct. His greatness and his success in life depend on the topography of his birth-place—on the moral gases in which his infant intellect is steeped—on the number of bipeds and quadrupeds at his command—on the dimensions of the masses

of brick and mortar by which he is defended from the elements. Be his spiritual organisation coarse or fine, he has only to have his cradle rocked in the atmosphere of politics to grow up into a lawgiver.

On the lower levels of society, individuals are born and nurtured for inferior occupations—for the study of philosophy, of literature, or the sciences. In these humble branches of knowledge and petty pursuits, low people may make some figure, because in them much depends on genius and strenuous application. Even the vulgar, without any aid from garters or coronets, may heap up about themselves the glittering riches of language, and ascend over the heights of their own speculations into the very heaven of invention. They may range through the whole universe of thought—they may even tread within the sacred precincts of politics, and be masters of the art of ruling millions by the simple exercise of the will and the tongue. But they are not on that account a jot the less vulgar, if they inhabit democratic localities, breathe plebeian air in the suburbs, and are known by ignoble appellations. The power to rule comes by nature, whereas learning and philosophy are the gifts of fortune. There is consequently no merit in possessing them, otherwise we should see a change in the economy of this world's affairs. The true philosopher is your member of "another place," who, in the innate dignity of his position, walks into power and emolument; becomes a minister and an ambassador, or obtains the vicarious sway of an empire. He stands in no need of ordinary acquisitions. His wisdom is in his blood. He derives his authority from his ancestors, or rather, perhaps, if we look more narrowly into the matter, from the political superstition of the people, who have always been addicted to worship idols, without inquiring into their merits. On this feeling rest the foundations of "another place," which will never want moat or battlement to protect it from popular influence while the public mind is governed by the ideas now prevalent. In good time, reform perhaps may come, when its great apostles shall have perished in garrets, having wasted their best energies in struggling bravely to achieve the recognition of just and beneficent principles of government. But no matter; the patriot is not a patriot if he struggle for himself, and must be content to be a martyr if he desire to enjoy a martyr's reward, namely, to live in the recollection of his race, and become a name beloved and cherished by posterity.

Meanwhile the titled and jewelled entity, which from year to year sits in slumbering state in "another place," may perhaps be rudely awakened next winter by its new companion. We dislike the trade of a seer, and have no aptitude for it; but looking at the rough and obstreperous gentlemen whom the sagacity of the country has selected to represent them in the antechamber to "another place," we are led to entertain certain expectations which we may as well perhaps keep to ourselves. In other parts of the domain of nature, the fleeting is modified by the permanent; but in the institutions of this country it is not so. Here that which is permanent receives its impress and bias from that which owes its birth to accident, and which comes and goes like the shadows of the clouds. Is this right? We presume so, otherwise it would be altered, for we are a wise people, slow to deliberate, and quick to act.

One circumstance included within the limits of this subject, which has seldom, if ever, been pointed out, may just now, perhaps, be thought to merit particular attention. It is this. That while one branch of our legislature is supposed to grow antiquated in the course of a few years, and therefore to need periodical renewals, the other is looked upon as all the better for its antiquity, and for being completely out of harmony with the age. Great political philosophers will doubtless be able to assign a reason for this, which, to them, will appear satisfactory, though not, we fear, to us. What they may feel inclined to say we shall leave them in their wisdom to explain, and state our own vulgar views of what is likely to happen from that sublime arrangement which they so profoundly admire. Each successive House of Commons, that is elected by the people, will possess less and less analogy to the hereditary House: less conformity of thought; less community of feeling; less forbearance and toleration for antediluvian usages and sentiments. The old poetical fable, which presents a living body allied to a corpse, will be realised before our eyes. We shall behold the fantastic drollery of active and powerful realities overridden by shadows, until the time comes for a further development of our constitution, by the reconstruction of "another place."

Towards this consummation we are rapidly tending. Until recently the popular element in the body politic seemed to be paralysed, as it exercised no influence, and was made no account of. Now, however, through a series of fortunate accidents, or

rather, perhaps, through the operation of certain irresistible principles, it is acquiring something like an ascendancy, and when communities enter upon this part of their career, it is seldom found easy to stop them. Every day strengthens the cause of progress. Legislators and ministers, the leaders of parties, and the leaders of the press, agree in proclaiming this truth. The world, therefore, may yet hope to witness something like real wisdom in "another place," not indeed indigenous and of spontaneous growth, but transferred thither from without, in ways most novel and anomalous. Already the grim passages of reform display themselves in the political horizon, though the habitual and professional soothsayers of the nation declare they can discover no such things, but, on the contrary, seem fully persuaded that, for centuries to come, everything will proceed in the regular track. However, as the future belongs to everybody, we are free to fashion it as we please, and our pleasure is to think that it will not in all things resemble the past.

THE PAUPER FUNERAL.

AMONG the country poor there is no object which appeals so touchingly to our commiseration as the aged widow. She is often alone in the world, a solitary and silent sufferer, where the eye of compassion seldom reaches her, retreat, and the hand of charity doles out but a parsimonious bounty. • The groans of her misery pass unheard or unheeded, and she lingers out the painful remnant of a wretched life under the tyranny of parish legislation, while struggling beneath the crushing burthen of age, helplessness, and want. To her the world is a dungeon, surmounted by gorgeous pinnacles and towers, the glories of which she is unable to reach; but while she sees their splendours afar off, all within her sphere of action is gloom and desolation. Surrounded by an atmosphere of blighting poverty, her ear assailed by the hum of busy life—busy in crime, and teeming with the seeds of death—she looks in vain for sympathy from those whose bosoms are estranged by misery, and but too commonly hardened in sin. To her there appears neither ebb nor flow in the turbid stream of

Time. It seems stagnant, and dark with woe. No ray of joyous light falls on it, but the bitters of misery are infused with poisonous prevalence, until the noxious draught mingles fatally with the springs of existence, and stops the languid current from that mysterious fountain. Friendless and forlorn, she lives unpitied, and dies unregretted. If she has children, they are at too great a distance to perform their filial duties round the bed of an aged mother. They are too scantily supplied, from the paradise of enjoyment, to cast any flowers upon the barren path of her pilgrimage. The wheels of Time move sullenly along, clogged with the accumulating weight of their own cares, and these too frequently render them insensible to the severer sufferings of those who claim their sympathy. They behold not the writhings of a decrepit and deserted parent; they hear not her sighs; they witness not her lamentations. She is desolate and alone. She basks in the sunshine, but it warms her not: it does but mock her misery. The frost of winter is within the well, and the waters of life are congealing at the spring. The tempest roars over her dwelling of mud and straw, as if to drown the sighs she is perpetually heaving at the dismal uniformity of her lot.

During a residence of two years in the country, I was an eye-witness to much of the wretchedness endured by this bereaved class of our fellow-creatures, and of a poor widow, more especially, whose character interested me much, from the unrepining patience with which she submitted to a lot of protracted and unrelieved privation. I will endeavour to trace a few of the very sombre shadows of her most disastrous course, pursuing the sorrowful detail of her last moments, and what immediately followed. I was in the habit of visiting her two or three times a week, during the term of my residence in her neighbourhood; and, though my means were on too narrow a scale to admit of my doing much, I did not, therefore, withhold the little I could spare from a store so straitened as scarcely to suffice for my own most frugal wants.

The object of my so limited bounty was in her eightieth year, so curved by age and infirmity as to be almost dwarfed, and so feeble as to be all but helpless. Her breath came from her in short gasps, as if her lungs had no longer room to play, and her articulation was consequently so obstructed, that to a stranger she was scarcely intelligible. Her eye was dim and glazed, while the lid, flaccid and shrivelled, almost covered the dull orb, beneath which it peered through the narrow opening, with that lack-lustre

expression so peculiar to age, on which the hand of infirmity has laid its last burthen.

The hovel—for such it was—occupied by this bereaved woman had been originally erected for cattle. The walls were of mud, rising about five feet above the earth, surmounted by a narrow, thatched roof, double the height of the walls, and so “o’erpatched” by ill-practised hands, as, like the clothes of Otway’s lag, and no less of the poor old inmate, to speak “variety of wretchedness.” Within, the naked straw—for there was no ceiling—was covered with cobwebs, so heavy with dust as to be nearly detached from the thatch; and those strong incrustations engendered in damp localities, where foul and fetid exhalations continually form the most noxious deposits, which had, no doubt, in this den of suffering poverty, been the gradual accumulations of years. From them there was perpetually disengaged a pungent vapour, which considerably impeded the respiration, and imputed so nauseous a smell that it was a positive penalty to remain, even for a few minutes, beneath the roof of this miserable habitation. A small window, inserted when the shed was converted into what the proprietor, with the plausible discretion of a parochial landlord, termed a cottage, was nearly covered with paper, in order to supply the panes of glass which the rude winds, or the ruder imps of the neighbouring hamlet, had wantonly broken. This aperture, called a window, though it paid no tax to the State, was about two feet square, and had been originally glazed, from the fragments of a worn-out cucumber frame, purchased, in the post town, by the liberal owner of the widow’s tenement, at the time of its erection. There was scarcely space enough for the admission of fresh air—thus, the atmosphere within was at all times stagnant and unwholesome. The floor, originally paved with broken bricks, had sank into innumerable hollows, so as to render any footing, unaccustomed to innumerable inequalities, extremely insecure. In one corner of the miserable apartment was a straw pallet, placed upon the floor, and covered with a tattered rug. Across this was laid a long oaken staff, with which the aged creature used nightly to scare the rats, when they invaded her frequently sleepless pillow. These voracious creatures were the only companions of her nightly solitude, and she was obliged to suspend from one of the cross-beams that supported the roof, her small modicum of meal, in order to secure it from their nocturnal depredations.

For this hovel the wretched tenant paid ninepence a-week out of the half-crown allowed by the parish, leaving one shilling and ninepence for clothes and maintenance. She had no other resources ; and yet, so rooted was her aversion to the confinement of a workhouse, that she preferred struggling with the severest privations, contriving to live on this pittance, her chief food being meal and potatoes. Her beverage consisted almost entirely of the leaves of tea which had been twice infused—once by the mistress of one of the few families which had servants in the neighbourhood, and secondly by those servants, who, when they had obtained all they could from them, by repeated applications of boiling water, bestowed them upon the widow as an acknowledged luxury. These desiccated tea-leaves the grateful creature stewed, day after day, swallowing the diluted dingy infusion with an expressed satisfaction and relish that would have amazed a modern sybarite, and have forced a cry of wonder from the sternest of those ancient simpletons who gloried in privation as their summum bonum, and in physical evil as the consummation of human excellence. As I have already said, her daily food was meal and a few potatoes—when she could get them. Beyond what casual charity supplied—and this was extremely little—these were her only nutriment. And yet she daily blessed God for his mercies, with a feeling and fervour that has often melted my heart, while it probed my conscience. There was nothing counterfeit in her submission to the divine infliction—it was radical and sincere. Her trial was a safe one, yet she did not repine ; for under every pang of her bereavement she rose from it but the more assured that there was treasure laid up for her in another and a better world.

The term of her pilgrimage was now rapidly verging towards its close. The solemn warning of death had been already given, in her daily increasing weakness, which reduced her frame to a state of pitiable prostration.

One morning I entered her dismal dwelling, and found her stretched upon the hard, comfortless bed—on which she had scarcely, for years, passed a night of uninterrupted repose—apparently in the last stage of her wretched life. She had been attacked, the day previously, with cholera, and it had left her so feeble that she could with difficulty move her almost fleshless limbs. As soon, however, as I entered she managed to raise herself from the hard pallet on which she was lying, and having

welcomed my presence with her usual benediction of "God bless you," began to repeat one of Watts's hymns, with a pathos and fervour that surprised me. The tears trickled copiously down her grimed and channelled cheeks, as she poured out this humble effusion, and talked of God's mercy, in a languid whisper, but with visible earnestness, as if she had been one of the most distinguished of his creatures. "What a blessing," she observed, with the same oppressed utterance, "that the God of all mercy has turned my heart to himself; for I am happy, even in the midst of this worldly misery. It has been, however, no world of misery to me; for though my path is straitened, it is, nevertheless, the Christian's path—and that is a narrow one—to the paradise of saints. My body has suffered; but, having no sore upon my conscience, my mind has been generally at rest. I can die without repining, though I 'rejoice with trembling.'"

During this melancholy interview the parish doctor entered. This was his first visit since her terrible attack of the previous day. He was a rough, coarse man, with a dim, obtuse countenance, which indicated insensibility of heart so obviously, that you instinctively shrank from his approach. He seemed hale and hearty, though past the prime of life; but the clownish turn of his frame, and his vulgar freedom of address, at once showed that he was no longer mindful of the "rock whence he was hewed, or the hole of the pit whence he was digged." His intensely black, greasy hair, and sallow complexion; his dark, glaring eyes, peering from under a pair of galled lids, on which the lashes no longer consented to grow; his full, purple lips, scaled, cracked, and fenced with a double row of broad yellow teeth; his large, ungainly figure, arrayed in a suit of dingy black, added to his harsh, Hibernian accent, altogether fixed on the mind of the beholder, at the first glance, an impression of obdurate insensibility and callous indifference. There was a coarse, sinister grin upon his features as he entered, which showed how little he was affected by scenes of human suffering. Passing close by where I was seated—upon an inverted pail, there being no chair among the poor widow's household stuff—he took no notice whatever of my presence, but walking hurriedly up to the tattered bed upon which his miserable patient lay, said, in a quick, harsh tone—

"Well, mother, how are ye?" At the same time grasping her wrist, and counting her pulse by a large silver watch, that ticked almost as loud as a Dutch clock. The poor sufferer opened

her languid eyes, and after she had, with difficulty, cleared her throat of the phlegm through which her breath wheezed, with a difficulty painful to hear, replied, in a subdued, husky whisper,

"Badly, sir—very badly. I have no strength. I can but poorly breathe. My old limbs ache. There is not an inch of me that doesn't suffer."

"To be sure not," he answered. "How should there? Why, ye've been sick enough to kill a horse; and remember, old bodies can't expect to have the strength of young ones."

"No indeed, sir. I look not for that. I hope I ain't impatient. Man is born to trouble; and I have proved it. Yet, I don't repine. His will be done, who tempers the weather to the shorn lamb!"

"Aye, this is all very well. Old wives' fables, hey? But ye're better—a good deal better than I expected to find ye; for I thought to have found ye gone to yer long home. But ye'll do yet. Cheer up, old lady, and prepare for a beefsteak to-morrow. Meanwhile get some gruel, and take it for yer supper, with a table-spoonful of whiskey in it. There's nothing like yer warm whiskey for a weak stomach—hey." And, with a suppressed laugh, he tapped his exhausted patient on the shoulder with his riding-whip. "Don't forget the whiskey."

"Lord help me, sir!" exclaimed the poor woman, with an extraordinary effort, "how am I to get whiskey, or even gruel, with one-and-ninepence a-week to feed and clothe me?"

"Get it? Can't ye ask yer friend, there? People don't visit sick beds for nothing. 'Tis an expensive hobby, ain't it, ma'am? Ye'll get the patient what I recommend, hey?"

"I shall, sir," said I, "though I have not much faith in the prescription."

"What should you know about it?—a she-doctor, I suppose. Ye had better leave this, ma'am, to men." Then, turning to the dying widow, he said, sharply, "Come to me to-morrow morning, and I'll give ye some stuff to strengthen ye."

"Alas!" she replied, scarcely now able to articulate, "I cannot even crawl along my room, much more walk up to your honour's house."

"Ah, but ye must stir yerself, woman. Walking will do ye good. 'Twill make the sluggish blood bound."

"That's all past, now. I shall never walk again. My account is summed up."

"Tut, ye *must* walk, or, if ye can't, why crawl, for ye *must* come to me. I can't waste my precious time in running after old bodies who are unable to look after themselves. Yer in charge of the parish, and ye must get yer patrons to stump down a little more brass for better attendance. 'Till ye do, ye *must* come to me, or ye 'll get no physic. A doctor of medicine can't afford, on parish allowance, to run after every crone that has the cholic, and no money to cure it. I say ye *must* come to me, or ye 'll see no doctor—mind that. I have come once, and, as it is, shan't get a clear shilling for my visit. Time is money, and I must contrive to bring profit out of it in the shape of pounds, shillings, and pence. Take yer gruel, mind; and don't forget the whiskey—if ye can get it." Saying this, he turned upon his heel and quitted the cottage; but after a few moments returning to the door, bawled out—"Mind ye don't neglect to see me to-morrow at my house, and bring a bottle with ye for the physic, or, if ye han't a bottle, bring a bladder." Retreating once more from the scene of misery, I heard him "whistling as he went, for want of thought." It were charity to assume this, as a thoughtless man is ever better than an insensible one.

Alas! for the poor, when they are unfortunate enough to be committed to "the tender mercies" of the parish doctor! How often do they fall victims to the neglect of this mercenary functionary! I believe thousands in this so-called happy country die yearly of sheer neglect. God forbid I should place all parish apothecaries in the same category, but from my own knowledge I can have no hesitation in saying that there are some among them who are anything but an honour to the Christian name.

I lost no time in preparing the gruel, as soon as the man of drugs had given me the benefit of his absence, and pouring some brandy into it, which I thought preferable to whiskey, notwithstanding the *physician's* fiat, presented it to the unhappy sufferer, who was now groaning with agony. She could only take a few spoonfuls. I was induced to stay the longer in this homely dwelling, as the dying woman had no regular attendant. A neighbour came in occasionally to see how she went on, but having herself a large family to look after, she could not devote much of her time to the requirements of the aged widow. The invalid having rallied a little after taking the brandy, I quitted her to make one or two visits of a similar kind, which was my daily practice during my residence in this wretched neighbourhood. There were several

old women, in a condition scarcely less helpless, with no better allowance from the parish ; and it was with the greatest difficulty that they could supply the necessities of nature from their miserable pittance. Disease is so closely allied to extreme poverty, that death frequently cuts off the sufferer without the assuagement which is commonly found at this solemn hour of visitation, and thus many die, unpitied and unknown, but to a few of the bereaved community by whom they are surrounded, under the sad severities of their visitation.

Before the following morning the poor widow was a corpse. She presented a dreadful spectacle. Her features had been so disfigured by rats that she was scarcely recognisable. I repaired to the house of the doctor, the parish M.D., for he had purchased a diploma somewhere, and those letters followed his name on a large metal plate upon the door of his surgery.

"Well," he said, as I stood before his counter, while a dull smile dilated his large ulcered lips—"Well, how's the old woman?"

"Dead, sir!"

"Ah! I guessed as much; she hadn't a leg to stand on. Well, betwixt ye and myself, the parish won't grieve. These old folks are a serious incumbrance."

"The incumbrance, then, has been removed. The sufferer is now a saint in heaven."

"No; d'ye think so? D'ye imagine those old gossips find such snug quarters when they're stuffed into the churchyard? The parson tells us such things, but you know parsons are paid for preaching, and pretty stoutly are we taxed for the humbug, hey?"

"Perhaps, sir, you'll apprise the parish authorities of the death, and how attentive you, their stipendiary *physician*, were to the dying woman's wants."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Precisely what I say. A good morning and a better conscience to you." So saying, I left the "regular practitioner" to his reflections.

The breath was scarcely out of the poor widow's body when the parish authorities sent a coffin-maker to measure it for the grave. The man so commissioned was a Dissenter, and one of that order the most fiercely opposed to the Established Church. He was a Baptist, embracing likewise the extreme views of Calvin, and claiming to be *one of the elect*. His hair was cropped close to his

scalp, and, though he assumed a sober, sanctified air, he was nevertheless unable to look the piety he would fain express. Though hostile to the Church, he was encouraged by the guardians of the poor, because he made elm coffins for such paupers as were buried at the parish expense a fraction cheaper than honest men, who chose to eschew the meeting-house. I met him on his return from the scene of death.

"Ah! friend," he exclaimed demurely, "I've a been taking the dimensions of one who'll have a fiery account to settle in the next world. I fear that old woman han't died in grace. The king of hell has just got another subject for eternal burnings."

I was shocked to hear a man so belie his religious professions as to speak thus profanely of the dead, but as he was too ignorant a person to understand the sincerity of good intentions in any who disavowed the extreme creed which he himself embraced, I forbore to notice his observations, but passed on in silence.

On the following day the corpse was put into the rough, unsightly coffin, and screwed down. Upon the cover the initials of the widow's name were rudely traced in black paint, with her age, seventy-nine years, in figures that would have disgraced the junior form of a national school. The unfeeling manner in which this "child of grace," as he claimed to be, put the body into its homely receptacle, preparatory to its consignment to its kindred dust, disgusted me beyond measure. He turned it into the rough elm case as if it had been a lump of carrion. I expostulated. He looked unutterable indignation, but did not venture to express it, performing, however, the remainder of his sad office with more decency and apparent respect for the dead. When he had finished he quitted the cottage without uttering a word.

The corpse was now ready for interment, which was to take place on the following morning. The man whose indecent obduracy I have just described, though a "chosen vessel," or "a brand plucked from the burning," as he was wont to declare himself to be, was not ashamed to confess himself the father of three children by three different mothers, in addition to seven which he had by his wife. Such was the "miserable sinner" who had dared to proclaim that to be a doomed soul which had been eminently resigned to the divine chastisements, not only during its union with the body in life, but likewise on the eve of its separation from it in death.

At an early hour the next day two old men were sent from the

Union, clad in the badges of their social bondage, with a small cart drawn by a miserable, lean ass, which had pastured on the common, to convey the corpse to the churchyard. The thin, shaggy beast, was scarcely better than a living skeleton. The coffin was placed in this rude hearse, and drawn to the southern entrance of the burial-ground, followed by half-a-dozen ragged children screaming and bellowing with unconscious indecorum, and occasionally lifting up their young voices in the coarsest blasphemies. Meanwhile the parish clerk, who united in his own person the two offices of clerk and sexton, had engaged four men from a field hard by to quit their work for half-an-hour, with consent of their employer, who was one of the overseers, and bear the body into church, whence it was to be shortly conveyed to its final resting-place upon earth. No sooner had the funeral procession, if it might be so termed, reached the "place of graves," than the four labourers in their smock-frocks, unbleached, tattered and filthy, their faces, hands and feet begrimed with clay, took the corpse from the cart in which it had been deposited, and placed it upon their shoulders, when a ragged pall was thrown over it, covering them to the waist. They then moved onward, preceded by the minister, towards the main entrance of the church. Not a single mourner followed. The children, however, somewhat awed by the ecclesiastical habit of the clergyman, became silent, but immediately rushed to the side of the grave.

The vicar was a small, pale, dapper man, about five-and-fifty, who lived only for himself, and loved this world too exclusively to have much regard for the next. He professed to be a friend to the poor, but his friendship was so entirely confined to his professions, that it scarcely cost him a funeral fee per annum, which was just two shillings and sixpence. He gave a vast deal of—advice, but very little money, concluding that by bestowing so much counsel gratis, he dissipated a reasonable fortune upon the parish. They were, however, so ungrateful as to offer him no acknowledgment for the boon. His hair had been fresh curled for this melancholy occasion, and he wore a broad white silk stock that kept his nose in the air at so obtuse an angle that he seemed to have his eye entirely upon heaven, while his whole heart was upon earth, where it was daily accustomed to balance the chances of loss and gain with the nicest arithmetical precision. He appeared as spruce as a peacock, strutting before the corpse with a mincing step, a gradual swing of the shoulders, and an occa-

sional dip of the head, like a militia fogleman on parade. His curled hair and lavender gloves, one of which dangled between the fingers of his left hand, formed a striking contrast with the squalid appearance of the funeral party by which he was accompanied to the church-door. No relative or friend followed the deceased. The coffin-maker preceded the four bearers, and they, with the parson and clerk, formed the whole of the procession; the two old men from the Union having retired from the church-yard gate as soon as they had resigned their charge into the custody of those who had undertaken, for the small remuneration of a shilling a head, to bear it to its final destination.

When the coffin was placed upon the tressels, the four burly labourers sat beside it, squalid with mud, listening with listless apathy to the thin squeaking voice of the minister, who read, with affected solemnity, the imposing service for the dead. It was, in truth, a pitiable sight. I was present, and never did I witness anything so appallingly sorrowful. Nothing could be more cold than the manner in which the service was delivered. The indifference of every one engaged was painfully manifest. The bearers, the clerk—and these, including myself, formed the entire congregation—seemed to have caught the feeling of the clergyman, being alike insensible to the solemn act they were severally assembled in God's house to perform. The former, with their soiled faces and tattered attire, looked more like the grim ministers of death, than sober rustics taking part in the obsequies of a poor neighbour. They were seated close by the coffin, and one of them rested his arms on it, gaping round upon the pillars and coiling of the sacred edifice, as if it were the first time he had been within the walls of a church. The clerk gabbled over that beautiful psalm selected for this solemn occasion, with such indecent haste, that no one could mistake how little interest he took in what was going on.

In due time the corpse was again placed on the shoulders of the bearers and borne to the grave, beside which it was laid on two ragged ropes, that appeared as if they had been similarly employed for several past generations. The grave was nearly half filled with water, which was baled out by the clerk before the clergyman could proceed. So loose was the soil above, that a plank had been fixed on both sides with staves across, to prevent the earth from falling in. When the body was ready to be lowered, the staves and planks were removed; but scarcely had this been accomplished than a large body of clay rolled from either

side with a dull heavy splash into the bottom of the pit, nearly half filling it. A portion of this was removed with much difficulty, and after considerable delay, the body was hurriedly dropped upon the remaining mass. Even then the upper part of the coffin reached to within half-a-yard of the surface. The confusion and busy indifference of the parties engaged, during the whole scene, made so painful an impression, that my heart recoiled with indignation and disgust. The unseemly impatience of the minister was no less offensive than the utter absence of feeling displayed by his subordinate in office, and the four men who had been hired for a shilling a head at the parish cost, to perform a Christian duty.

The remainder of the service, after the body had been committed—"earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"—was hurried over with unbecoming rapidity, lest the damp ground should chill the reverend pastor's blood; and, when it was concluded, he skipped from the church-yard into the vicarage with an alacrity that showed how little sympathy he had with human wretchedness, and how little the death of the poor widow had impressed his heart. In truth, he was the idol of his own worship, but I believe he was that idol's only worshipper. Out of a large income of more than two thousand a year, of which he did not spend one fourth part, he distributed not in charity one farthing in the pound. He only gave *spiritual* counsel, if, indeed, that could be said to be given for which the parish paid him several hundred pounds per annum.

That same evening his demand of half-a-crown upon the overseer was satisfied, and after a few weeks, the lonely spot where the poor widow had been interred, under circumstances so harrowing to a sympathetic heart, had been trampled flat by the urchins of the village school, and there no longer remained any memorial of her upon earth.

A WORD OR TWO ON CHANGES.

SIMULTANEOUS with creation was the birth of a spirit, subtle, insinuating, and oft times imperceptible in progress, but mighty, comprehensive, and all-pervading. The most magnificent of Nature's works is too weak to check its course, and the most insignificant atom of her frame is not sufficiently unimportant to elude its influence. It sweeps with its shadowy wing the bright glories of the proudest empire, and leaves its impress on the leaf that whirls in the eddies of the autumn wind. Over city and hamlet, palace and hut—over mountain and plain, forest and desert—over ocean and sky, over earth and its inhabitants, over all things animate and inanimate, flows the silent and resistless tide of change. The principle of change, as applied to the reproductive operations of animal and vegetable life, is exceedingly beautiful, and perfect in its philosophy. However anomalous it may seem, it is the very spirit of perpetuation—the safeguard of future existence—the interposing shield between life and annihilation. The transition of the chrysalis to the gorgeous butterfly—of the acorn to the kingly oak—of the diminutive seed to the sweet flower, whose perfume and beauty gladden the heart, and awaken a thousand associations, teaches us that the design of change is improvement; that its march is onward, and that its destination is perfection. Instructive as it is to trace the workings of change through the progressive movements of the physical world, they acquire tenfold interest when viewed in connection with sentient beings; and the influence of change on the hopes, plans, ambitions, and affections of mankind, presents to us a page, teeming with greater wonders than fiction ever dared to represent, and abounding with passages of the deepest pathos. Man has generally been characterised as “fond of change,” but this is true only as far as regards a change of his own seeking; having exhausted one round after another of occupation or pleasure, his restless spirit prompts him to seek fresh excitement in untried scenes; but to the general and universal principle he is naturally averse, and his whole life is a series of

efforts to fortify himself against its encroachments, and to surround himself with treasures, whose durability, he vainly flatters himself, will outlast its effacing touch. The schoolboy cuts his name in the glossy stem of the beech, under whose waving foliage he has wiled away the holiday afternoon, in the vague and unexpressed hope that something connected with himself will *remain* when he is gone and forgotten; the poet travails in mental labour, denying himself rest and relaxation, consuming the "midnight oil" and his health together, that there may be *retained*,

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"When the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust."

The man who all his life has been scraping up wealth (a scavenger generally of the most dirty description), consoles himself, when called to part from it, with the reflection that "the property will be *kept* in the family;" and the high-born aristocrat is gratified with the idea, that the name and honours of his illustrious line will be *perpetuated* by his heir, sleeping, all unconscious of the coming greatness, in his costly cradle. However varied may be the objects which twine themselves round our hearts, we are all actuated by one impulse—to shelter them from the swelling stream of Time and Change; and we are idly busied in erecting our puny barriers against the rising waters. Well is it for us, that the operations of change are (for the most part) gentle as they are mighty,—imperceptibly extracting some closely-grasped toy from our reluctant hand, and slipping into its vacant place, some new substitute ere we are well aware of our loss: happy is it for us too, that in its more startling transitions, we possess that pliability which so soon accommodates itself to circumstances; otherwise, how could we behold the fragments of ~~precious~~ hopes, wrecked and borne away on the restless waves of change? How familiar to us is the exclamation, "I saw So-and-So to-day—haven't seen him before for years—not a bit altered that I can see!" True, *not that you can see*; change may have passed its hand lightly over his features and form, but are you sure it has not been at work within? Has not its passing shadow darkened his "schemes of hope and pride?" Is his heart as fresh, is his faith as unsuspecting, are his affections as happy and pure, as in the days that are gone? Does he still view things through the bright but delusive medium of roseate fancy, or has wisdom brought sorrow for its companion, and cold calculation,

bred of bitter experience, extinguished the last lingering spark of generous fire? Does he enter now upon projects with the energy of a mind that believes in the existence of their remunerative capabilities, or does he go through them with the dull and weary air of one who feels them to be but "vanity and vexation of spirit?"

Alas! we know that the kernel may be withered, while the shell is untouched—that change may spare the form, only to blight the mind—and that the heart may grow grey, while yet the hair is bright! Oh, spirit of change! cold is thy touch; and thou leavest in thy track, the chill of desolation round many a deserted hearth, long time the gathering-place of happy faces—the rallying-point of those who are striving in the world's warfare, and the sacred abode of the dear Penates. Few things are calculated to make a more painful impression of the nature of change, than the view of empty rooms, once containing within their walls so much of the warmth and light and joy of life; there is a voice in their silence ever proclaiming the mutability of human things; the dull ashes in the cheerless grate are emblematical of the decaying embers aforesaid brightly burning in bosoms now changed and cold; the remnants of string which lie about on the floors, are types of the broken fibres which once bound some fond heart to a cherished object—severed now, and bleeding, but still refusing to quit their hold. It is nothing to tell us that "the change is for the better," that "they were glad to leave," that "they would be much better off when they were gone," &c. Who but has felt the fallacious character of such comfort in the bitterness of a parting hour? Their worldly prospects may be better; they may, perhaps, have a larger share of the good things (as they are called) of this life; but think you that a place to eat and drink and sleep in, constitutes a *home*? Even "the ox knows its owner, and the ass his master's crib;" and if the brutes discover a predilection for their accustomed stalls, shall the spirit feel no clinging to the spot so identified with its joys and griefs—a spot hallowed by affection, and endeared even by suffering; where some we love have lisped their first words, and others have breathed their last sighs.

Ye weary-hearted exiles in a foreign land, do ye find full compensation in its warmer skies and richer soil, for the wretch that plucked your hearts up by the roots from their native earth? Does the brighter glow of the Ausonian sun counteract the cold-

ness of the stranger's regard? Do the exuberant riches of nature scattered around you, satisfy the cravings of the banished spirit? Perhaps there is scarcely an individual but feels an undefined sensation of regret, a kind of mournful foreboding at the thought of change; nevertheless, like adversity, it has its uses. It is the salt in the ocean of life, which, however it may impart a bitter taste to its waters, keeps them flowing in purity and wholesomeness. Every improvement in science, arts, laws, customs, literature, national or individual character, springs from the principle of change—it is as a vast thoroughfare, a “right of way,” for the ever-shifting and innumerable atoms which make “the sum of human things”—the “side-wings,” through which the “*dramatis personæ*” of life's farce, shall we call it? or tragedy? may pass in one guise, and repass in another. The existence of change is the life of hope; and the knowledge that no state of things is for ever, has contributed to the support of many a luckless wight, who has been fain to console himself with those fragments of philosophy, those crumbs of stoicism, shaken from the cloth of Plato's table.

“Well,” say they, “it's a long lane that has no turning, and when a change *does* come, it must be for the better—that's *one* comfort;” and with the more reckless or despairing, “Ah! well, never mind my boy, it will be all one a hundred years hence;” thus illustrating, in their poor attempts at consolation, the universal expectations which hang upon the movements of change. Although the principle of change is the same in all cases, there is a wide distinction in the mode of its ministration. Its operations in the physical world are gradual, regular, and certain in their developments,* producing a succession of results which may be confidently expected, and so great is the precision, that some of the finest sciences are based upon the unfailling order that characterises their revolutions; but the same power, in its exercise over the condition and welfare of man, is more erratic than the wildest meteor that ever flashed its beautiful but unearthly light across the pale stars; such changes have no precedent, nor can we gather from the phases of the last, any indication of the nature of the next. The man who lies down to sleep in the proud consciousness of being the head of a nation, may be awakened in the morning with the intelligence that a numerous company propose to themselves the gratification of presently witnessing the loss of his own; while another who has pined for years in a dungeon, and who

has been of no more account than the fungus on its mouldy wall, may be suddenly pressed into the vacant seat by the same fickle and irresistible influence. Natural objects, in the systematic accuracy of their mutations, seem (by comparison with the wilder freaks of man's changeful destiny) to be almost immutable. There is the sheet of water, on whose rushy margin, rod in hand, we took our boyish pastime ; it is as blue and bright as ever ; the fish leap up with the same joyous splash, and the May-fly dances on its sunlit surface as merrily as of yore ; the thrush whistles as blithely in that blossoming orchard, as in the days when we roved through it in our predatory excursions ; and each well-remembered feature of the old house seems, through its ivy-tresses, to smile an invitation to its long-forgotten visitants. But where are they whose hilarity we were wont to join, and whose hospitality we were so often pressed to share ?

“ Some are dead, and some are gone,
And some are scatter'd and alone.”

How does the remembrance of the happy days of old gleam with a mournful beauty through the dark clouds of change ! How saddening is the thought, that its hand is mighty only to despoil, not to *restore*, the precious things of life ! Yet does change contain in its full quiver one arrow more keen and deadly than the rest. When the eye that has long read in our glances the history of our heart's love, passes by us with a cold and averted gaze ; when the face that used to meet us with kindling smiles wears “ the look of a stranger ; ” when we feel that we are no longer identified with a single thro' of that heart which once beat only for us, *then* we have the bitter consolation of knowing that change has done its worst work, and we can smile at its further threatening frowns. It is painful to lose our friends by separation, but still we lose them *as* friends, and though distance *may* divide us, our spirits can maintain their familiar intercourse. More painful and solemn is it, to lose those who are dear to us by death, but still we lose them while yet affection is reciprocal ; we follow them to the confines of another world with offices of tenderness and love, and when they are removed from our sight, their memory is as sweet fragrance to our souls. But when “ the thing we love ” lives, and is estranged, there is a gap between us, deep and wide, which we can neither fill up nor cross over ; then the past is a desolation, the present is bitterness, the future is a blank, and

the only anodyne the crushed heart can hope to find, is the lethargy of forgetfulness ! Thus doth the invisible spirit of change steal on in its mysterious course, revivifying the flower, but dimming the eyes that behold its beauty ; pouring new freshness through exhausted nature, but mocking the heart by the contrast of its own barrenness ; and thus, leagued with Time, will it relentlessly pursue the brightest and fairest things of earth till Heaven's mandate shall declare that time shall be no more, and change, as far as it relates to the existence of the immaterial and immortal, shall be fixed in eternal unchangeableness.

A. J.

New Books.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL : A Series of Readings and Discourse thereon. Book the First. Post 8vo. W. Pickering.

THE capacity of thinking, after all that has been said of the power of the mind, is a rare, and perhaps in its exercise a painful faculty. But few persons think, whilst, according to the quaint expression of a quotation of Leigh Hunt, "many think they think !" We are all impressionable, and our sensibilities are pretty equally developed, whilst undoubtedly thousands are born and die who never exercise the faculty of thinking so as to produce, even to themselves, a new thought. Thinking, according to the interpretation of the word we now adopt, is but observing the relation of things, whether intellectual or physical ; but who does this for himself ? which of us but runs to seize the crutch which others have made, to assist out of this laborious process. To men who live happily in a series of sensations thinking is an intolerable bore : and numerous literary men subsist only by a vivid revival of what the senses have recorded : these are your fast writers, and an antipathy, compounded of scorn and dread, exists towards the slow wretches who would, even in the most superficial style, point out the relations of things by unfolding the processes of nature. The whole of our modern education, and much of our pursuits, foster this habit of mind. The young ladies, who know more of astronomy than Ptolemy did, still are by no means mentally improved, for it is a mere sensational knowledge that they have acquired : and they may know how to number all the constellations of the heavens, or even calculate an eclipse, and still have never exercised any power of thinking. It is

from this poverty of reflection that our age is so comparatively small. We are great in the aggregate, but certainly small in the individual: for we have not the simplicity of ignorance, nor its confidingness, whilst we have much of the arrogance of knowledge, without the mental strength it should bring.

In the present work, amidst much surplusage in form and some tediousness of style, we see the power of thinking. We have new ideas upon new subjects. The relations of things undeveloped before are laid bare, and the author is entitled to rank as an essayist. It is a book that a statesman might have written, and that statesmen may read with profit. The author is a lover of wisdom, and his knowledge is wide enough to know that every subject may stretch beyond the horizon of his mental vision; and that, consequently, the old dictatorial style that pretended to exhaust a subject is not tenable. Whatever proposition he adopts he subjects to the test of others, and thus lets in light from an opposite side. Some readers, and indeed most, prefer the decisive dogmatism that either fortifies a prejudice, or blocks out of their narrow arena any opposing opinion: and such will pronounce the present author weak because he is candid, and unsatisfactory because he is honest.

We gather as much from his book as it is permitted for one mind to impart to another. We see opinions in a new light, and have new relations laid open: at the same time our own reflective powers are put in motion—the greatest benefit a writer can bestow on his reader; and our minds are not only informed but purified.

We shall select a few samples to give an idea of the mode of treatment, and thus, we trust, induce the reader to refer to the work itself.

CONFORMITY.

“Few, however, are those who venture, even for the shortest time, into that hazy world of independent thought, where a man is not upheld by a crowd of other men's opinions, but where he must find a footing of his own. Among the mass of men, there is little or no resistance to conformity. Could the history of opinions be fully written, it would be seen how large a part in human proceedings the love of conformity, or rather the fear of non-conformity, has occasioned. It has triumphed over all other fears; over love, hate, pity, sloth, anger, truth, pride, comfort, self-interest, vanity and maternal love. It has torn down the sense of beauty in the human soul, and set up in its place little ugly idols which it compels us to worship with more than Japanese devotion. It has contradicted nature in the most obvious things, and been listened to with abject submission. Its empire has been no less extensive than deep-seated. The serf to custom points his finger at the slave to fashion—as if it signified whether it is an old, or a new, thing which is irrationally conformed to. The man of letters despises both the slaves of fashion and of custom, but often runs his narrow career of thought, shut up, though he sees it not, within close walls which he does not venture even to peep over.”

RECREATION.

"I have seen it quoted from Aristotle, that the end of labour is to gain leisure. It is a great saying. We have in modern times a totally wrong view of the matter. Noble work is a noble thing, but not all work. Most people seem to think that any business is in itself something grand; that to be intensely employed, for instance, about something which has no truth, beauty, or usefulness in it, which makes no man happier or wiser, is still the perfection of human endeavour, so that the work be intense. It is the intensity, not the nature, of the work, that men praise. You see the extent of this feeling in little things. People are so ashamed of being caught for a moment idle, that if you come upon the most industrious servants or workmen whilst they are standing looking at something which interests them, or fairly resting, they move off in a fright, as if they were proved, by a moment's relaxation, to be neglectful of their work. Yet it is the result that they should mainly be judged by, and to which they should appeal. But amongst all classes, the working itself, incessant working, is the thing deified. Now what is the end and object of most work? To provide for animal wants. Not a contemptible thing by any means, but still it is not all in all with man. Moreover, in those cases where the pressure of bread-getting is fairly past, we do not often find men's exertions lessened on that account. There enter into their minds as motives, ambition, a love of hoarding, or a fear of leisure, things which, in moderation, may be defended or even justified, but which are not so peremptorily and upon the face of them excellent, that they at once dignify excessive labour.

"The truth is, that to work insatiably requires much less mind than to work judiciously, and less courage, than to refuse work that cannot be done honestly. For a hundred men whose appetite for work can be driven on by vanity, avarice, ambition, or a mistaken notion of advancing their families, there is about one who is desirous of expanding his own nature and the nature of others in all directions, of cultivating many pursuits, of bringing himself and those around him in contact with the universe in many points, of being a man and not a machine."

LIVING WITH OTHERS.

"In the first place, if people are to live happily together, they must not fancy, because they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been exactly similar up to the present time, that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future of the same mind. A thorough conviction of the difference of men is the great thing to be assured of in social knowledge: it is to life what Newton's law is to astronomy. Sometimes men have a knowledge of it with regard to the world in general: they do not expect the outer world to agree with them in all points, but are vexed at not being able to drive their own tastes and opinions into those they live with. Diversities distress them. They will not see that there are many forms of virtue and wisdom. Yet we might as well say, 'Why all these stars; why this difference; why not all one star?'

"Many of the rules for people living together in peace, follow from the above. For instance, not to interfere unreasonably with others, not to ridicule their tastes, not to question and re-question their resolves, not to

indulge in perpetual comment on their proceedings, and to delight in their having other pursuits than ours, are all based upon a thorough perception of the simple fact, that they are not we.

"Another rule for living happily with others, is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel; and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it.

"Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, 'Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute detail of a domestic day.' But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

"If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judge's patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge brought before them in the guise of culprits.

"One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to, is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. 'Had I been consulted,' 'had you listened to me,' 'but you always will,' and such short scraps of sentences may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we cannot call to mind any soothing effect.

"Another rule is, not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak out more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously, than you do, to strangers.

"Again, we must not expect more from the society of our friends and companions than it can give; and especially must not expect contrary things. It is somewhat arrogant to talk of travelling over other minds (mind being, for what we know, infinite): but still we become familiar with the upper views, tastes, and tempers of our associates. And it is hardly in man to estimate justly what is familiar to him. In travelling along at night, as Hazlitt says, we catch a glimpse into cheerful looking rooms with light blazing in them, and we conclude, involuntarily, how happy the inmates must be. Yet there is Heaven and Hell in those rooms, the same Heaven and Hell that we have known in others."

COMPANIONSHIP.

"*Milverton*. It is a sad thing to consider how much of their abilities people turn to tiresomeness. You see a man who would be very agreeable if he were not so observant : another who would be charming, if he were deaf and dumb : a third delightful, if he did not vex all around him with superfluous criticism.

"*Ellesmere*. A hit at me that last, I suspect. But I shall go on. You have not, I think, made enough merit of independence in companionship. If I were to put into an aphorism what I mean, I should say, Those who depend wholly on companionship, are the worst companions : or thus, Those deserve companionship who can do without it."

INDIVIDUALITY.

"There is one thing that people hardly ever remember, or, indeed, have imagination enough to conceive ; namely, the effect of each man being shut up in his individuality. Take a long course of sayings and doings in which many persons have been engaged. Each one of them is in his own mind the centre of the web, though, perhaps, he is at the edge of it. We know that in our observations of the things of sense, any difference in the points from which the observation is taken, gives a different view of the same thing. Moreover, in the world of sense, the objects and the points of view are each indifferent to the rest ; but in life the points of view are centres of action that have had something to do with the making of the things looked at. If we could calculate the moral parallax arising from this, we should see, by the mere aid of the intellect, how unjust we often are in our complaints of ingratitude, inconstancy and neglect. But without these nice calculations, such errors of view may be corrected at once by humility, a more sure method than the most enlightened appreciation of the cause of error. Humility is the true cure for many a needless heartache."

But we could fill pages with such extracts, and must therefore leave the reader to enter into a contest with the book itself : we, in the mean time, looking desiringly for the second volume.

STORIES AND STUDIES FROM THE CHRONICLES AND HISTORY OF ENGLAND.
By Mrs. S. C. Hall and Mrs. J. Foster. 2 vols. post 8vo. Darton & Co.

HISTORY is a necessary study for the young, and yet they do not take to it spontaneously. It is never found that when any pocket-money is to be spent that they think of purchasing a history of any kind, without it be that of "Martin the Foundling," and yet history is the very foundation of modern fiction. Children of a larger growth it must be confessed, have had recourse to romance to learn the leading facts of our nation's story, and others, besides Marlborough, have known no more of it than what they gleaned from Shakspeare's plays. To this agreeable medium have now been added the *Waverley Novels*, with collateral branches by Bulwer, James, and a long list. A taste so

universal and indestructible would tend to prove that the fault was not all on one side; and that the literary taste that revolted from the food offered to it was justified from the nature of the crude and dry pabulum. A long political History of England is like a treatise on chess or mathematics to a person understanding neither. And a miserable curt abridgment, stuffed full of bald facts, such as battles, and the births and deaths of people, that a child, and indeed for that matter, a man, can have no interest in, except for some human interest to be raised for them, is enough to drive them for ever from such reading. This has long been felt, and many before the authors of the present volumes have endeavoured to throw the narratives of the chief events of history into an interesting form. To Sir Walter Scott, however, belongs the merit of having conquered the difficulty, and we are inclined to go further even than Thierry, the great French historian, and think that more than half of the real history of the period is to be found in "Ivanhoe." Certainly, if only one portion could be read, we think more true knowledge might be found of Richard Cœur de Lion's reign in the romance than in the professed history.

It must not, however, be conceived that every flimsy sentimental story, based on the historical fact, is of value. Such unwholesome verbiage is worse than unidealess history. If nothing but bare sticks can be had, let them be planted, and peradventure in a good soil they may fructify into truths. The present attempt is wanting in vigour. It is history cut out in fine woven paper. It is too fine; too pure for the genuine substance. Like some of our much-admired modern painters, all is so smooth, so glossy, so smug, that it loses its *vraisemblance*. It cannot be denied that there is a very delicate perception of the moralities: a fine sense of the heroic, but a want of boldness and breadth, that renders the stories and pictures weak and vague. Running through our history from Brutus even to Victoria, there is, however, much that must excite the attention of the young reader, and awaken an interest that will induce him to seek further information in the pages of the more regular historians; and, if properly inducted through the medium of the old chroniclers, probably induce a taste for this important branch of literature. We should indeed have said that the narrative is frequently carried on by means of quotations from the old chroniclers; and no scholastic reader need be informed how deeply their pages are imbued with human feeling. The illustrations of each monarch's reign are somewhat too brief, and the subjects are not selected in a very striking manner; nor is there any distinctive force either of remark or narrative. They however supply a want, and will, as we have already said, stimulate the curiosity of the young. After all, we do not know a more likely mode of interesting the young reader in his country's histories than giving him the historical plays of Shakespeare to read. A subsequent exercise might be correcting or verifying such errors of fact and date as occur.

The following extract is one of the best specimens of these illustrations of old times and crimes :—

THE PROTESTANTS OF MARY'S DAY.

"Among the many English hearts whom the accession of Mary filled with terror and dismay, none beat more anxiously than did that of the Duchess of Suffolk, widow of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and lately become the wife of Richard Bertie, a person of liberal education, but of very obscure birth, and—danger of dangers !—a Protestant ! !

"This lady was the daughter and heiress of the ninth Lord Willoughby ; and her mother, a Spanish lady of high birth, had been maid of honour to Catharine of Arragon. But in the preceding reign she had made herself an object of hatred to Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, by an insulting display of her abhorrence for his hideous character, and her contempt for his religion. She now felt all the imprudence of this proceeding ; she knew well that her high birth and splendid connections would be altogether insufficient to shield her from the vengeance of the remorseless prelate, and already beheld herself among the earliest victims of the misguided Mary's sanguinary decrees.

"Two chances of escape remained to her—she must renounce her religion, or resign herself to a voluntary banishment from her native land, and it was the last that she resolved on. But those days were not as ours ; it was not at her own good pleasure and in open day that the duchess might depart from the land where every hour threatened her with imprisonment, torture, and death ; but in silence and secrecy, cowering beneath the shades of night, and in dread of discovery at every step, was she compelled to steal from her home, as though hurrying from the punishment of crime.

"A license for himself to leave England had already been procured by Richard Bertie, on the pretext of business demanding his presence in Flanders, and when news of his safe arrival on a foreign shore reached the duchess, she stole from her house in *Barbican*—a region that boasts few duchesses now-a-days—with her little daughter, not yet two years old, in her arms ; and taking boat on the Thames, was thus conveyed to a port in Kent, where she embarked.

"But when already within sight of a less dangerous strait, the terrified lady was driven back by stress of weather, and after much peril compelled to put in to an English port. She fortunately found means to re-embark some few days after, and at length rejoined her husband at Santon, in the Duchy of Cleves.

"And here the harassed couple began to breathe, but no long time elapsed before they were again compelled to fly, by a discovery that the Bishop of Arras was on the point of sending them back to the tender mercies of his brother prelate, the Bishop of Winchester. It was on a dark October night that they were again driven forth, Bertie loaded with what valuables they could snatch up in their hurried escape, and the duchess carrying her child. Four miles through mud and rain did the desolate wanderers proceed on foot, the duchess in daily expectation of her confinement, and with difficulty dragging herself along.

"At length they gained the town of Wesel, but their appearance was so

wild and wretched, that the innkeepers refused to receive them. Overwhelmed by this last misfortune, the suffering lady sank exhausted : dragging her into a church porch, her husband then left her to make further efforts for procuring shelter ; and here, in all the misery and desolation that surrounded her, did the unhappy duchess give birth to a son—afterwards that Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, whose name you will see making a brilliant figure in the reign of Elizabeth, from whom he wrung a reluctant and ungracious recognition of his rights. Of this event works more diffuse and more important than the slight sketch I am here giving you will inform you, in your more extended readings—our business is with his suffering mother.

“ Bertie was, meanwhile, seeking anxiously through the streets for the abode of a Walloon minister, to whom the duchess had shown kindness in England ; and, hearing two students exchange a few words in Latin, he approached, and accosting them in that language, received a direction to the house he sought. Accompanied by the worthy pastor and his wife, Bertie now returned to his unfortunate lady, who was instantly conveyed with her infant to the parsonage, where all that the most grateful affection could devise was done for her comfort and restoration. Here she quickly recovered her health, and for some time remained in peace ; a fresh alarm then obliged her husband to remove her into the dominions of the Palgrave, and the money and jewels they had brought with them being, after some time, exhausted, they were reduced to the most bitter distress.

“ At this crisis a friend of the duchess made her situation known to the King of Poland, who invited her at once to his protection ; the exiled family reached Poland through many dangers, and after many very narrow escapes. But once there, the accomplishments of Bertie soon gained the favour of the sovereign ; a large domain was assigned to them by their princely protector, and here they lived ‘ in grate honours and tranquillity,’ till the accession of Elizabeth permitted their return to their native land.”

It should have been added, that tales as touching could be told of escapes from Protestant persecution in those times of “ no toleration.”

A GUIDE TO THE BIRTH-TOWN OF SHAKSPEARE, AND THE POET'S RURAL HAUNTS. By George May. Fcap. 8vo. G. May.

• THOUGH many guide-books and descriptions of Stratford-on-Avon are extant, we sincerely welcome the present well-timed addition. It conveys in a clear manner the present state of the remains associated with Shakspeare's name ; and we are glad to be reminded that so much still exists, though so much and such wilful waste has been made. The total destruction of the house in which the poet spent his last years, by the Rev. Mr. Gastrell, in 1759, can never be sufficiently deplored, and we were almost about to be uncharitable enough to say, sufficiently execrated. That would have been an undoubted memorial, and one with which the most vivid imaginings of the man could have been associated. There was the garden, as planned by himself, and the

chambers in which he dwelt, and where he doubtless received, at that last fatal meeting, Ben Jonson and Drayton, as well as all the other illustrious poets at previous times.

The house in Henley-street, said to be that of his birth, is by no means so interesting. In the first place, it has undergone very great changes; and again, there is no very strong evidence of Shakspere's birth having taken place there. There is, however, but little doubt that he passed a considerable part of his boyhood there, and from thence started to the great world that he was afterwards so materially to modify by his genius. There are still left also several interesting spots that an effort should be made to preserve as much as possible in their pristine form and state. The Grammar-school, where he no doubt received his "small Latin and less Greek." The Hall of the Ancient Gild, underneath the school, where in Elizabeth's days dramatic performances took place, and where it is by no means improbable the young actor and future dramatist may himself have appeared. The Church has received every proper attention, and is in itself an object of great interest, and as containing the tomb of the greatest genius of modern, and perhaps of any time, is well worthy of every care. The Cottage of Anne Hathawaye at Shottery is also in tolerable preservation, as is the old English mansion of the Lucys at Charlecote.

It would seem that there is still sufficient remaining of the haunts and home of the poet to make his birthplace a grateful rendezvous to all who, feeling ardently towards his works, desire to indulge that personal affection which it is impossible not to feel towards an intellectual benefactor of the race. Every means should be taken to preserve Stratford-upon-Avon as an old Elizabethan town, as neatly as possible in accordance with the modes of life in Shakspere's days.

If the subscription now going forward should realise enough to found a college for aged and infirm poets, giving the preference to Dramatic, it would be a worthy memento, and form a nucleus that might draw the genius of present and succeeding times round the tomb of the great one.

There are many curious and interesting details in this little volume, and we sincerely recommend it to all proceeding to or desiring an account of the place and its memorials.

RESTORATION OF THE HAIR

A striking instance of the power of the art to remedy the failure of nature has been afforded in the person of a gentleman resident at Wokingham, Surrey. In the year 1858, he returned from Halesome Market to Wokingham, where he then resided, an invalid, and from his horse, as to being an invalid, he never recovered. During which period his hair continued to come off, till he came to the end of the year, as he himself said as if his head had been shaved, and the Rev. Mr. Thomas, then Curate of the parish, advised him to get a substitute for his lost hair. Under these circumstances, he was induced to try the art of Rowland T. Troland, Esq., which is highly deserving of notice, as the most successful. As soon as the art was used the growth recommenced, and he has now to boast of a full and luxuriant head of hair, which he owes to this peculiar art. This art is not only a valuable remedy for the loss of hair, but it is also a powerful tonic, and is highly recommended by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, who is strongly in favor of it, and is a powerful tonic, and is highly recommended by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, who is strongly in favor of it.

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DOUGLAS JERROE

SHILLING MAGAZINE

THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ORION."

CHAPTER XXV

DISASTERS OF MESSRS. SHORT AND BAINTON—MISS JUD
SERIOUS DISCOURSE WITH MARY—MARY ACCOMPANIED
WATTS—RUIN OF MR. WALTON

c. 110

"HERE'S a pretty concern!" ejaculated Mr. Walton, suddenly opening Mary's door, one morning before she was up. In each hand he held an open letter! His face was lathered for shaving and he was enveloped in a thickly wadded dressing gown. "Here is one disaster—and here is another. Two disasters by the same penny post

"What has happened?" said Mary, sitting up in bed.

"Every bad thing that *could* happen," cried Mr. Walton, "has happened—is happening—or is about to happen. It is the sure forerunner of—of—a forerunner of—Mary, dear, just wipe the lather out of the corner of my mouth—pah!—the sure forerunner of—and nostrils too—puff!—the sure forerunner of utter ruin to the most patriotic schemes ever devised to make a fortune."

"But tell me what it is that has happened," said Mary, reaching her shawl from the back of a chair, and folding it round her shoulders.

"Why, Bainton has been shot at with a blunderbuss loaded with pebbles and rusty nails."

"And wounded?" cried Mary.

"I'll tell you presently," exclaimed Mr. Walton, clasping his hands.

* Continued from page 405, Vol. VI.

ated Mary.

"w," cried Mr. Walton, petulantly. "And the decks of which had just been laid the night, into the open sea, during a gale seen or heard of them since."

Bainton merely sent away eight or ten Irish working in his yard, because four or five Scotch and one Frenchman, happened to offer him their

Mr. Bainton?" pursued Mary.

Bainton's not hurt, hang him—he might have been sure he discharged the Paddies that it would be certain to come heads of some of them that we did not wish to employ in helping us to carry away their own fish."

"the other letter?" said Mary.

"Confusion worse confounded!" exclaimed Mr. Walton, throwing himself unconsciously into a theatrical attitude. "Short arrived from Scotland to Galway with five spick and span new fishing-smacks, rigged and manned, and with nets, and hooks, and things, all ready for wholesale fishery, but the Claddagh colony of wild Irish fishermen—many of whom had expected to be engaged in the boats—in fact, I think when I was there, I half promised it—became furious at this, and the other morning, in broad daylight, they went in a body and set fire to the smacks, and then ran, with howls and curses, towards Short's house. Short heard and saw them coming—twigged what it was all about, and only had just time to get astride upon a horse, and gallop away without his hat. The howling Claddagh men followed at his heels, intending to tar and feather him, and the horse too—or at least, kill him."

"Had you not better go to your room and finish dressing, papa? we can speak of this further after breakfast."

"I have not told you all yet. Poor Mrs. Bainton has died of fright. Bainton says, that as he has lost Harding, he has no one he can rely upon to continue the operations where he is, and of course he cannot stay to be shot or bludgeoned; he therefore says he must withdraw from the undertaking. As for Short, he writes like a madman."

Mr. Walton struck his forehead, and left the room, saying, as he crossed the passage, "I shall get my death of cold."

While affairs were in this position, she arrived at the cottage the rich spinster sister of Mr. Walton, to whom previous allusion has been made. Miss Judith Walton never entered a house, but in a surprisingly short time she made herself acquainted with all the gossip, scandal, vexatious facts, and illiberal surmises current in the house and neighbourhood, and what each person thought of each person on the ill-natured side of the mind. Her skill in pumping servants, landladies, and tradespeople, exceeded belief.

On the morning of the third day after her arrival, she requested, with an air of importance, to have a little private conversation with Mary.

"I am of course aware, Mary," said she, in a formal voice, "that you have broken off your engagement with Mr. Archer. I need not tell you, I hope, that it gives me great satisfaction, and I commend your prudence and good sense—prudence and common sense—so far as that matter is concerned. He was a man of no profession—had no definite standing in society. He had evidently passed his life in a useless way—idle and fruitless studies, leading to no substantial income, and appearing to have considerable pretensions founded upon nothing certain. His uncle, I am told is a respectable man enough, and for that very reason I have no belief that he will realise any of his nephew's expectations. They are not upon very friendly terms I understand. I therefore commend your final decision extremely, and think you have acted with becoming propriety."

"I should do wrong, aunt," said Mary, "to allow you to think that any of the reasons you have adduced had the least influence in causing me to break off my engagement with Mr. Archer."

"Indeed! Then I am sorry for you, Mary. It seems I gave you credit for something more than you possess."

"Yes," said Mary, coolly.

"Perhaps he was the first to intimate a change of sentiments," added Miss Judith, spitefully.

"It is ended, aunt," said Mary, "and I should be glad not to speak further upon it. My admiration and sisterly regard, Mr. Archer will always have."

Miss Judith Walton drew in a long breath at this, and her expression of face assumed the character of an angry bird in a cage. She gave a strut and a flounce across the room, and then returning to Mary, began to speak in a sharp and very quick voice.

"I have heard all about your affair with the man Harding. It has been very closely hushed up ; but how is it possible such a thing could be kept close ? His constantly hovering about the house—his throwing himself in your way in the streets—his calling every morning of his life to see you while in Dublin—his patrolling nightly in the character of an amorous swain, round this very cottage—his standing and beating his breast under your window, are among the most audacious things the world ever heard of ! "

"It is the first time I have heard of some of them," said Mary, colouring, "and all the rest are grossly misinterpreted."

"What should I think," exclaimed Miss Judith, "of the scene that took place at Mr. Short's house in Dublin, where this ruffian mechanic pulled the scarf from your shoulders, and was only prevented by the timely entrance of Mr. Short, from——"

"I beg, aunt," interrupted Mary, "that you will cease to repeat these coarse calumnies—these shameful perversions of all truth."

"Perversions do you call them ? Did not this mechanic absolutely pay court to you—pay you addresses, in his rude way ? Did he not even venture so far as to make some proposals ? "

"Never !" exclaimed Mary, "never, by word or look, or movement. And you must allow me to tell you, aunt, at the same time, that I should consider the affection of such a man as Harding, nothing but an honour to any woman, however indisposed she might be to accept it."

"Have I lived," cried Miss Judith, with upraised hands, "have I lived to hear one of my family utter so degrading a sentiment—the love of a mechanic no disgrace to a woman of education and gentility ? We are come upon pretty times if a mechanic is thus allowed to creep up the sleeves of gentlefolks, and be treated as their equal, till it quite turns his head."

"How many members of parliament were once mechanics ? " inquired Mary. "How many influential merchants were once mechanics ? How very many men of science and the useful arts—and even in the fine arts—were mechanics ? How many benefactors of their species in these and many other ways were, in the commonest acceptation of the word, working men ? "

Miss Judith Walton stood confounded for several seconds with her mouth open ; but a keen thought flashed upon her mind, and gathering herself up for an overwhelming blow, she cried,

or rather screamed, "And when this shipwright genius of yours becomes a member of parliament, I shall have no objection to his paying his addresses to a niece of mine—provided his qualification is *bonâ fide*."

With these words the gown and petticoats of Miss Judith Walton flapped against the opening door, then flapped against the wall, and she retired, leaving the field to Mary, who began to put her hair in order with a smiling face, after all this fluster.

Mary gradually fell into a train of thought which resulted in the determination to adopt the course which she felt best suited to the position of affairs; and with this view she immediately sought Ellen Lloyd. The conference did not last long, and when it terminated Ellen Lloyd remained standing as if in a rapturous dream, while Mary hastened to prepare for their immediate departure for the cottage in Wales.

Mr. Walton offered no opposition to Mary's going, as he had been made aware by his sister of her very unpleasant scene with Mary, and he therefore thought that his daughter's absence at this juncture, for a visit of a week or so, might prevent a rupture of a kind, which, for her sake, he was very anxious to avoid.

The ladies in question accordingly departed the next morning, after taking leave of Miss Judith Walton, a ceremony which she took care to render as disagreeable as possible, under the guise of most scrupulous politeness.

Mr. Walton had never agreed very well with his sister, as may be readily imagined. He now, however, did his best to repair the breach between her and Mary. He took her about to see the wonders of Portsmouth and Gosport; he went little excursions with her, and got up several dinner parties, to which he usually invited one or other of the officers of the garrison, who had performed with him in "Titus Andronicus." Miss Judith Walton was rapidly advancing to her most amiable state of mind, and had even got up a little flirtation with the morone-faced major, who had played Aaron, when intelligence arrived of the stoppage of the bank of Messrs. Bray and Toller, in which the whole capital of the Anglo-Celtic Company was lodged— and Mr. Walton saw that he was quite ruined.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ARCHER'S SOLITARY LODGING.—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.—INWARD HISTORIES.
—LANDMARKS AND STAR-STEERING.

THE wind blew high, in the twilight of an autumnal evening, as Archer sat, with a desponding and wretched face, at the window of his solitary lodging. It was a lonely farm-house, near the sea. Fronting his window was a broad lawn, with one old, black fir-tree in the middle, whose lower boughs extended, in a wide-sweeping circle, down to the grass, which was unshorn and deep. The lawn was terminated by a stone wall, not quite breast-high. On the other side of this was a great ploughed field, bounded at the opposite end by a high bank of shingles, sloping down to the sea, which it thus hid from view, except when in seasons of tempest and high tide the white points of the spray sprang up and dashed over it.

The wind, though warm for the time of year, blew yet more stronuously; but between the gusts Archer thought he heard a powerful voice in the distance, singing—it seemed as if in responses to the wind. Presently, a dusky figure ascended the bank of shingles, and remained there a minute or so, looking black and solid, against the pale green and platina streaks of the dying twilight. The figure then descended the shingle bank, and crossed the ploughed field rapidly, with a gait curiously partaking of the elastic and the lounging. He approached in the direction of the farm-house; and, arriving at the stone-wall, he placed his hands upon it, and vaulted over into the deep grass of the lawn. Archer rose with emotion, and hastened out to meet him. It was Michael Salter.

Archer greeted this unexpected visitor with all the cordiality of a reviving heart, (for besides personal regard, he felt as if help and strength had come to him), mingled with the profound admiration and intellectual respect which many crowding reminiscences of their former acquaintance inspired. They entered the house together.

Michael Salter was a short and rather thick-set man, whom a casual observer might have taken for a Welsh farmer, or perhaps a emate with a "living" among the mountains; while to others, his grey blue eyes, and almost flaxen hair, hanging in long waves upon his shoulders, might have suggested a Saxon origin. He

had a bald monastic crown. A great black silk shawl was wound several times round his neck. As to his age, he was one of those men whose age cannot be well guessed within twenty years—varying with his mood and subject of thought or discourse, from thirty to fifty. He slowly unwound his long black shawl, with a smiling face, threw it into his hat, which it nearly filled, and seating himself in front of Archer, said, in a gentle, low-toned voice, (singularly at variance with the tones he had just been giving out on the sea-beach), “Well; I come like a weird brother to visit you. I heard, by accident, of a melancholy gentleman with a book, in these parts, and it struck me, for several reasons, that it might be you; so I came, as you see, upon a high wind, which just dropped me on the other side of the shingles. How has it fared with you this many a day? You look in good case.”

“Oh, but I am not,” said Archer, half relapsing into his morbid state. “I am in a very bad case—ruined in heart and hope, and in nearly all my future prospects.”

“I should never have conceived it, to look at you. Perhaps you only fancy it. Some things have gone painfully with you, and so you feel, for a time, that all’s over with you. But I can’t think this is really so.”

“It is,” murmured Archer—“I begin to fear it is. My youth has passed from me,—and where is my maturity?”

“Why, in another and stronger youth, to be sure. At any rate, you are well in health.”

“Pretty well,” said Archer, “but getting very sick of myself, and all things.”

“Do not talk in this way. You are in good health, I see; rather thin, but that’s best for a literary man; pale, too, but this is, you know, the natural ‘hue of thought;’ and for the rest, it is a grievance which you have taken to heart more deeply than wisely; and you will get over it.”

“What do you allude to? Have you——”

“Yes; I have heard certain pandean echoes of the woods, where tall masts are grown, and have pieced together the skirts and breast-folds of sundry floating cloud concealing the capricious boy-archer.” (Here Salter smiled with a look of kindly interest, and his voice sunk to a sweet tone, while his blue-grey eyes shone with humorous intelligence.)

“You astonish me,” said Archer. “How can you have heard anything of this?”

"Ah, one does come to hear things sometimes, in the strangest, roundabout way, or in an equally extraordinary direct line. The world is full of electricity—mentally no less than physically. We are one moment working some new engines in England, and the next draining a marsh in India; we are walking up a dark lampless street in Portsmouth,—and presently we are wandering round a dazzling obelisk in Egypt, with upturned eyes, and sun-scathed fingers, as we copy the hieroglyphics upon our parching paper;—perhaps we are asking dark questions of some unmoved queenly mystic of a sphynx, or perhaps speculating in front of an enormous god, who sits—a bulk of stone, with thoughtful lips, sealed up, yet half-smiling, and eyes turned inward on eternity. The familiar and the sublime alternate in us, with easy transitions. Now, we look at a beautiful young girl's face, seen by gas-light through a shop-window in Paris;—we turn down a dark, narrow, vice-bewildered passage,—monsters, or their victims, jostle us,—and the next moment we shoot up, and find ourselves close beside the brightest star of night, and struggling with its rays, which alone prevent our entrance."

Archer shifted himself on his seat with a look of rapture, and took a long satisfactory breath. He felt carried out of himself, and all the petty interests and cares of life, even as he had been in former days when listening to the magnificent abstractions and outpourings of Michael Salter.

"By similar electricity of thought," continued Salter, "our friends' secrets are sometimes brought to our tingling, but not impertinent ears; for even sympathy, when undesired, may be best displayed by shunning knowledge."

"Sympathy like yours," said Archer, "so perfectly generous, so devoid of the least tinge of egotism, selfishness, or mere curiosity, could not be felt otherwise than gladly and gratefully. I wish you would let me tell you my whole story—my inward history, and as much of external events as may be needful to illustration—since last we met."

"Tell me the inward, I shall guess most of the correlative outward things. But is there any good in telling me this—will my hearing it be of any use to you?"

"Of the greatest use," exclaimed Archer; "I shall thereby obtain a relief to my feelings, which I cannot otherwise find, and shall be enabled to see my best course in that future, which at present fills my mental vision with little else but pain, and doubt, and

perplexity, and an oppressive sense of the futility of all exertions. Can one, so full of all manner of energies as you are, listen with any degree of patience to this?"

"Certainly; first, because I would show myself a friend, and also because I shall hope to communicate a Promethean spark, to re-illumine your sphere of man. Besides, these sorts of intellectual confidences and autobiographies are always a compliment to any one who is chosen as their depository. So, proceed at once. Begin in the middle—I can dart back upon the threads, from time to time, as we go on."

Archer began with his engagement to Mary in Canada, and then by degrees he told Michael Salter all his history—all his troubles. He hesitated a little when he arrived at his last interview with Mary, and with Harding. Men who watch the operations of their own minds, are, nevertheless, open to self-sophistication, almost equally with the ordinary run of mankind, when their own personal feelings are concerned. Archer, however, was not unconscious that in his final behaviour to Mary and to Harding, he did not make a very magnanimous figure; but he tried to "account" for it all by the pardonable mistake under which he had acted. He therefore hammered his way through this part of his story as well as he could, though Michael Salter remained provokingly silent during every pause. Archer also passed rather too slightly over Ellen Lloyd, except that he spoke rapturously of her with reference to music and poetry. He briefly stated the straitness and precariousness of his worldly circumstances, at which his listener smiled with an amused expression. Lastly, he came to literature. Here he was diffuse on every point—here he unbosomed his struggles and griefs, and aspirations, and despondencies, without reserve.

During all this time, Michael Salter had sat reclining back, with his heels upon the upper rail of his chair, his arms folded, and his chin upon his breast. He now slowly unsettled himself, and drew his chair near to Archer.

"Give me leave to speak first," said Michael Salter, in a low-toned voice, "of that part of your narrative which relates to Miss Walton, and to Harding."

"By all means," said Archer, with a sigh.

"It has, no doubt, been," pursued Michael Salter, "a very painful business. As to your final conduct in the matter, you seem to have behaved just as badly as men always do in such

affairs. I know there is this excuse, that you were acting under erroneous impressions; nevertheless,—from you, a trained intellect, one familiar with subtle speculations—a poet, and a man of letters,—pardon me, if I say one might have expected better things. You have written to Miss Walton, of course?”

“Yes,” said Archer, rather hesitatingly; “yes—but I have not——”

“Not posted the letter?”

“No.”

“Oh, fie! her conduct has really been noble and straightforward, and in all respects without reproach. If her love for you had ceased, do not forget that yours had ceased first. That seems clear—and it is equally clear to me that you never had any passion for each other. You were thrown together in a foreign country, and had an accidental moment of mutual tenderness. It was a great mistake to treat this as a serious affair for life. But after all that subsequently occurred—and at last—not to write! Oh, send her the letter.”

“I will—I will,” said Archer; “I have not treated her well in this delay; but you can apprehend how very painful——”

“Yes—we are constantly called upon to sacrifice our own feelings—and very often we cannot do it. And Harding?”

“I am unable to write to him at present, as I do not know where he is gone.”

“See now what you have done to that man! How will you repay the injury? You lifted his mind high above his condition—placed him upon a level with yourself, and assured him that it was his rightful place—which, in my judgment, was *not*—for he is evidently a man who ought to lead the nobler energies of the hand-working class, and not to sit with idealist workers. Now, what is he to think?—what reaction may not his mind sink into? He will consider himself as one who has been deceived and led astray—all his implicit faith and reliance, all his best aspirations, will be destroyed—and disbelief in the moral value of superior intellect will be established, and with it, perhaps, a dogged resolve to abjure every species of refined knowledge, every poetical, elevating, and spiritualising influence. In addition to this, he goes away with a broken heart.”

“But what can I do?”

“Write to him, and address the letter to the care of some friend of his, to be forwarded. Sooner or later it will find him.

Your letter found me by that means, after we had lost sight of each other for years."

"Perhaps he may write to Mr. Bainton."

"That will do, I dare say. But while you have explained so clearly all the points of deficiency in sympathy between yourself and Miss Walton, I am surprised that you should have omitted to touch upon the various sympathies which manifestly do exist between yourself and her golden-haired friend."

"Abstract sympathies," said Archer, "similarity of tastes—I see whom you allude to."

"Such abstractions, for instance," continued Michael Salter, "as a devoted love for all poetical things—a fine sense of Art, in its widest and noblest sense—an imagination harmoniously blending with, and enhancing the understanding—a graceful, sylphide form—eyes, equally dovelike and ethereal."

"How can you possibly collect all these 'abstractions,' as you call them, from anything that has fallen from me?" exclaimed Archer, with evident emotion.

"A most fascinating *naïveté*," pursued Salter, with humorous gravity—"a voice of that sweetness which sinks into the hearer's breast. As to the devoted feeling she entertains towards you—"

"You surely," interrupted Archer, turning pale, "you surely do not say all this merely from what I have told you? You have known Ellen Lloyd!"

Michael Salter smiled. "Yes, she was once a pupil of mine."

"A pupil!"

"I got involved in difficulties from the total neglect of my worldly affairs, and as it was requisite to do something, I went to Belgium, and was organist in one of the cathedrals there for some years. The Miss Lloyds passed a summer in Brussels, during which time I gave lessons to Ellen Lloyd, then a girl of sixteen."

"You astonish and delight me," said Archer. "This accounts for her style. She plays the piano-forte with a *sostenuto* effect that has always reminded me of an organ, and she continually introduces cathedral chords, in preludes to herself, as if her thoughts were soaring harmoniously round the vault of heaven."

"I know," said Michael Salter. "But to return to the matter of literature. I feel with how pure a devotion you have pursued your studies. You are the model of what a literary man should be—a devout reader, an earnest thinker, a careful student,—possessing a philosophical, and, in its highest sense, a practical mind,

grafted by patient toil upon a poetical one ; you have invention, structure, and draw character with a subtle hand ; you are an honest politician, with a good smack of the violence of the times ; and you have a strong and polished pen, with a clear and pungent style. But all this, and more of the kind, will not make you a popular author. You want force of character in yourself ; a stronger individuality. Excuse my saying this, for I do it in all true regard. You want will and active passion ; something of that reckless energy which forces a way through all obstacles and minor considerations, and which, besides making its identity felt in the literary world, makes also a personal impression upon contemporaries. You stand aloof ; you write notes ; you never go near any of them ; they take no personal interest in you, and therefore give you no help by their public criticism and notice. If you were, by fortune, or by personal character, independent of all assistance, this isolation were very well, if you liked it best ; but as matters stand with you, it may be ruinous."

"But my circumstances," interposed Archer, "do not now enable me to frequent the society even of literary men, whose habits are generally inexpensive. Besides an indisposition to much society, a variety of adverse circumstances environ me."

"*That*," said Salter, "is just what I meant to exclaim against. You allow circumstances to command you—not your soul, but your external man—for more than need be. You want more confidence—a more powerful conviction of your own truth. Those who have this, walk in and out where and when they please. Self-confidence, undisguised, and rejoicing in its own strength, disturbs and humiliates others who are weak and small of soul, and makes them tingle all over with spite and resentment, as one often sees ; while to the truly powerful spirits nothing is more delightful. It illustrates what they feel. They recognise in it a man full of something great, who has an implicit belief in that greatness, and in himself. These are the men to seek. And circumstances are in favour, and not against one like you, in doing so."

"I cannot do so," said Archer ; "I have lived a solitary life too long, so that any such efforts, if not out of my power, are extremely distasteful to me."

"Then don't do it," said Michael Salter, proudly.

"I cannot abandon literature," added Archer, with a depressed air ; "neither does it appear that I am very fit to succeed in it. But what *else* am I fit for ?"

"Do not think of abandoning it," exclaimed Michael Salter, "nor seek to live by it. You have the highest qualities for it, if you will abandon the thoughts of popularity and reward. Live, my friend, how you can; a trifle will suffice, as you do not 'mix with society;' and devote yourself more than ever to the labour you delight in, and the art in which you excel. If your dreams be high and well founded, they will some day germinate into corresponding works, and take their due position among the structures of immortality. Why should we, who can devise new things, lose so much time in the scraping and polishing of outsides? Leave after-times to 'find' a publisher, and correct your proofs. But now, while you live and are full to overflowing, pour it out into the best vessels that come to hand, whether of gold or of iron, of porphyry and jasper, or of common clay. See! Archer, here is a memorandum of my work during the last year."

Michael Salter, after searching in two or three deep pockets, exhumed a folded paper, which he thrust into Archer's hand.

Archer opened it, and began to read.

"Virtue in the cradle, and Vice in the school, being an Essay on training for the Ideal and the Practical, in their highest natural Relations."—"A Plan for altering the Climate of India, so far as relates to Poison in the Air."—"How to render a whole Army insensible for half an hour—granted a few hours' time for the erection of a certain Gasometer."—"How to devise the greatest work mankind now wants, and how to die in the best way to 'set it forth,' and teach devotional belief in it."

"Another time!—another time!" cried Michael Salter, "read the rest alone. But in your own book, my friend, and your prospects from it, do not be deceived. It will take its silent place beside such labours as you will find in that paper. It will give you a literary future—it will do nothing for your present life. Such is the condition of letters in our country—such the state of knowledge in the world, which especially prides itself upon its practice and its facts. Write your book—bestow all your best pains upon it—and cast it upon the waters of the noblest seaward river, leaving it as a legacy to the world, as the world is, which would starve us, precisely because it *needs* what we have to teach."

"Sometimes," said Archer, "I am full of hope that I do not work in vain, although I may never live to see the results; but sometimes my spirit desponds—my heart almost dies within me—I recollect how many have toiled all their lives under a delusion—

a false estimate of their own powers, or of the importance they attach to their ruling passion—and at these times it seems to me that all I have done, or can do, will put forth no roots in the grave—will lift no self-renewing head to shoot upward towards the morning.”

“Hope for no more of nature and mankind than truth and justice; expect no less; and smile at destiny,” exclaimed Michael Salter, rising with energy. “The common seed readily finds a soil—the winds may carry it whither they list,—and the common weed groweth where nothing else will spring; but the lustrous palm-tree, the mighty cedar, and the bright cecatic flower claim their peculiar earth and air, which most assuredly they find, or else sink back upon the bosom of their Creator. To do his utmost, and to expect the least reward, or none, is man’s best virtue and wisdom. Does this destroy thy hope—doth it cast a mist before thy prospect, and damp thy energies, which would rather have followed the giants of an hour? Hope ever—but hope strongly—that is, with a heart of aspiring flame, and the wings of reason. Each atom in each planet has its appointed duty, its work and its wages; but the workman, make what else he may, maketh not his own hours. Primitive substance and its periods of being, are beyond us. We see that law here in all our noblest labours—our grandest designs—for God is a large and truthful paymaster; but, to use a homely figure, with a high reverence, he always payeth his labourers on the Monday morning, and never on the Saturday night. First the work—then the patience—then, if any, the reward. The Sunday of God and Man must intervene—a day of rest set apart from earth-labour for looking upward, and feeling upward, after your own way—a day to adore the star you have chosen as the type of an immortal course, and by whose divine smile you wish to steer through the troubled surge of life. Is not this a sustaining thought—do not these emotions, rooted in eternal nature, give to us a just self-centred power? You are called a flimsy dreamer?—a dealer in mysteries, or strange words. By whom? By what manner of men? Why shrink from the finger-mark of the foolish—or why be moved by the lowing of heavy oxen? I am a dreamer—a visionary—one who prays in the moonlight, or the sunlight, or the spirit-light of any mystery, any science, any art—and I glory in the appellation. I am a wild speculator—a dreamy abstraction man—one who has by no means a ‘well-regulated mind’—an

enthusiast—a believer in all noble passions—all exalted aspirations—no star of all the host of heaven is too high or too far off for my burning desire, my belief in Immensity—and Infinitude—my soul's supreme endowment of illimitable flight. And if—let me breathe it into your deepest chords of being—if in the dark and narrow grave, all the pride of earth, and the world's estimation of external form and action—all which constitute the smaller part of a sublime intellect's glory—must return to its original elements, and seem to fly asunder for ever, I will yet hope, in the grand revolution of mortal time, when each atom is once again where it was, in connection with others combining to make a special human form, thus once again produced,—that the countless centuries have *not* rolled about these atoms without purpose, and that yet grander physical principles, whether of colossal shape, intenser nerve, or multiplied senses, may be conferred upon us for inconceivable new labours, by the Creative Breath which ordains and directs our spiral ascensions towards an ineffable eternity."

Tears of excitement were in Archer's eyes, as Michael Salter suddenly advanced and grasped his hand. Before he could rise, and see clearly, he found himself alone.

He followed hastily, but by the time he reached the door, Michael Salter had crossed the lawn, and was seated on the top of the stone wall. The dusky figure of the enthusiast dropped leisurely over on the other side. It was a brilliant star-light night, and his form was distinctly visible all across the ploughed field. He ascended the bank of shingles—paused a moment on the top, gazing upward at the starry firmament—and then disappeared on the other side.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE THREE WISE MEN.—ARCHER MEETS A NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE IN WALES—HIS VISIT TO THE COITAGE OF THE MISS LLOYDS.—SCENE BETWEEN ARCHER, MARY, AND EULEN LLOYD.

WITH feelings revived, a mind more at ease, and energies more elastic and hopeful, Archer fell to work with great assiduity the morning after his interview with Michael Salter. His enthusiasm had received new fire as from above. He resolved to put forth the best of his spirit—the whole of his strength—into his philosophical novel. The "Three Wise Men" would be one of the finest works in the language, and its merits would be speedily

acknowledged. It was all very well for Michael Salter—who thought a manuscript sufficiently launched, if it produced a powerful effect upon any other man's mind—to cast everything upon the waters—to throw all present life overboard, into the rolling seas of the future. It was possible to carry this spirituality a little too far. Exclusiveness was not good, even in ethereal things; and since man was made of body as well as soul, Archer admitted to himself that he should prefer to earn some little reputation and competency on this side of the grave. The “Three Wise Men” would fully attain these things for him.

Having worked incessantly for several days at his novel, Archer began to find that some exercise was requisite for his health. He set out on a ramble over the mountains. The clouds were high, the heath was fresh and odorous, a brightness was over all things. Arriving at an abrupt turn of the mountain, he suddenly found himself looking down upon the lovely vale leading circuitously towards the cottage of the Lloyds. He stood silently gazing downward, rapt in thought. Presently two figures emerged from a little wood below. Their figures and movements were familiar to him, but he was too far off to be satisfied who they were. He walked mechanically down the mountain towards them, when it became evident that they had recognised him, and were beckoning. One of them was certainly the elder Miss Lloyd; but who was the gentleman at her side, to whom she was pointing out the beauties of Welsh scenery?

He lost sight of them for a time in his descent, but on emerging lower down, when they again appeared, he involuntarily ejaculated, “Karl Kohl! who would have thought of seeing him here!”

In a few minutes more they met, and after cordial salutations, Archer could not refrain from again expressing his surprise at seeing Herr Kohl.

“It ist not so wunderbar that I befind myself here, mit my dear wife!”—and he pointed to Miss Lloyd with a bow.

There was no doubt something in the expression of Archer's face which they both found perfectly irresistible, so that Mr. and Mrs. Karl Kohl laughed immoderately, till they were obliged to sit down upon a bank; and Archer, perceiving how it all was, and catching the infection of their humour, sat down upon an opposite bank, and laughed too.

After they had recovered themselves, Mrs. Kohl proposed that

they should return to the cottage. On their way thither, she made some casual remarks concerning her sister, Ellen, whereat Archer became suddenly silent.

"Perhaps I ought to inform you," said Mrs. Kohl, "that my sister was accompanied home by Mary."

Archer stopped short.

"We had heard," continued Mrs. Kohl, "that you were at a farm-house in this neighbourhood; and in fact, our stroll this morning was chiefly with the intent to discover your lodgement. Mary is very anxious to see you."

"To see me?" said Archer, "perhaps you are not aware—" there he paused.

"Yes, I am," said Mrs. Kohl, "I know all. I beg you will accompany us home."

With the air of a man who, being "perplexed in the extreme," slowly goes somewhere without intending it, and vaguely persuades himself that he does not intend it, and that he is not really going there, because at any moment he can turn back—Archer walked abreast of Mr. and Mrs. Karl Kohl, but keeping as far off as the pathway allowed, until they arrived at the wicket gate of the cottage lawn. Here he paused again, and laying one hand upon the top of the little gatepost, said, "I think—" when Mrs. Kohl, taking him kindly by the arm, led him through the gate, and across the lawn.

On entering the cottage, they were met by Mary. She held out her hand to Archer. He pressed it affectionately, and asked if she had forgiven him. "You shall judge," said Mary, in a soft voice, leading him onward to the inner room.

Before Archer very well knew where he was going, he found himself standing in the middle of the room, with Mary standing on one side of him; and Ellen Lloyd, on the other, seated on a sofa, looking pale, as if about to faint. She appeared unable to rise from the sofa, and pressed one hand over her eyes.

"Dear Edward Archer," said Mary, endeavouring in vain to speak without trepidation, "I have known you only a few years, but from the nature of our acquaintance, the opportunities I have had of estimating your fine qualities of heart and of intellect, have been too numerous not to leave an indelible conviction of your worth—a conviction which I never felt more strongly—and I may say, though it will seem a perversity and a weakness of nature—never so strongly as at the present moment. It is not that my

inward conviction of my right course wavers, nor that my decision falters, yet I feel now, for the first time, that there is much in you upon which I have never set a due value ; and the reason is, that these things are not very well suited to my own nature and character ; and sympathies that have to be created or assumed by habit and time, can never have the same genuine effect upon a man like you, as those sympathies which are spontaneous, and immediate." (She here took Archer and Ellen each by the hand.) "But what I think of you in feeling and refinement, I cannot better prove than putting into your charge the treasured feeling of a pure and devoted heart." As she said these words, she joined their hands, and retired a few paces behind Archer.

Their hands trembled violently—Ellen turned her face upwards towards Archer, and the look with which he was bending over her, caused her to rise up, so that her head fell upon his breast, down which her golden hair fell in a stream, as he folded his arms round her.

Archer turned towards Mary, but she had left the room, and the door was closed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. WALTON IN PRISON.—MESSRS. SHORT AND BAINTON, AND THE CREDITORS.
—DEATH OF ARCHER'S UNCLE.—AN ASSOCIATED HOME.—ARCHER'S HESITATIONS AND ANXIETIES.

IN a narrow room, very imperfectly, not to say sadly lighted, by a small window, thickly coated with dust, and having an iron grating outside, sat Mr. Walton, in a meditative attitude. He took out his handkerchief, and applied it to his eyes. He returned it slowly to his pocket, and then fixed his gaze upon a newspaper, which was lying at his feet. The portion of the paper usually devoted to dissolutions of partnership—bankruptcies—the insolvent debtors' court, and dreary news of that kind, chanced to lie uppermost ; and it might have been supposed that he was meditating upon these things. But it so happened that this paper also contained accounts of fresh atrocities practised by Austria, in Italy, and Mr. Walton presently relieved his troubled breast by a monologue to an imaginary dungeon and chain in Venice.

Just as the order arrived for him to be shot, after undergoing

the torture of his beard being pulled out by a hair at a time, Mary entered, and seating herself by his side, informed him that his captivity would soon be terminated, as Messrs. Short and Bainton had arrived, and called a meeting of the creditors.

This meeting of creditors shortly took place. They behaved very well, on the whole, nor would there have been any disturbance or difficulty had all the statements and explanations been left to Mr. Bainton, as was originally intended; but Mr. Short *would* rush in with an oratorical display of his doings in Scotland, and his narrow escape in Galway, which created much discussion, and some dissension. At this point, Mr. Walton unfortunately advanced "to the rescue,"—and then out came the whole affair of Titus Andronicus. A scene of some confusion ensued. The squanderings of money in absurdities—wild schemes—and imprudences, were severely handled; the failure, however, of Messrs. Bray and Toller, every one was obliged to regard as a general misfortune, and "the creditors"—kindly overlooking some things, and being considerate on other points—came to the resolution that they would be content with taking every farthing the insolvents possessed.

Not many weeks after this, fortune smiled upon Mr. Bainton, who was re-instated in his building-yard by several merchants, two of whom frequented the same chapel. Equally fortunate was Mr. Short, who suddenly found himself elected as agent of a Mining Company, in France, at a high salary. This position made him immediately resolve upon a "move" he had contemplated ever since his rejection by Mary, chiefly because it was an excellent move in itself, and also because it carried with it a considerable amount of vengeance. It was that of making an offer of marriage to her aunt. He did so. It was declined—but with an air which betrayed a secret gratification, and gave every hope.

About this time Archer received intelligence of the death of his uncle. With it came a brief notification that the will had been opened, in which his name was never mentioned. His uncle's property had been left to some distant relations in Canada, who had behaved very ill to Archer.

Meantime, Mary had used her best efforts to cheer her father, under his ruined circumstances—ruined also, as they were, in prospective hopes; for the wealthy Miss Judith did actually confer the honour of her hand upon Mr. Short, with whom she immediately departed for the Continent. With equal activity Mary speedily reduced to practice the original project of Associated Homes,

which had failed from having been commenced upon a large building scale, instead of a *boarding* scheme.

Mary commenced with one large house, which had four rooms on each floor. She had previously communicated her project to several friends, who cordially agreed to co-operate in her undertaking,—and the house was at once occupied by Mary and her father, on the ground floor; Karl Kohl and Mrs. Kohl, in the floor above them; Mr. Bainton and a friend, in the floor above that; and there was a proposal on the part of Mr. John Downs and his wife, to take the next floor above them, the attics being occupied by the servants. To the admission of Mr. Downs there was some difference of opinion. Mary feared he might be troublesome; Mr. Walton said he would be intolerable; and Mr. Bainton's friend said he would be sure to "set them all together by the ears." Mr. Karl Kohl thought it would not be so; and Mr. Bainton gave it as his decided opinion that Mr. Downs would behave very well, provided his wife were with him. "Ha! ha!" shrewdly observed Mr. Walton, "I see—I see! no doubt some terrific tartar of a woman. His spirit of opposition has no chance with her. But what shall *we* do with such a woman in the house?"

The Associated Home commenced, and worked admirably; the expenses of each family being, by this means, reduced to less than one half they would have amounted to, had the parties taken similar rooms in different houses. It worked well also, as to cordiality, notwithstanding that Mr. John Downs was domiciled on the third floor. His wife was a little woman, with fair hair, a sweet low voice, and a gentle dove-like manner. She agreed to everything he said; but she always had her way, while he fancied he had his, and they were both happy.

It was not long before Mary had a conversation with Mr. Bainton, as to the possibility of founding an Institute, which should actually be for mechanics and artizans. Mr. Bainton shook his head. Mary explained that she meant no magnificent building—no regular establishment, with all its expensive arrangements and appointments necessarily corresponding with it—but a building, or large hall, bare and dreary as the fortunes of those who were invited to assemble there, to attend lectures, or for mutual improvement, by social conversation and beneficial amusements. Mr. Bainton, after a pause, again shook his head, but by no means so hopelessly as at first. He said he knew of a capital

building, or rather position for one, for it was all in ruins. He did not see how it could be managed ; and thus the conversation ended for the present.

But let us take a glance at the farm-house in Wales, where Archer was residing. At times he was perfectly happy, because he was continually in the society of Ellen Lloyd, with whom he totally forgot his circumstances ; he forgot the past, and finding an elysium in the present, his imagination scarcely wandered into the future. When he was alone, and reviewed his day, he did not sophisticate himself with the pompous popular philosophy, which contemns all enjoyment of the present, and, by way of being perfectly inconsistent with itself and its devotion to the practical, asserts that there is nothing so excellent and noble as the dream of the past and the dream of the future. But what Archer could not reconcile with himself, was the melancholy fact that he was not in a fair and reasonable position to enjoy the present, while his future was so very precarious. For Ellen Lloyd he entertained a devoted affection ; but this very feeling made him hesitate, and delay their union. Since her sister's marriage she had barely sufficient for her own maintenance ; and *ought* he to involve her in his difficult circumstances, which were likely to become worse and worse,—unless, indeed, his philosophical novel redeemed them.

CONCLUSION.

FATE OF THE "THREE WISE MEN"—AN AUTHOR'S GOOD ANGEL—ADDRESS TO ARTIZANS BY A WORKING MAN—ARCHER AND HARDING—MARY AND ELLEN—THE INSTITUTE AND THE ORGAN—THE IDEAL, AND THE PRACTICAL.

"MESSRS. *— and *—, present their compliments to Mr. Archer, and beg to inform him that the way in which they do business is to publish works on commission, the author paying all expenses of print, paper, advertisements, &c." Another : "Messrs. Harridge and Penn would be happy to be informed if the author of the 'Three Wise Men' intends publishing his work on his own account, or by private subscription ; if the latter, would be glad to be favoured with a sight of the names intended to stand at the head of the list." Another : "Messrs. *— and Son return their best thanks to Mr. Edward Archer for his obliging offer of his philosophical novel entitled the 'Three Wise

Men,' the manuscript of which they have diligently perused with much pleasure, and regret to say they are compelled to decline its publication." Another: "Messrs. Tooley and Grim beg to return the romance of the 'Three Wise Men,' with many thanks, the publication of which, their literary friend recommends them not to undertake; though he was of opinion that if the author would sufficiently modify the three principal characters, so that they should be recognised as three well-known living persons in fashionable or public life, the work might perhaps be made to take rank with some of the most successful novels of the season."

There were several others, concluding with—"the publication of which they beg to decline." The last one was not very intelligible, at a first reading:—"Sir, we have placed your work entitled 'Discoveries in Science' in the hands of a gentleman eminent for his scientific knowledge, who is of opinion that your book is one of great intrinsic value, but that the sale would be extremely limited. The expenses for diagrams and tables of calculations would be very considerable. Under these circumstances you will perceive that we cannot undertake the publication except at the author's cost, &c." Two notes placed in the wrong envelopes, readily presented the solution of this puzzle, the note intended for Archer having no doubt been transmitted to the equally unfortunate devotee of science.

"These letters and notes," murmured Archer, in reverie, "display the first fruits of my assiduous labours—my study and thought, my earnest toils, and pains, and exultations through the day and night, my aspirations and my hopes, my expectations and anxieties. Fruits, did I call them? say rather, the first blights which almost invariably fall upon the literary tree, at the season arrive when the sun and the earth, the rains and the winds, are likely to become propitious,—if that period ever arrive. Some crude youths rush out at once, bare headed, into the public air, and a fortunate sun bursts down upon them; others come forth, armed in proof, after long watchings, and find nothing but clouds over-head, and a dead-wall in front. In these cases, what is left to those who have something within them worth suffering for, but fortitude and patient endurance? Meantime, what becomes of the human being—his real life—his domestic relations or position? What becomes of personal happiness? Nothing lies before his actual path but chagrin, anguish, and all the mean

troubles of life ; nothing floats before his vision but the dark spectre of his own fallacious hope ! ”

The day on which Archer sat, indulging in this depressing soliloquy, with all the publishers' notes spread out on the table, and the rejected manuscript of the “Three Wise Men” lying with sad sprawling leaves up in one corner of the room,—was singularly bright. The sun shone directly upon the window, and Archer had risen and closed the shutters, the brightness being so utterly at variance with his thoughts and feelings. Through the aperture, however, a golden light streamed across the room, just as he had uttered the last words, and the door softly opening, Ellen Lloyd came gliding in,—making a picture which Rembrandt might have painted under the title of “A Poor Author receiving a visit from his Good Angel.”

We cannot possibly do better than leave him in such hands. In some such ways as this, whether in vision or reality, genius finds, if not its full reward, at least its heart's consolation and its spirit's blissful rest.

Meantime, very great advances and improvements had taken place in the “Associated Home,” near Gosport ; for by its excellent management it presented so many advantages, that many more proposals to become inmates were made, than could be accepted, however eligible. Mary had already, in the course of a few months, added the houses on each side, as wings to the one with which she had commenced, and more rooms were still needed by constant applicants. The projected “Institute for Artizans” had also been well set on foot. Mr. Bainton had obtained possession of the ground, with the whole dilapidated building upon it, and a new and spacious hall had soon risen, and a day for the opening of the new Institute was fixed. It was announced that the proceedings of the evening would be commenced with an Address to Artizans by a Working Man. • •

Many were the friends to whom invitations were sent to be present at the opening of the Institute, and among others, Mary and the rest were of course anxious that Archer should come—with his wife. Good angels do not visit melancholy poets to no purpose ; and Archer and Ellen Lloyd were now happy beyond expression.

The evening arrived, and the great hall—bare of all ornament, but spacious, lofty, substantial, warm, and skilfully ventilated—was adorned, in spirit, with crowded heads of thinking artificers

and mechanics. Every seat was full, and every pulse was beating with a novel emotion—one that might be interpreted into the feeling that *here*, at last, was the means of knowledge, and of improved social intercourse, so much talked of, and boasted—but from whose arena all these actually working mechanics had been hitherto comparatively excluded.

Mr. Bainton, as chairman of the committee of the Institute, first ascended the platform. He stated, in his brief way, the design and intentions of the Institution, and that its main difference from all others, similar in designation, was simply that it was to *be* exactly what it was called—and nothing more;—but to be as much as that, he thought a new thing, and a good one. It had been announced that an Address would be made to them by a working man. Before introducing this man, he, Mr. Bainton, would merely say, that by the use of the term working man, he did distinctly mean one who worked with his hands—and that the building in which they now were, which had risen above the old ruins in so short a space of time, owed its existence in a great measure to the hands of this same man. The applause they gave was no more than deserved. In conclusion, he had to say, that being without family, he, Mr. Bainton, had seen no one whom he so much wished to adopt as his son, as the man in question—who, however, had gratefully declined to avail himself of any position in society to which this might lead, and had declared his resolution never to leave his class—and that in the event of becoming—as he should become—the possessor of property, he would still work as a man among his own men—still be a mechanic or artizan with them—and never appear in any other character, or acknowledge any other designation. With him, moreover, the first idea of this Institution had originated.

Mr. Bainton retired amidst great and most sincere applause, which was shared by the man who now ascended the platform to address the assembled crowd.

Archer started at the sight of him, and half rose from his seat. The altered appearance in figure, and expression of face—both so much refined by suffering and inward efforts—were deeply affecting. What Harding said in this address, Archer was in a state of mind far too tumultuous to apprehend with any clearness. All he collected at intervals showed him that Harding had been in Italy, and that he had joined the patriots in their struggle against Austrian tyranny, and all its atrocities of vengeance and cruelty—

and that besides fighting among the patriots, he had instructed and aided the insurgents of Naples and Sicily in building boats to assist their operations. The closing words Archer distinctly heard :—

“ Friends—Brothers—Fellow-workmen ! Let us all be of one mind in this ; that while we seek to obtain a just, an adequate reward for the sweat of the brow, we are not to forget that we have intellects to cultivate as well as earth to till—understandings to fabricate and discipline, and imaginations to fill with visions of beauty and of strength, as well as hands to hew wood and to draw water. I was taught this by the only spiritual pastor and master I ever had, and I shall only use words after him when I say to you, let the workmen of all countries look at the stupendous edifices that adorn their cities—whether St. Peter’s at Rome, or St. Paul’s in London—and let them feel, Our hands built all these things, which other and higher minds saw in dreams before us. Let us, then, reverence their ‘visions and their faculties divine,’ but say to ourselves, we also have souls to ascend, hearts of large scope, and minds for higher acts than any political institutions have yet taken into their calculations. And some day we also will build according to our own designs ; but humbly and in homely fashion at first, as in these walls which now surround us.”

Harding descended amidst prolonged plaudits. Many pressed hastily towards him ; but the first that took him by the hand was Mary. “ Let me,” said she, “ assist you in this great work.” It was too much—the tears gushed into the strong man’s eyes—more copiously when on turning aside, he found his other hand pressed by Archer.

It is scarcely necessary to state a sequel which must be obvious. Harding and Mary were soon afterwards married, all their friends being present at the wedding, except Archer, who had a bad cold. The utmost cordiality existed ever after between Archer and Harding, and all the circle. They frequently paid each other visits. Archer continued to write poetry, for a future time, as he hoped ; and as their means of life were very indifferent, Ellen, recollecting the example of Michael Salter, became organist of a little Welsh church, which small addition amply sufficed.

Thus does each dream and work, and work and dream, according to his own nature ; and the world, in its very slow way, becomes wiser and better with its years, by the labours of its best thinkers and doers.

PEACE HE HATH PROMISED !

"Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you."

PEACE He hath promised ! O'er thy lone heart's sadness,
On wings of healing, let this whisper steal,
And breathe around a still and holy gladness,
Such joy as seraphs need not blush to feel.

Peace He hath promised ! When the tie is broken
That to earth bound thee with a giant chain,
O'er the loud tempest of thy grief be spoken
The "Peace ! be still !" that calmed the troubled main.

Peace He hath promised ! When thy faith is shaken
In truth and love of those 'twas bliss to trust,
When the fond heart, in every hope mistaken,
Finds its bright future crumbled into dust :

Peace He hath promised ! Gather meekly round thee
The shattered fragments of each human tie ;
His love is greater than the love that bound thee
To aught created that can change or die.

Peace He hath promised ! When the darksome valley
Its ghastly terror flings around thy head,
Let thy faint heart in strong assurance rally—
Thy God and Brother died to raise the dead !

• Mrs. A. F. TINDAL.

' ART-MANUFACTURE UNION PROPOSED AND CONSIDERED.

ADDRESSED TO THE ARTISTS, ART-PATRONS, AND MANUFACTURERS
• OF ENGLAND.

GENTLEMEN,—We seek to draw your attention to the possibility of founding an Art-Manufacture Union in this country—a Union that shall be co-operative with, and a help to, that existing for the advancement of painting and sculpture. We would also recom-

mend to your earnest consideration, some means which may render Schools of Design self-supporting, and enable the manufacturer of this country to compete in the elegance of the designs that shall be imprinted upon their cotton and other goods, with any market in the world.

The birth of the present Art-Union gave rise to a warm paper-warfare—some penholders contending that the institution of an Art lottery would debase the profession it was created to elevate; while more sanguine and impartial writers hailed the creation of the Union as the dawning of a bright era in Art: the latter critics were the justest. An Art-Union is certainly a lottery—so is any commercial speculation.

Commerce is a game of chance—a game of hazard. Does the commercial risk debase the speculator, or the man with whom he speculates? It has been said that Art-Unions encourage the production of mediocere and inferior pictures: this assertion is a fallacy on the face of it. What artist would paint an inferior picture, in the hope of selling it as the 10*l.* prize? What artist would not rather strive to deserve selection by the holder of the 300*l.* ticket? Artists—no longer fettered by the ill-educated taste of rich patrons—no longer depending upon the caprice of incompetent individuals—will have free scope for the full exercise of their imagination and cultivated execution. It cannot be denied that the perfection and extension of the principles of Art-Unions may emancipate artists from the thralldom of monied ignorance, and give to the profession generally a stability and an elevation which have hitherto been monopolised by the R.A.'s of the kingdom. The system of government and election at the Royal Academy is little known, and too exclusive to confer artistic honours on the artistic genius of the kingdom. The Royal Academicians *do not* represent British Art. Is the President of the Royal Academy at the head of his profession? Is Sir Martin Archer Shee a greater artist than Goodall, or J. W. Allen, or Inskipp?

“Educate the taste of the people before you establish Art-Unions,” has been the constant cry of superficial thinkers. To such it may not be unnecessary to say—the surest way to correct bad taste is to present good models. You want to create a sound artistic taste in the people: give them, then, high works of Art; show them the artistic genius of the country; open to them exhibitions that shall include all excellent works, without personal

distinction ; and give the unknown man who has executed a first-rate work, equal place with the established favourite. Hang the works according to their merit, not according to the station and position of the artist. In short, be ever anxious to advance merit in whomsoever it may be found—be he lord or labourer.

An earnest love of Art, for Art's sake, must be spread throughout the length and breadth of the land, ere the British school can claim equal rank with the Roman, Florentine, and Spanish schools. Nor in the distribution of pictures alone can this great end be accomplished. Pictures are generally but the ornaments of a homestead, and are often unnoticed for many consecutive months. They hang against the walls, and are hung there because they take from the nakedness of the room. You hear people say "Pictures *do* look comfortable about one." Not because they are fine embodiments of fine ideas do these people consider pictures "such comfortable things," but because they fill up a room, and impart a sense of comfort—of luxury to it. Many people regard paintings in the light of mere furniture, and buy a Wouvermans or a Carlo Dolce as they would buy a four-post bedstead. Such people are wholly ignorant of artistic excellence ; their taste is vitiated and their eye untaught ; they have no standard of beauty—no colouring offends them, and bad drawing (if it be not atrociously bad) they pass unnoticed.

This acknowledged evidence of the influence of external objects upon the minds of the uneducated, leads at once to the theory upon which this proposition for the establishment of an Art-Manufacture Union is founded. We believe, with Leigh Hunt, that "it seems as if an unhandsome action before the portrait of a noble female countenance would be impossible ;" and this belief (shared as it is with so illustrious a man) has firmly convinced us that a Union, such as we are about to propose, would be powerful for the enlightenment and refinement of the people of Britain. The eye is quickly educated and quickly vitiated. Ever familiar with misshapen and colourless objects, its sense of the beautiful in form and colour is soon blunted, if not wholly lost ; and all who are lost to the beautiful in Art, and (as a natural consequence) to the beautiful in Nature, are deprived of one of the most refining of our intellectual enjoyments. On the other hand, the eye long used to receive the beautiful in form, and the harmonious in colouring, carries so many grand and glorious images to the mind, (which are lost, be it observed, to the uneducated pupil,) that

progressive refinement in the individual is almost an unvarying consequence. A story is told of a Catholic money-lender, who was probably accustomed to study the old masters, and who, when he was going to cheat a customer, always drew a veil over the portrait of his favourite saint. That the national taste of this country requires education, no person who has made Art a study, or who is alive to the beautiful, will deny; and the most important point to be considered in an endeavour to propagate a high standard as the appeal to which artists shall bring their labours, is the method whereby the national taste may be most effectually cultivated. Books and treatises on Art will not effect this object. Art is not fostered by a nation of critics. Critics often fetter the men whose works they criticise, by judging their works comparatively, and not positively. The English school does not need the patronage of men who can compare a picture by Turner with a Claude, or Maclise's masterpiece with the noblest production of Michael Angelo; it requires an immediate recognition of positive excellence, rather than a learned comparison with old masters. If it be the object of English Art patrons to produce a school in England based upon the old schools of Italy and Germany, then is a numerous critical tribunal useful and indispensable; but if, on the other hand, the object of Art patrons be to foster a school of progressive Art, then is a national recognition of positive merit their surest reliance. And inasmuch as it is the belief of most people that the advancement of a progressive school of Art is the aim of the more enlightened portion of the community, we put strong faith in our conviction that an Art-Manufacture Union will find favour in the minds of the artists, Art patrons, and manufacturers of this country. We want a school that will generate new thoughts and embody new ideas, not an academy bent upon reproducing old masters. Taking for granted, then, that this advancement of a progressive school is the ambition of all interested in the welfare of English artists, it requires no inordinate taxation of the reasoning faculties to comprehend at once the intimate connection of Art-Manufacture with the dissemination of pure taste, and consequently its influence upon the advancement of the Fine Arts in the country. The distribution of fine pictures alone will not purify the taste of the people. This purification—this refinement—can be brought about only by a thorough revolution in the household decorations and appoint-

ments of the nation ; and this revolution may be gradually but surely effected by means of the proposed Union.

An Art-Manufacture Union would substitute useful household articles, designed by eminent men, for the tasteless, misshapen utensils now in general use. The proposed Union would distribute such prizes as Townshend's Beer Jug—an article in common use, and beautiful to the eye, and suggestive to the mind. The Union would, in fact, spread Art-Manufacture after the fashion designed lately under the superintendence of Felix Summerly, on an extended scale, throughout the country. To such a Union, poor people would contribute, because the certainty of receiving the value of their subscription, in the shape of some useful utensil, would enable them to afford the price of a ticket. In the establishment of this Union, let the present system of distribution be extended on the most liberal principles, and allow non-subscribers to become purchasers of any article at its market value. When the idea of this Union was first conceived, its adoption appeared to be encumbered by so many obstacles that we were about to abandon it as an impossible proposition, had not a closer consideration of the subject fixed in our mind a sense of the simplicity of the means whereby the objects of this Union might be effected.

The first stumbling-block we set aside was the difficulty that would attend the manufacture of artists' designs by the Union. It at first appeared to us, that either the committee must cause a large stock of designs to be executed, or themselves select the prizes ; and it is obvious that these alternatives are very great objections to the plan, inasmuch as the former proceeding would leave a large stock of goods on the Society's hands, while the latter would partially frustrate the immediate object of the Society's foundation, because it would compel the subscribers to abide by the taste of the committee. It afterwards occurred to us, that these difficulties might be surmounted by the exhibition of designs which should be executed in any material that would bring them within the amount of the prizes, when the said design had been selected by the prize-holders. This method would effectually do away with the above objections, and at once simplify the principle of an Art-Manufacture Union. The subjects of the designs should include all household furniture, both the useful and the ornamental. The sale of the copyright of these designs would be a

source of considerable income to the Society. The manufacturers would be glad to become purchasers of the productions of our most eminent men ; and so our patterns might be equal to our fabrics. This Union must be a national institution, not a private speculation. Its sole object must be the advancement of Art, and not the pecuniary gain of some few speculative individuals.

The more we consider the component parts of the whole, the more are we convinced that the institution we propose is soundly based and potent for good to Art. It is true that it will take years to spread the principles of this plan throughout the country ; but it is also true, that when the machinery which we suggest shall be in full operation, the taste of the people will become more healthy, the Arts of this country will be encouraged to activity, and the British school will stand alone in its originality ; in positive excellence claiming to be ranked with the grand old schools of the continent.

We have alluded to the sale of the copyrights of the Art-Manufacture Union designs, and observed that such sale would yield a considerable income to the institution. We do not mean to infer hereby, that the artist's conception shall be undervalued ; we propose that the value of his design shall be half the value of the prize-holder's ticket and half the valuation put upon his work by the manufacturer. For instance, if the 200*l.* prize selected by the holder be a tea-service, the artist will receive 100*l.* for his design ; and if a manufacturer, for the copyright of this same design, give 300*l.*, the artist shall receive one-half of this sum, so that altogether he will have received 250*l.* for his design—The prize-holder will have a tea-service, the material of which will cost 100*l.*, and the institution will clear the sum of 150*l.* by the transaction. With the proceeds from the copyrights we propose that the institution shall lay the foundation of a *National Gallery of the Works of British Artists*, which shall include the best specimens of our greatest painters, dead or living, that can be obtained.

As regards the specimen of Art-Manufacture to be presented to each subscriber, we should propose that certain articles, such as small tankards, ink-stands, salt-spoons, &c., be kept ready made, so as to allow the single ticket holders a choice, while the holders of a dozen tickets should be allowed to choose to the value of their subscription from the manufactures kept on hand by the Society. Furthermore, the rules of the Society should compel them to dispose of all objects that might remain after the subscribers for the

current year had made their selection ; so that each succeeding year might bring forth new beauties from the imagination of native genius.

The formation of an Art-Manufacture Union would give to Schools of Design the impetus which they lack at present. And it has occurred to the writer of this paper, that a close connection might be cultivated between the Schools of Design and the Union, so that the one might contribute to the advancement of the other ; while the co-operation of both would tend to hasten the consummation which it is the professed intention of both to promote.

It should, moreover, be in the power of the Schools of Design directors to decide upon the merits of their pupils' works, and to offer to the committee of the Art-Manufacture Union such designs as they might judge to be worthy of public exhibition. The copyrights of all designs drawn by the pupils of a School of Design, and exhibited at the request of a School of Design director, should be the property of the school to which the artist belongs—a regulation that would yield an income proportionate to the excellence of the schools, and tend to make them self supporting. In return for this sacrifice of their designs on the part of pupils, each student whose design had been selected by a prize-holder, and the copyright of which had been purchased, should be entitled to exhibit in future on his own account, paying during his stay with his school a certain per centage of the remuneration he might receive for his works.

The co-operation of our manufacturers may, we think, be reasonably relied upon. It is to their interest that their goods should equal in every particular (in design as well as in fabric) the manufactures of foreigners ; and we are certain, not only that the manufacturers of this country would promise their support to an institution such as we have proposed, but that they would hail its foundation and success with sincere pleasure, and give to native talent the patronage which the ill-education of their countrymen now compels them to confer upon strangers. That the manufacturers of this country have not come forward to uphold the Schools of Design now in operation, is not owing to their aversion to the principle of such Schools, but to their sense of their present impotency. We contend that our Art-Manufacture Union will in a measure remove the objections at present entertained with regard to Schools of Design, by giving to these schools an immediate and a defined object. The talents of the pupils will find instantaneous recognition, and they will work with their reward in sight.

We believe that we have said enough concerning the influence of Art, and with regard to the possibility and advantage of gathering together a British Art-Manufacture Union, to recommend our proposition to the attention of the Art-patrons, artists, and manufacturers of this country.

W. B. J.

THE DRESS-MAKER'S THRUSH.

On 'tis the brightest morning
 Out in the laughing street,
 That ever the round earth flashed into
 The joy of May to meet ;
 Floods of more gleaming sunshine,
 Never the eye saw rolled
 Over pavement and chimney and cold gray sp'r.
 That turns in the light to gold ;
 And yet, as she wearily stitches,
 She hears her caged thrush sing,
 Oh would it never were May, green May—
 It never were bright, bright Spring !

Light of the new-born verdure !
 Glory of jocund May !
 What gladness is out in leafy lanes !
 What joy in the fields to-day !
 What sunbursts are in the woodlands !
 What blossoms the orchards throng !
 The meadows are snowed with daisy stars,
 And the winds are thrilled with song ;
 And yet, as ever she stitches,
 She hears her caged thrush sing,
 Oh would it never were May, green May—
 It never were bright, bright Spring !

Close is the court and darkened,
 On which her bare room looks,
 Whose only wealth is its wall's ore print,
 And its mantel's few old books,
 Her spare cold bed in the corner,
 Her single worn, worn chair,
 And the grate that looks so rusty and dull
 As never a fire were there ;

And there, as she stitches and stitches,
 She hears her caged thrush sing,
 Oh would it never were May, green May—
 It never were bright, bright Spring!

Out, is the gleaming sunshine,
 Out, is the golden air,
 In,—scarce a gleam of the bright May sun
 Can, dulled and dim, reach there.
 In darkness close and foul to be breathed
 That blanches her cheek to white,
 Her rounded features sharpen and thin,
 And dulls her once keen sight;
 And there she stitches and stitches,
 She and her caged thrush sing :
 Oh would it never were May, green May—
 It never were bright, bright Spring!

Days that are clouded and dull,
 Winter—though Winter bring
 Cold keen frost to her fireless room,
 Are dearer to her than Spring;
 For then on her weary sewing,
 Less often her worse thoughts come
 Of the pleasant lanes and the country air
 And the field-paths trod by some.
 And so, as she wearily stitches,
 She and her caged thrush sing :
 Oh would it never were May, green May—
 It never were bright, bright Spring!

Osborne Place, Blackheath.

W. C. BENNETT.

SOMETHINGS ABOUT SOMETHING OR ANOTHER.

BY WILLIAM THOM.

LAST Spring, Jamie, my own little boy, and I went out in search of plants for our new garden; the house long unoccupied, the garden revelled in all the democracy of weeds, and various and fat were the reptiles that roosted in the disorder. Oh! man, what a moral *grows* in a neglected garden! On our way homewards we stumbled upon heaps of roots outside a garden wall, all consigned dead; turned them over and over again; found *one* root with symptoms of existence upon it; planted it in our bleak garden,

ticketed, "Foundling flower, if flower ye be;" meet emblem of the withered ones of many erewhile cast out—ill-sorted things! Nothing of the green of byegone sunny days. Nothing now to tell us how much a favourite was once this withered one! Will it live?—we shall see. Was it well cared for by its patron, he of the high wall? or was it petted, pruned, and fashioned after the blasting conceits of a protector, a patron? Did it turn sick at last and shapeless—drooped, and was cast away? Well, let us and Nature try it once more. Come, thou Foundling weakly; yes, come, there is juice in your haggard heel, albeit, waxing powerless; come, though no verdure on your describeless and ruined limbs; yet, if there is life within thee, God and our guiding will try. You shall come forth in due time, and give us your name. What were you like last summer, you ragged one? You will tell it, and tell it truly; you cannot cheat us as we can cheat each other. God's truth has never been forsaken in you, dismantled as you are, for sunny summer will reveal thy name; winter only concealed what it could not destroy. Pity it should be so much the reverse with us by whom you were cultured, possessed, caressed, and ruined! What flower of many hues replaced thee, thou outcast? It may be, alas! the hand that nourished thee is cold—for such will be, even there; and garden walls were high indeed to screen from death and sorrow!

I saw in Pere la Chaise, where the very foppery of sentiment revels, where dead flowers, marble and candlesticks, pass rare substitutes for sorrow—where menials are paid and harnessed to cultivate a proxy grief, a mourning in stones and botany—I saw there one tomb all but obscured in weeds, and worthless-looking things—that was an untended grave. •

Weeds! who spoke of weeds? But it is the world's expression; an unfashionable flower is called a weed. Jenny Lind, ye jewel bird! peerless in mind, as matchless out of heaven's own songsters! Long may it so be! Ye, even ye, are a garden flower; or it may be, rather a garden bird;—all one matter that. Sheltered, shaded, and well to do; worthy of much, but so sheltered and so shaded; think of its sad uncertainty. Who now hold the blessing of seeing—of hearing you? A very, very small number of God's humble family of man. Your sister, the lady lark, who "at Heaven's gate sings," is she unheard by the lowly? Nay—how is it then that Jenny Lind, a lovelier lark, may not be heard by those of the labourer's lot? Well, well, let us be happy to know, and knowing, submit to toil

and tear on. Let no ill-natured stupid grumbler for a moment think that his narrowed loaf and dismal home has aught to do with it ; no, let him rather patiently consider the mission of the seraph Swede as a something not meant for him. Let him rejoice to hear that Jenny Lind touches the souls of some who were hitherto supposed to be badly supplied with that commodity. Yes, she has melted those hearts known to be imperturbable to God's will or to man's sorrow. Bless you ! your angel song cannot fail. As your notes rise, bread will fall. Then, O pour it forth on the gilded rocks that buy you. To the mighty inclusives sing, and soften them. Cottagers and weakly brats—sunken hearts and sallow cheeks—fireless hearths—withered women and degraded men implore thee, Jenny Lind, to sing, sing and soften !

* * * * *

Well, the Foundling. Is it not curious that on each of his three grey branches there appeared one bud ? so late too—
Shade of Linnaeus, assist me, that posterity may learn the history of our Foundling Flower.

SOMETHING ABOUT DIMPLES,

THEIR USE AND ORIGIN.

Your Helen's eye it speaketh yet,
May be with half its former sheen,
And that same cheek where roses met
May lack the brightness that hath been.
Time, onward in his withering stride,
Will dim the eye, will scathe the skin ;
But yon kirk-yard a' he can hide
That dimple on your Helen's chin.

But guess ye how her dimple 's made ?
I'll tell, for that full well I know—
A naughty little angel stray'd,
To have a frolic here below ;—
The infant Helen cradled lay,
All fair as aught of earth might be ;
Heaven's tiny truant pass'd that way
To see—whatever he could see.

THE GALLANT GLAZIER.

"My eye! what have we here?" he cries—
"Can earth claim all this pretty elf!
Or is it one hath left the skies.
To go a roanung like myself?"
He touched the eyebrow—touched the cheek—
He rued she was of mortal kin;
Kissing the lips, o'er young to speak,
He dived you dimple with his chin.

These fairy honey cups at first
Were formed for folks beneath the sky,
Till, mad beyond all mortal thirst,
Some jolly angels drank them dry.
Dear woman—mindful eye enough—
Found smirks and sighs, and sulks and tears,
The very, very kind of stuff
To lull her domineering dears.

Man eats as he had never err'd—
He drinks as he had never eaten
Yon deadly fruit; nor wisely cared
What thorny ways it lured his feet in.
He, muddly thankful, happy man—
The cup is his—the power is given
To make the most that e'er he can
Of all the cast-by bits of heaven.

October, 1847.

W. T.

THE GALLANT GLAZIER;

OR, THE MYSTERY OF RIDLEY HALL.

PART I.—THE DISCOVERY.

Nothing is more improbable than truth. Fiction, with all its ingenious combinations and extravagant inventions, falls so short of the strange incidents which chequer life, that it is a commonplace to say truth is stranger than fiction. When, therefore, a writer is about to narrate something which he knows will startle your credulity, he always tells you that his story is an account of what actually occurred. Tales, "founded on fact," are notorious for the insolence of their improbability.

The story I am about to narrate is one which you may believe,

or not, just as you feel disposed ; so that it amuses you I shall be content. True, it is not, in the sense of an exact relation of circumstances ; but the most extraordinary part of it is true, and *that* part you will discredit. Be it so. I heard an excellent clergyman, in whose parish it occurred, relate the anecdote which forms the groundwork of the story, and this anecdote I have been pleased to tell you in my own way.

About thirty years ago the village of Aston was never without one fruitful source of conjectural gossip, let the times be as uneventful as they might ; and that one subject was the mystery of Ridley Hall.

Ridley Hall was an ancient abbey formed into a modern residence, with a considerable display of architectural pretension. Embosomed "high in lofty trees," it had a singularly remote and unfamiliar aspect. All the smiling magnificence and hospitality of a country house were absent. It looked grand and sullen, inaccessible and forbidding. Festivity never made riot within its walls. It was never lighted up for hospitable enjoyments. No visitors stayed there ; scarcely a carriage rolled up its lordly drive to make a call upon the squire. In lonely grandeur the place was shut out from the rest of the world, as if it had been a hermitage.

The squire himself was seldom seen. There was a mystery about him which much occupied the curiosity of the village gossips, but occupied it in vain. He was excessively reserved, but courteous in his manner, even to the humblest peasant ; a liberal landlord ; a great supporter of all charitable institutions ; a man against whom no charge of wrong was ever brought. Many of those who worked for him, and who were his tenants, had never seen his face. His steward transacted all business ; and it was only by an accidental meeting in the fields or lanes of his own estate, that people had any chance of seeing him.

An air of settled melancholy was on his face, and subdued its sternness ; while the polished manner of one who had been reared in the best society contributed still further to efface the impression which his features first made on the beholder. In the light grey eye, to which the very long and dark lashes gave a peculiar appearance, there was what a physiognomist never could have mistaken—quiet cruelty. In the narrow well-cut brow and broad jaw, there were as certainly to be read vindictiveness of a petty kind and immovable firmness. Yet, apart from these indications, the face would have been agreeable, had it not been darkened by such sadness.

What was the cause of this sadness, loneliness, and reserve? Had he been guilty of some dreadful crime? Was he now slowly consumed by remorse? or had he suffered some desolating disappointment, which preyed on him as an incurable malady?

No one knew. The steward was as impenetrable as his master. The servants were mostly foreigners, and none of them established any communication between the people of the village, except of the most simple kind, such as the purchase of commodities, the delivery of messages, &c. They were deaf to all inquiries—on their guard against all indirect questions. Not one of them was ever known even to step in and take a glass of wine or beer. Curiosity was non-placed.

Some slight indications Curiosity had discovered, and these were stimulants to the discovery of more. It was quite certain that Ridley Hall contained some mystery which the squire took enormous pains to conceal from the prying eyes of the world. That was one indication; and conjecture built many a strange romance upon this slight foundation. Next it was discovered, or suspected, that the mystery was a woman—a woman confined there. Conjecture sometimes thought the woman was a mistress jealously watched, or a wife barbarously treated, and sometimes a prisoner unlawfully detained. At last news was brought that one of the neighbouring poachers had frequently heard dreadful shrieks issuing from the Hall in the middle of the night, and that those shrieks were certainly a woman's. Imagine the impetus this gave to curiosity! Imagine the romances conjecture made out of it!

Finally, about two years before the opening of this story, it came out that Mr. Templeworth's sadness, and the whole mystery of the Hall, arose from the fact of his only sister being deranged, and that she had been taken by him from a madhouse to Ridley, there to be guarded and attended to in a more gentle and affectionate manner.

This did not entirely satisfy Aston. It was argued, and with some plausibility, that the mere *surrender* of a mad woman did not necessitate the excessive seclusion in which the whole place was kept; and the mysterious silence and unfriendliness of the servants was by no means explained.

But, gossip and conjecture as they might, no clue was given to them, and the mystery remained as a never-tiring subject of conversation. Harry Meadows, the plumber and glazier, had often, while smoking his pipe at the "Blue Lion," discussed and heard

the subject discussed by others ; and although Harry was not more curious than another, yet it was impossible to live within three miles of Ridley Hall, and not feel a strong desire to penetrate its sombre mystery.

One July night a storm—a terrible summer storm—burst upon Aston. For four or five hours the thunder boomed, the lightning flashed, and the hail and rain rushed down with irresistible fury. At every crash of thunder terrified sleepers awoke and trembled in their beds, or muttered hasty prayers. Trees were struck by the lightning, or torn by the hurricane ; skylights, glass-houses, and windows, were shattered by the hail.

The next morning broke with the smiling calmness of a summer morn ; golden seas were painted on the sky, to which the far-retreating thunder-clouds formed, as it were, a ridge of rocks. The birds were singing, lustily. The grass and shrubs sparkled in the bright sunbeams. The turbulence and tumult of the night had given place to the serenity of a July day.

Among the disasters of the night was the destruction of a charming little greenhouse and a skylight at Ridley Hall. Harry Meadows was summoned to repair them. The delight with which he obeyed that summons may be imagined when his curiosity is remembered.

“ I shall see something of the Hall,” he said, “ and who knows what I may not find out ? ”

He walked up the drive with some agitation, which increased the nearer he approached the secluded Hall. He turned into the small court-yard which led to the offices, and was there disagreeably affected by the sight of two ferocious American wolf-dogs, who were with difficulty pacified by the servant accompanying him.

“ You see the extent of the breakage ? ” said the butler to him, as they stood before the shattered greenhouse ; “ there is also a skylight at the top of the Hall. How long will you be about mending them ? ”

“ That depends upon the number of hands I can get.”

“ You must have no one but yourself.”

“ Eh ? ”

“ No one but yourself. The squire dislikes seeing men about, and so you must be alone.”

“ Oh ! very well ; as the squire pleases.”

The butler then led the way to the third story, where the skylight was broken. As they went Harry kept a sharp look-out,

without exhibiting, however, the slightest curiosity. He was shown the work he had to do, which he said would soon be finished; and, having measured the size of the panes, prepared to descend. The corridor in which they were ran round to the back of the house, and Harry, quite innocently, was turning round in a different direction from that which he had come, when the butler's voice angrily arrested him.

"Holloa! what do you want that way?"

"That way? nothing. Isn't it the way down?"

"No."

"I mistook it."

"You mistook nothing of the kind."

"Do you mean to give me the lie?"

The butler looked at him fixedly.

"Harkye, my man," he said, "you are here to mend windows."

"I know it."

"Take care that you meddle in nothing else."

"Meddle, indeed!"

"Yes, meddle. This is not the place for you to satisfy your idle curiosity."

"O ho!" said Harry to himself, "this is the part of the house that contains the mystery. Make a note of that!"

"You understand me?" said the butler.

"I do. But I am not curious."

"So much the better."

"I have no reason to be. Do you imagine I don't know the squire's secret?"

The butler again fixed his eyes upon him and repeated:—

"The squire's secret?"

"Yes. I know all about it."

"Humph!" said the butler, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Lord love you," added Harry, with a well-feigned knowingness and *bonhommie*, "it's no secret to me. I know the squire has got a pretty mistress—it appears he is *rather* jealous,"—here he winked at the butler—"and don't like to have her seen."

"I see you know all," answered the other.

"But he needn't be afraid of me. I'm none so handsome! No woman ever threw herself out of a window for my sake: more 's the pity."

"Yet, as the squire has his whim—a word to the wise—don't you attempt to see her! In fact, to move beyond the spot where

your work lies, would be sure to get your dismissal, and the squire pays too well for you to risk that."

"I should think so! Besides, I'm not at all curious to see her. What is she to me?"

They descended into the garden.

Harry went home to fetch the necessary materials, and all the way revolving in his mind various plans for the gratification of his curiosity, excessively stimulated by the discovery he had made of the part of the Hall where the woman, whoever she might be, was confined. The ludicrous importance attributed to his accidentally turning in that one direction, convinced him that the broken sky light must be very near the spot; and Bluebeard's wives were not more urgently desirous of penetrating into the forbidden chamber, than was this jolly glazier to penetrate into the mystery of Ridley Hall.

He said nothing to any of his acquaintance respecting his discovery. To all their anxious queries he gave a plain answer: he had seen nothing.

In returning to the Hall he happened on his way to stumble upon a large file, which had been dropped there by some workman going home to dinner. He put it into his jacket pocket, little aware of the use he was subsequently to have for it.

All that day, and all the next, he was employed upon the greenhouse, and his conduct was so exemplary, he worked so hard and so merrily, was so little curious in his slight snatches of conversation with the servants, that he began to be considered as perfectly harmless, and was less rigorously watched than he had been at first. Not one trifling word or act aroused the suspicion of those who were trained to suspicion.

Yet had any one observed the stealthy way in which he from time to time administered lumps of cold meat to the two ferocious and half-famished wolf-dogs, they would have guessed at once that under his affected carelessness there was concealed some scheme.

The artful mention of the squire's mistress had, however, fully satisfied the servants that Harry was so confident of knowing the secret that he was not curious about it.

Four days did the greenhouse take him to repair, and by that time his presence at the Hall had ceased to be an object of suspicion. On the fifth, he had to repair the skylight. About eleven o'clock on that day the servant who usually stood near him while he was at work absented himself for a few minutes, although his

orders were very strict not to lose sight of Harry for a moment, so long as he was in that part of the house. But the absence of any suspicion made these strict orders seem unnecessary, and the servant, for some purpose or other, descended.

No sooner did Harry hear his footsteps at the bottom of the second landing, than he swiftly ran down his ladder, and crept along the corridor, till he came to the back of the house. At every door he listened eagerly. At last, as he was returning from his fruitless survey, he heard a deep sigh. He paused to listen; another sigh smote on his ear. The blood rushed up into his head—he was violently agitated. Another sigh, a sigh of deep desolate grief followed; and then he hurried back to his work, not without first making a tolerably exact calculation of the situation of the chamber from whence the sounds proceeded.

“It is there!” he said.

He was cheerily pursuing his work when the man returned. In high spirits he was, for the first step had been taken. Without asking himself what use he was to make of his knowledge, he could not help a strange feeling of glorification at the discovery. It was only a mad woman perhaps, as report said; and if so, he had merely discovered her cell.

“But if she is only a mad sister,” he asked himself, “what the devil is the necessity for keeping it so secret? If that is only her cell, and nothing more, why should they be so anxious for me not to detect it? There must be something *more*. What can it be?”

Cheerily he worked, occasionally making a remark to his guard, and constantly asking himself—

“What can it be?”

The servants’ dinner bell rang. He descended from his ladder, and went into an empty room to eat his own dinner.

“I say, old fellow, you’ll bring me some beer *here* won’t you?” he said to the servant.

“Certainly.”

The servant went to fetch it. Having brought it to him, the servant said:—

“Well, while you are feeding, I shall go to my dinner.”

He shut the door of the room, and locked it.

“D——n!” muttered Harry, “my sport is spoiled.”

An instinctive hope that the lock might perhaps admit of being picked, made him rise and examine it. What was his joy to find

that although the bolt was turned, it had not entered the hasp : the door had not been quite shut to !

In another moment he was in the corridor ; and, feeling sure that he was now to be undisturbed for at least half-an-hour, he ran up his ladder, got out on to the roof, crossed over to the front of the house, and crept along the parapet until he came to the spot which, as he calculated, must be the room where the mad woman was confined.

He came to an open window and peeped in. A low stifled cry startled him. It was from the miserable inmate, who sat up in the bed on which she reclined, exclaiming—

“ Save me ! Save me ! Indeed I am not mad ! ”

“ Hush ! speak low ; we may be overheard ! ”

“ Who are you ? ”

“ A friend. Are you the squire’s sister ? ”

“ Alas ! alas ! ”

“ And he keeps you here against your will ? ”

She pushed aside the clothes, and with a bitter sneer pointed to a large iron chain which was fastened round her waist, and fixed her to the bed.

“ He says I am mad,” she said, “ because he wishes to keep me from my property. Half of this estate is mine. He will not give it up, and keeps me here, hoping to drive me mad ; and he has nearly succeeded ! But I have seen through his design, and I keep myself calm. I will *not* become insane. God will deliver me some day : in Him I put my trust ! ”

“ If I were but sure . . . Yet you *must* speak the truth . . . I cannot doubt you.”

“ Can you rescue me ? ”

“ Perhaps.”

“ Will you ? ”

“ If I can—but it is a dangerous affair.”

“ Save me, and I will marry you—I will make you rich and happy. Oh, save me—in pity save me ! ”

Harry hesitated.

“ Have you courage ? ” she asked.

“ Enough to do anything I choose to do. Come to the window, and let me look at you. Ah, you can’t move ? Well, don’t be alarmed, I will get into your room.”

He did so, and approached the bed. She seized one of his hands, and kissed it fervently. He began to fear she might really be

mad. It was a doubt of that kind which made him wish to see her. He looked steadily into her face, but the eye gave no sign of insanity.

As he looked he was struck with the beauty which shone through her emaciated features. Her long dark hair uncombed fell with a natural wavy curl upon her shoulders, and gave her a wild aspect, which the features, worn with wretchedness and confinement, only made more wild. But amidst all this, there was a sweetness and a beauty which greatly affected him. It was impossible to talk to her and not feel convinced of her sanity. Whether she had once been insane was another question ; now she certainly had recovered the use of her reason.

Her story, which was briefly told, accorded too well with all the suspicious conduct of her brother, not to insure credit. It appeared that on the death of their father—four years ago—the estate had been left between the two children, with the option of either dividing it, or of the brother's paying in money the value of his sister's share. This made Templeworth furious. To divide the estate would be to spoil it ; to pay her for her share would so impoverish him, that he would be unable to keep up the estate. He tried to persuade her to live with him, and for both to share the advantages of the property without a division. But she disliked him. She refused to live with him, and insisted on the division. Incensed by her refusal, he took her one day to a private madhouse, which he told her was the residence of the gentleman who was to take the mortgage necessary to pay for her share. Unsuspicious of any design, she allowed herself to be taken into the garden, and there she found herself a prisoner, and treated as a mad woman. Her brother had warned the master of the asylum, that her peculiar madness was the common one of supposing she was kept out of her property, and that she was most suspicious of her relations, especially her brother, against whom she was furious.

"The vile trick too well succeeded," she added ; "my rage at this attempt was construed into a proof of my insanity ; and when, with vehement denunciations of my brother's villany, I stated the whole case, an incredulous smile was all the answer I received. For some weeks I was in a state of despair. At last, finding myself looked upon as a mad woman, whose very protestations were only accepted as proofs of what she most strenuously denied, I changed my conduct. I became calm. I ceased to complain. I spoke quietly and rationally. They believed me

nearly cured. My brother came, and having received a notice that I was now nearly recovered, he took me away ; but he brought me here, and in this room, chained to this bed, I have remained ever since. The fact of my having been in a madhouse is the damning proof he holds of my insanity, and he has told me often, that if I should succeed in escaping, that fact will be sufficient to bring me once more into his power. As to his ill treatment of me, he says, no one will credit that, for no one ever credits the narration of cruelties, which the insane always *imagine* themselves to have suffered."

She ceased. Harry had been intensely interested in her story, and was now burning with indignation against her brother.

"I will save you, if it be possible," he exclaimed.

"Do so, and you shall be rich."

"Take this file," said he, drawing from his pocket the one he had picked up, "and quietly occupy yourself this afternoon with filing your chain. Be ready at midnight, and trust in me."

He pressed her hand, and rapidly retreated.

On closing the door of the room in which he had been shut, and sitting down to his meal of cold meat and bread, his blood galloped so through his veins, and his brain seemed to whirl round so fearfully, that he scarcely felt as if he were awake—it was like a struggle with some ghastly dream—a waking nightmare. He could not eat ; but lest the unbroken victuals should excite suspicion, he carefully packed them up again in paper, and stowed them into his pocket. The beer he drank, and then endeavoured to collect his thoughts and arrange his plans.

In a few minutes the servant returned. The work was resumed. In another hour or so, prolong it how he would, this would be finished ; and he wished not only for delay, but also to get back to Aston before finishing it. The device was simple. With a clumsiness worthy of a Jocrisse, he smashed five of the panes which he had just fixed in, and then began swearing at his misfortune, as if he had been robbed to a considerable amount. As the glass had also cut his hand, the whole thing had a most natural air.

"D—n it, I must now go back home to fetch more glass, so that I not only lose my glass but my time. Is it very necessary to have this finished to-day ?"

"Yes, very."

"Then I suppose I must do it. Was there ever such ill luck ! At a time, too, when so many people want me !"

"Sorry for you, but master's orders are to get the job done at once."

"Well, I'll step up this evening and finish it off."

PART II.—THE ESCAPE.

THE sadness of Mr. Templeworth and his mysterious reserve is now easily explained. Having perpetrated that atrocious act, by which he enjoyed undisturbed possession of the whole property, he found himself with the weight of a crime upon his soul, and that crime useless. He could not leave Ridley Hall for a day. Largely as he bribed his servants—and they were mostly foreigners—severely as he watched them, he was afraid to absent himself for one day, lest in that day the care which he had taken to keep his prisoner from all communication with the world should be destroyed. Nor, on the other hand, could he properly enjoy Ridley, because he dreaded the presence of strangers in his house. "Tis conscience doth make cowards of us all;" and although to his servants he pleaded an extreme susceptibility as a point of family honour, and gave them to understand that his desire for concealment was the natural desire to conceal the fact of insanity, yet in his own conscience he trembled at the idea of any stranger speaking to her; deeming it impossible that any one should not discover the truth.

This made him sad. Life to him was a struggle. He was as one always expecting to be detected, and starting at every shadow.

Let us leave him to his own bitter thoughts, and return to Harry, who, with a huge ladder on his shoulder, is now entering by the lodge gates. He has brought with him the implements necessary for his daring scheme. As he gets out of sight of the lodge, he deposits the ladder in the long grass, there to lie till he wants it. He approaches the Hall. Lion and Nero, the two wolf-dogs, who have become great friends with him, come bounding up, wagging their tails, and caressing his hands. While patting their heads he manages to give them, as usual, a tempting morsel of meat. They devour it greedily; he smiles darkly, for the meat is poisoned.

To his work he goes. It is finished. He is paid, and now departs. The lodge-keeper wishes him a surly good-evening, and

does not notice that the ladder on his shoulder is considerably smaller than that which he carried in as he came. All goes well.

With a beating heart, Harry re-enters the village, and calls upon his best friend.

"Bill, I shall want you to-night : you and your cart. There's something in the wind. Can you help me ?"

"What is it ?"

"Answer me first : can you, and will you help me ?"

"You know, Harry, I'd do anything for you. Is there danger ?"

"Yes."

"Nothing wrong I hope ?"

"Nothing--unless to succour the wrongfully accused, to release the innocent from horrible tyranny, is wrong. But there's danger ?"

He briefly confides to him the state of the whole affair.

"By God ! Harry, I'll assist you."

"Then, about twelve to-night, put your horse to, bring a couple of heavy bludgeons and a bottle of brandy, and wait outside the wood about a hundred yards from the bridge. There expect me."

It is agreed on, and Harry lights a pipe to settle in quiet meditation all the details of his scheme.

Meanwhile the wretched woman has filed through the chain, and is counting the weary moments with horrible anxiety. The hope of deliverance has given such an impulse to her brain, that, in the tumult of her thoughts, she almost fears she will go mad at last.

"Will he come ? Will he succeed ?" she asks herself with fretful impatience : and then the thought of being once more free sends the blood bounding to her brain, till she is forced to make a fierce effort, and be calm.

Meanwhile the wretched brother is dining in magnificence and silence. The large and splendid room is brilliantly lighted--the table glitters with costly plate and glass--three servants, in mute obsequiousness, attend on him. No one is there to keep him company ; no joyous voices, no smiling faces, make that dinner gay. Noiselessly the servants move about the room, noiselessly they change the dishes. Scarcely a word is spoken. Wealth wears not its air of insolent prosperity--it only makes the scene hideous.

Rising from his unenjoyed meal, the solitary man passes into his drawing-room. It is as cheerless as the dining-room. New books and periodicals lie upon the table. These he reads, some-

what listlessly. They occupy, but cannot amuse him. At ten o'clock he retires to bed, in sleep to forget the dreariness and weariness of the day, and in dreams of happy boyhood and active youth, to forget the crime which stains his manhood.

Perhaps, on the whole, his prisoner has long been less wretched than he. With all the horrors of her confinement, her soul has been free and pure. He has been exempt from the physical tortures, but his soul has been fettered and imprisoned.

The clock strikes twelve.

Harry scales the wall, by help of the smaller ladder which he had taken away with him. He draws it up after him, and proceeds in search of the one he deposited on the grass; that found, he fastens the two together, and so makes one long enough for his purpose.

Unhappily, it is a lovely moonlight night. The sky is cloudless, and almost as bright as day. Harry, who is by no means poetical, curses the moon with as hearty a curse as any burglar could be expected to bestow on her. But no time is to be lost, and moon or no moon, he must to work.

Not a light is visible in the Hall; not a sound gives indication of any one being out of bed. Harry steals round to the back of the Hall, stumbling over the stiffened carcase of one of the dogs on his way.

"Poor creature!" he says, "I would rather have given the poison to your master."

The body of the poisoned dog disagreeably affects him, for Harry is tender, as well as resolute, and the sight of the poor animal, a victim to his very faithfulness, rather unnerves him.

Jane Templeworth has heard the clock strike twelve, and, unable to restrain her impatience, has crept stealthily to the window: although at the hazard of alarming her brother, whose room is under hers, by the sound of her moving about.

At last she espies him with the ladder on his shoulder. How her heart beats! What a sudden sickness overcomes her! He approaches. He stops. What is he pausing to look at on the ground? She sees not the carcase of the poor dog. But now he resumes his walk. He sees her, and makes a signal. He hastens—he is under the window—the ladder is placed—he descends, and is caught in his arms. Not a word is spoken. He grasps her hand, and is about to hurry away. Suddenly he relinquishes it, and creeps back to the ladder, which he removes. But now all

his attention is required for Jane, who is unable to stand. Long confinement has had its effect : her limbs refuse to obey her. The immense excitement of the first few minutes gave her strength to descend ; but now that is exhausted. The fresh air makes her as helpless as one who has just arisen from a low fever.

But Harry is powerful. He seizes her in his arms, and hurries with her into the shrubbery. There at least they are out of sight ; but, fearful lest any alarm should have been given, he runs on as rapidly as his burden will permit. His pace begins to slacken. He toils on slowly. He is obliged to pause. He sets her down on the ground to rest himself for a few seconds ; listening eagerly all the time.

"Do you think you could walk now ? However slowly, it would let us gain time."

"I will try."

She rose, but was unable to move half-a-dozen steps without again sinking into his arms.

"Alas ! alas ! I have no strength."

"Hark ! hush ! I hear some one."

A long whistle, and a voice calling "Lion ! Nero ! Lion !" are distinctly heard. A shudder runs through their veins. The shouts for Nero and Lion grow louder.

"The alarm is given—but they know nothing as yet," Harry says, as he again snatches up his precious burden and staggers with it down to the river's side.

I ought to have mentioned before, that the river ran through the domain, and was bordered on the other side by a thick plantation which concealed it from the high road.

To the boat-house Harry went, placed his charge in the boat, seized a boat-hook, cut the painter, and in three seconds was on the other side ; the increasing noise and bustle at the Hall making every moment one of peril. Once in the plantation, he felt more secure : but still, delaying not a minute, he carried Jane Templeworth through it to a small gate which gave upon the high road, and there espied his friend in the cart ; a signal brought the cart up, and in a few moments the trio set off at a steady trot for the next town.

Jane was no sooner seated in the cart than she fainted. Bill drove on steadily, while Harry strove to recover her. Their drive was one of intense anxiety. Every sound they heard they interpreted into the sounds of pursuit ; but their fears were groundless.

The pursuit indeed was active, but, misled by some deceptive intimations, it had taken a different course.

As morning broke, a council of war was held. Jane was so sure of again falling into her brother's clutches, if once he discovered her retreat, that she urged them above all things first to secure that.

"When once we are married," she said, "you, as my husband, will have a stronger claim than he can have; but till that, he can, in the name of the law, take me from you, and by declaring me to be insane, and by showing the certificate of my having been in a madhouse, every magistrate will assist him."

Bill remembered that he knew an excellent widow, who held a small farm within three miles of —, the town to which they were driving, and that there she might better remain concealed for a few days than in the town itself, where active inquiries would be sure to discover her.

To Mrs. Simpkin's farm they drove, and fortunate it was they did so.

PART III.—"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR."

HARRY, on finding that Miss Templeworth could be carefully concealed at Mrs. Simpkin's, and after promising to return and see what further assistance he could render on the following day, jumped again into the cart, and proceeded with Bill to —, there to consult a lawyer. They had not arrived ten minutes in the town, when the squire's butler suddenly appeared before them, seized the horse's head, and ordered Harry to descend.

"What's all this about?" said Harry.

"You know well enough, so get down and follow me."

"A joke's a joke, old fellow; but unless I understand yours, I shall cut you over the head, for stopping me on my way to business."

"Don't oblige me to call for assistance!"

"I shall oblige you with a lash of my whip if you don't explain." A crowd collected.

"Where is Miss Templeworth?" shouted the butler.

"Miss Templeworth? How should I know?"

"You know too well!"

"Why, you're mad; what have I to do with your mistress? I am not her servant."

"It is you who helped her to escape!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"You'll find it no laughing matter, I can tell you!"

"Ha! ha! ha! Escape . . . what, then, she *has* escaped? I'm glad of it."

"You did it."

"Did I? What proof have you of that?"

This question posed the butler. He saw that he had no evidence to bring forward, and that no magistrate would accept a mere accusation unaccompanied by the slightest proof. He resolved to change his mode of operation, and to watch Harry's movements.

"Tell me honestly; give me your word of honour that Miss Templeworth is not with you—is not in any house belonging to your friends or relations, and I shall be satisfied."

"I declare solemnly that she is not."

"Then, good day. Excuse my having suspected you."

Harry drove to the lawyer's.

Having laid the whole case before him, this was the advice he received:—

"After all, Miss Templeworth *may* be insane, and it is right for us to assure ourselves of that, in order that we may defeat the brother. Your marriage would be annulled, if it could be proved that she was not sane at the time of its being contracted. Let me call upon her, in your name, and I will see how the matter really stands. Meanwhile, do you return to Aston, and pursue your business as usual; for I am convinced the butler is watching you, and wherever you go he will suspect that Miss Templeworth is concealed. Give me a note to her, informing her of your plans, and I will write to you as soon as all is ready."

Harry sat down to write. The thought then occurred to him, that it would be ungenerous to insist upon her fulfilment of the promise of marriage, so he inserted this final paragraph:—

"As to what was talked of in the way of recompense, allow me to say, Miss, that I consider myself already paid for any trouble, by having safely got you away from the Hall. I have done but my duty. Marriage between us is out of the question. The more I think of it, the more I see that such a thing cannot be. You were not meant for such as me. You could blush for your husband, and I should be miserable. If ever I marry, and have children, I will ask you to be godmother, and a very good thing it will be for me, I'm sure."

This note he showed the lawyer, and asked him what he thought of it.

"You're a noble fellow!" said the lawyer, pressing his hand.

In another hour Harry was again on the road with his friend; and in the afternoon was at work in his shop at Aston, as if nothing had happened. Watched he was; but all suspicion seemed to be foiled, and it was at last thought, that if he really had assisted the escape (which few doubted), he had so planned it, that she must have already found an asylum at a considerable distance, to which no clue at present existed.

Three days after, a little boy came with a message to him, saying that a gentleman wanted to see him in the parlour of the "Blue Lion." He went and found the lawyer, who slipped into his hand a note. It contained these words:—

"Noble heart! The debt must and *shall* be paid. I have no fears. To refuse me would be to make me miserable, and it would *undo* all that you have done."

The lawyer was more precise. He explained to Harry that it was really very desirable Miss Templeworth should have a husband to protect her, and that she was bent on marrying her deliverer.

"It was the delicacy of a good and true man which made you refuse; and the refusal has made you still more estimable in her eyes. But to refuse now would be false delicacy."

Harry, as may be supposed, allowed himself to be persuaded. In a very short time Jane Templeworth became Mrs. Meadows.

The struggle, however, with the brother was yet to come. Having established his right to demand in his own name a restitution of the property, he told the lawyer to procure a copy of the will; and, armed with that, he wrote a calm firm letter to the squire, intimating that unless the restitution were made peaceably, he should carry the matter into court, when the squire would have to answer other charges than that of simple withholding of property.

He received no answer.

Again he wrote, and this time more strongly.

His letter was sent back unopened.

Furious at this treatment, he called at the Hall in person, to confront the haughty villain, and to bring him to some decided explanation.

Arrived there, he could not gain admittance.

"The squire is dying," said the butler, "and you have killed him."

"Dying!"

"Yes. Ever since Miss Templeworth's escape he has been fast sinking; the idea of its being known that a Templeworth is insane preyed upon his spirits; and when he learned that she was married, and to *whom*, he exclaimed, 'My cup is full.' From that moment he has been confined to his bed."

"You are not deceiving me?"

"Deceiving you—for what purpose?"

"To prevent my seeing your master."

"Wait half an hour and Dr. Watson will be here; then ask him."

It was too true. Shame was killing the miserable man. Harry understood the violence of his remorse when he came to reflect upon all that had transpired.

"If," said he, "the mere consciousness of his crime made him so miserable while he kept his sister in his own power, what must be the effect of knowing her not only out of his hands, but his secret on the point of being published to the whole world!"

In ten days the news of Templeworth's death reached them. Except a few legacies to servants, the whole of his property was left to Jane.

Harry now found himself the husband of a beautiful and accomplished woman, to whose cheeks health and happiness rapidly restored their bloom and freshness, and found himself, moreover, the possessor of a splendid estate.

But he could not forget, nor could his neighbours forget, that Squire Meadows had been the Aston glazier: and he very soon quitted Ridley Hall, for a tour on the continent, with his wife, whom he worshipped.

Perhaps the reader expects that I am going to wind up this tale with the received announcement that the hero and heroine had several children, and "lived very happily all their days." But as this is more like the conclusion of a fiction than that of a real story, I must disappoint him.

THOUGHTS ON VISITING HIGHGATE CEMETERY.

A Place of pleasant walks, and grassy slopes,
 And girt about with trees, as with a zone ;
 And yet, alas ! the shrine of blighted hopes
 By age matured, or early overthrown—
 Whose emblems are around in stone and flower,
 Time-honoured and the worshipped of an hour.

In grave-yards of our cities, rich and poor,
 Just as in life—Oh, shame !—in death must be ;
 But here distinction closes not the door
 Against admission to spare poverty.
 Man equals man, in dust laid side by side,
 For in the grave there is no room for pride.

But rich and poor here close in union lie,
 As tomb and tablet and the hillock tell ;
 And yet the tears of sorrow are not dry,
 Wept for the dead the living loved too well ;
 For flowers are on the graves—life's symbols they,
 That bloom a moment, and then fade away.

How glorious the prospect !—and, how far
 It spreads around, till blending with the sky,
 Where, sun-lit here and there—as shines a star—
 Some distant cottage flashes on the eye ;
 And hills, on either side, slant gently down,
 'Twixt which is seen, cloud-crowned, vast London Town.

Upon a sloping bank where you might look
 For violets and cowslips, in the shade
 Of one tall tree and bowing shrubs, a nook
 Is seen with its sweet flowers, where late was laid
 One on whose tablet is revealed her life,
 That she—how true !—was a devoted wife.

Devotion was her passion, and the power
 By which all other hearts to hers she drew,
 As, governed by attraction, on a flower
 Melt into one another drops of dew.
 Loving and loved, her bright example shone,
 And gave to all a feeling like her own.

Oh ! Poverty, though you've no cenotaph
 Built up of stone, to mark your place of rest,
 Nor the delusive lauding epitaph,
 Recording virtues few have e'er possess'd,
 You here may have green turf and fragrant air,
 And where you sleep spring up the daisy fair.

And though you're doomed to labour through the day,
 And wearily at last sink down to rest,
 Sweet is the sleep that wafts you night away,
 From which the morning sees you rise refresh'd ;
 While indolent repose has fitful dreams,
 And jaded strength to meet the morning's beams.

Envy not man his treasures, then, when wealth
 Can't save him, as you know, from pang or care,
 While you've a greater treasure in the health
 He'd gladly give up all his wealth to share—
 Health, which from labour springs—its rich reward—
 Fresh'ning the heart, as rain the verdant sward.

Who feels the thrill of Pleasure most ? Not he
 Who drinks from out her cup to surfeiting,
 But he to whom her draught 's a rarity,
 And taken where the wild bird loves to sing,
 With the clear sky all glorious overhead—
 And God is thanked for the spare banquet spread.

God's mercy and man's justice, were they one,
 In what could we hereafter place our trust ?
 But rich and poor, when their career is done,
 Mix on equality their kindred dust,
 And meet so, at the last, off that great day,
 When all distinctions shall have passed away.

G. B.

THE PRINCE AND THE PHILIBEG.

BY PAUL BELL.

WE are great readers in our house of Miss Burney's (I beg her pardon—Madame d'Arblay's) Diary. My Mrs. Bell takes an interest in her for old times' sake—"Evelina" being the first novel she ever read: and what is there to compare with one's first Novel? "Then," my wife will say—with that lurking dislike to all women of genius, which I observe clever women at once nourish and conceal from clever men—"She was so respectable." To me, she was somewhat fulsomely so: too much of a time-server: and of a courtier: who knew how to feel the proper thing, in the proper degree, towards the proper person, at the proper time, and in the proper place. "So modest, too," proceeds my Mrs. Bell. As if the modesty of an obscure girl, when carried on by a celebrated woman, were not open to as much suspicion, as the bold unconcerned behaviour of an Actress, to whom boldness and unconcern must be the habits of a life! I inquire, whether she believes Mademoiselle Jenny Lind was in earnest, when she asked the Dean of So-and-So, "whether it was possible he had ever heard of her," and this after all London had been searched by the hue and cry of "*Where's Jenny?*" ten times as loud as the question "*Where's Eliza?*" which was carted about a fortnight since.—And when my wife says "No!—I don't think anything of your over-shy folks—except that they want to get the most possible praise and encouragement,"—I bid her apply her own words to Miss Burney's spasms of diffidence at the Thrales:—a method of bringing women to reason, which, I have observed, even fails to excite their liveliest displeasure.

But—deeming Madame d'Arblay, as I do, a successful trader; and as such, esteeming her less than many a poor, forlorn, Rosa, or Emily, or other anonymous or too-well known Poetess who has been more "conspicuous" but less successful in her trade—I nevertheless love to read in her Diary. There, if you will, is the true Court Journal! There may be seen unfolded the mysteries of that dismal and dreary monotony, which make one

wonder, like children, why Kings and Queens do not sometimes un-King and un-Queen themselves—do not walk civilly down Pall Mall—or (who knows but that would be the greatest relief of all?) down the dusty Knightsbridge-road—to tire themselves properly; and to spoil their fine clothes by way of a treat! There you watch the gradual enmeshing of everything like free thought and natural impulse:—perceive how lame women learn to curtsy while walking backwards, rather than show irreverence to Royalty—how a clever Reportress may be commanded to attend a trial, or read a book, or take an observation of any new and strange character, by way of cramming curious and timid Monarchs, with ideas on unexpected subjects. There's a certain sort of prolixity which fascinates. Who can go through Hood's "Miss Kilmansegg" without having the taste of gold in his mouth ere he gets to the end of the stupendous enumeration of her riches?—Who can take up "Clarissa Harlowe" (save it be that pleasant French penny-a-liner, Master Jules Janin, who flattered himself the other day, that he was patronising Richardson by abbreviating him,) and wish a single page or line retrenched, though every word, as it were, draws the cord of torture tighter and tighter around one? I am not much of a reader, Sir: neither steady nor staid in that character: I cannot taste, what I see many of my betters devouring; but I often wish that there were ten volumes more of that Diary; and have nearly got by heart the two devoted to Windsor and Kew, to "The Sweet Queen," and "The engaging Princesses," and exemplary Mr. Fairly, who did not marry the Diarist: and tyrannical Mrs. Schwellenberg, and flighty Mr. Turbulent—not forgetting *Bettina's* grandmother, who came, in true German style, for sympathy and a dinner:—and got neither!

You will ask, I dare say, why I am favouring you with my judgment of a book, which is neither new nor old. It was the chronicle of our Prince of Wales' Birthday which made me think of it:—which made me conjure up all the dressings, and presents, and Drawing-rooms, and faded flatteries, got up by Chamberlainly precedent and authority, for all the long line of Princes and Princesses, who were young gentlemen and Ladies, when Fanny Burney diarised them!—There's to me, a deep melancholy in every anniversary and commanded festivity: when one counts up the rambling thoughts—the wistful regrets—of those who are expected to look glad and gracious and interested:—some wan-

dering out of their prisons, across the seas, or back to the homes where they were careless children—some pushing forward, to the funerals which are to make them rich Chief Mourners ; —some diving inward, to depths they dare not make clear to themselves ; how much less to others !—I won't be called Maudlin, because I do not love the first of May, when

“ I turn from all she brought to all she could not bring,”

nor morbid, because, Birthdays, seem to be numbered year by year, by so much and so much more of dark and grievous experiences—and I do not, as you know by this time, share Miss Burney's blind admiration for “ everything that *royal bin* ; ” but, who could think of our little Heir-Apparent on his Birthday, this year of grace, without many grave and deep feelings, mingling with their blessings on his childhood ?—Not I, at least !

The Court papers make a charming exhibition of the cake on the breakfast-table, and of the toys, and of The Heir, and the Heir's parent, caparisoned in Highland dresses, (cold enough masquerading, I submit, on Lord Mayor's Day !) which last being a German fashion, and as such, graceful in H.R.H.—let us not laugh at it more than can be helped ! But in Gotha (he pleased to take care that no one prints GOTHAM, by mistake !) there would have been something more on a Court birthday besides the above confectionary, the hot muffins and the chill *un*-dressing—a masque, perchance—a serenade sung by the burghers. Or if Mr. John Andersen, of Sweden—who has made himself every one's “ Jo,” by giving the world his delicious new stories, fresh from Faëry land—had chafed to be passing that way, he would have been summoned to Court (treated, let us hope, a little better than Mrs. Siddons, when she read tragedies to Fanny Burney's “ sweet queen” Charlotte, standing bolt upright all the while, till she nearly fainted) and bidden to repeat one of his best legends : in which capacity, I am told, he is very clever and agreeable. Are any story-tellers, think you, Sir, allowed to get the ear of The Prince ? For, methinks, there be some tales, and those “ o'er true ” ones, he should learn betimes. To know how to behave in a Philibeg is—all must admit—a most necessary accomplishment. Every one wears it, you are aware : or may have to wear it, if the Sobieski Stuarts should come to the throne again ! ! and for this, it may be as well to prepare at an early period. But, besides Scotch possibilities,

are there not English—Irish—European certainties, round about us; which might give a colour to a Prince's Birthday?—shows of more significant parade than the foolery which tricks out the Cradle-Coach of that Old Baby—in some sort, His Royal Highness' contemporary—The New Lord Mayor?—sounds, as well worth listening for, as the Military Band in the Castle Yard—or the dance of the blithe and prosperous peasantry, round Herne's Oak?

“Hear the old Radical wretch!” cries some

“—grave, conceited nurse, of office proud,”

who would fain treat me to the stocks with a gag in my mouth. “Out with the vulgar Barbarian! Let him dare to come here: crouching like a screech-owl, close to our Precious Child! poisoning all his pleasure:—the Darling!” And forthwith, there riseth such a hubbub about “Peg Nicholson,” and “the Boy Jones,” the “First Lord of the Privy Council,”—about accomplished, urbane, good-natured “Dr. Hawtrey, of Eton,”—the “Archbishop of Canterbury,” “Mr. —, the Page in Waiting,” (a Page to be torn out of the Book of Royal Favour, for allowing such a Dog to bark within the Court Precincts!) and “Mr. Police Commissioner Mayne!”—that it is a good ten minutes before I can get a hearing. This being done, let me declare that I have no intentions of assassination—none of tampering with the Succession, ('tis not I, Sir, who dress the Blessed Boy in the Stuart Tartan!)—none, Heaven be my witness! as a father and a peaceful citizen, of sowing discord or jealousy in families:—none—least of all—of darkening the hours of Childhood. “Good go with” the young Heir!—a happy boyhood—a manly youth! trust in, not terror of, his Parents—friends, and those not such as shall speak him fair, but those who shall tell him true!—knowledge, of himself—knowledge of the world of Thrones, and of Cities: the world, too, of Ships, and Manufactories, and Sails, and Hovels! Give him elbow-room—say I, loyally and heartily—for his enjoyments! Give him his own private chambers of retreat—as well as the vast public stages on which he must figure. Give his heart a space to play in! As much pleasure, as you will:—but let it be the pleasure which strengthens. If there is to be precocity, however—and precocity which the world is called upon to admire and accredit—loyal and loving subjects have a right to ask, whether the education goes throughout?—whether, with

the sack, which our Heir-Apparent drinketh, while all the *Court Journals* cry "Amen!"—the wholesome proportion of bread is also administered. O, may his not be a precocity of Tailor-connoisseurship, alone! (crieth the Laureate,) nor our "Child-Prince be "the Father" of such a Fine-Clothes-King—(so *Sartor Resartus* might call him!) as George the Fourth: whose costly *mummery* is to this day cherished by the tribe of Stultz and Hoby: by the congregation of them that embroider—by the dealers in precious stones, and those who work fine needlework!

Therefore, I am not to be set down as a Hater—a Kill-joy—a Damien in disguise—a Fieschi, having for my infernal machine a tongue which is like a tocsin (*alias* a Revolutionary Bell), when I ask, in all love and loyalty, whether in the Highland Plaid was folded the faintest whisper of Highland Famine? I do not mean such vague Pantomimic notions of Princely beneficence as would prompt the sending out to the starving of all the breakfast cake that the Royal child could not eat:—but some plain practical idea of hunger and thirst, such as may seize little children who were not born with the magical Three Feathers above their cradles—some rudiments of some belief in Princely responsibility, as having affectionate relation to popular wretchedness and suffering. It is a hard, ungracious service—no man can doubt it—to unveil the eyes of Childhood—to destroy its unconsciousness. And, if there be one thing above another, I do religiously and profoundly hate, it is the educational dogmas of those who cram the poor little brain with words calling themselves Facts and Elements of Knowledge—till there is not a nook left for a dream to hide in, or for a fancy to linger "against a rainy day"—and till the poor little heart cannot move as it would wish, because of the clogged circulation. But, if children are old enough to take a pleasure in foppery (if not, 'tis a positive tyranny, and my Mrs. Bell agrees with me, to dress them up like actors for the entertainment of vacant grown people!) they are old enough to comprehend—without dying of the shock—the pain and the shame of Rags! They are one foot out of Fairy Land, already, and one foot in Vanity Fair. And Mr. Titmarsh could tell Her Majesty—what profits are to be expected by Parents who fit up booths for their offspring in that excellent place!

In truth, I suspect—with regard to the children of the Victorian æra—that we are too much given to indulge our own taste for the Pretty, at the expense of the health of those we bring into the world. Look into your Hyde Park, Sir! Look into your

Kensington Gardens ! Are those Children there ? Nay—rather Fashions for the Month in miniature :—some in black velvet, belted round with scarfs long and strong enough to strangle one's entire offspring withal—some in scarlet feathers, which the wind catches, and turkey-cocks fly at ; and which make an end of all hopes of creeping amongst underwood, very nearly as definite as steel traps and spring guns. Here go mincing, small ladies, with muffs, reticules, and parasols : there a tripping, small (no, those *can't* be Boys!) in cockades and varnished boots ; and “ buttons enough to turn a mill ”—as the Page whom grief and anger threw into *Malapropriety* phrased it. Think you those children ever get a good game of Play ? Yes : with gilt India rubber balls !—and when they go to Polka parties !—and they are walked genteelly round wild beast shows. But a roll upon the grass is with such a flat impossibility—a scramble up a tree, forbidden by considerations more imperative than any Park-Beadle's staff of office ! I would not be understood as recommending Dirt Pies, by way of a pursuit or a pleasure for the infant mind :—nevertheless the slightest more elegant geological pursuit, such as Marceet might prescribe, or Markham discredit, or Mangnall make the subject of six questions, is cut off, by the costume in vogue. O Godmothers and Godfathers ! O Poms ! O Vanities. How the young idea is to “ shoot ” arrows or “ hurl the flying Ball,” as Gray sings—from a pair of satin sleeves, which fray every time the arm is lifted up—baffles my comprehension : unless it be that the Babes of Babylon are equipped on the principle of Madame Vestris—who (according to traditions current in Shoemaker's Hall) used to have—and for aught I know, has now, a fresh pair of boots shaped and sown upon her two feet every morning that she was to “ take her walk abroad,” and cry with Dr. Watts his good child,

“ How many poor I see ! ”

Well : if the scions of Park-lane and Belgravia ; of Berkeley Square and Hamilton Place, do grow up into spendthrifts—if Tailors poke their long bills into their bodichambers, and milliners hunt them worse than the wicked woman of Tunbridge Wells hunted Miss Burney's “ Camilla ” to get her money for that leno suit—who is to blame ? The Times. Perhaps not. The Stars—Now Planets inclusive ?—Echo answers “ No.” The Parents ? Why truly But then, in the case of “ the denizens of the above polite localities ” of London

(so the *Post* puts it) 'tis the Parents who pay the Bills, and not Queen Street, Soho—nor King's Cross :—nor Duke's Place, Wapping. Whereas, if we come by a Royal Prodigal—alas—a-day ! every one knows what must happen : and it is perhaps as civil not to stir up old names and old shames on our Prince's Birthday !

Don't misunderstand me. I am not for one instant hinting that a case of extravagant example, direct or indirect, is exhibited to our tiny Mightiness, whose motto is "*Ich Dien !*"—Long live Her Majesty ! A young Lady full of life—full of gaiety—fond of Opera-going—fond of boating—fond of Powder Balls at home—and as much travelling abroad as Great Seal and Groat Councillor can possibly accredit !—who yet, has never thoughtlessly gone beyond her (diamond) pin-money, and called upon the Populace to pay for her pleasures.—Long life to her ! And long live, also, H. M.'s Consort ; as a quiet, gentle, economical young gentleman, with liberal volitions, and elegant tastes, the strength whereof no Chemist has commissioned us to test, so "we'll leave them !"—I believe, in sober earnest, that our Royal personages have a conscientious conviction of the Responsibilities of Royalty : and, when such is the case, a five-pound note, more or less, is of little matter—still less, a smile ; especially now, when Boz, by the perpetual drawing of Mr. Carker's teeth, is doing his best to drive smiling out of fashion ! And this belief it was, which set me a thinking when I read about our Prince's Birthday :—since, "why," asked I of myself (and my wife, a famous manager of little folks, could give me no answer) "If one is sober for one's selves, should one be frivolous over one's Children ?" And when we read of Banks breaking, and Factories shutting their doors—of public works being suspended—of Irish Landlords stalked and shot down like so many head of wild deer, by an infuriated and wicked set of famishing savages (what has made them all these things, not being here the question)—when every day's newspaper comes up to the breakfast-table reeking with some new details of crime, or squalid with the statistics of misery—when Pestilence is said to be striding towards us—when a great and free people are going to butcher one another, by every approved receipt, in defence of Religious toleration,—how can we choose but wonder if the teaching of our Child has yet begun ? Hard Condition of Royalty, that Reality should begin from its birth-hour ! But so it must be. There is no youth under a Crown, now-a-days :—nor is there to be

any. The dear French Princess, who was for good-naturedly solacing starving Paris with pie-crusts, when the stock of bread ran low, is a figure, who would be found, in this year of grace, as superfluous and out of place, as Madame du Barry herself. Nay, may we not say more so? . . . when we see a "Bet-y Watson" æsthetically Dubarry-fied in æsthetical Bavaria, at this time being—with additions, alterations, and amendments, suitable to Louis the First of the Valhalla and the Alle-Heiligen Kapelle as distinguished from Louis the Fifteenth of the *Parc aux Cerfs*:—while the French Princes, and Princesses, are saving fortunes; not theoretically throwing away their pie-crusts.

I shall be told, I doubt not, by the Abiguils in waiting on the Prime Minister of the Nursery, by the Countess who has the portfolio (or pine-cushion) of the Cradle department, that I am raising a storm in a slop-basin—making a fuss which is "truly inconvenient," and as much out of order in the neighbourhood of a Palace, as illness was in Fanny Burney's day. "Duty, if we were to die for it!" is their motto. So, too, is it mine. But every day brings Truth more and more forward as a Duty—in Court, Council, Conclave, Camp, Chapel, or 'Change!—Truth, clear of any design to demolish, overthrow, or revolutionise—to partition the earth anew, by spoiling its Emperors or Egyptians: but Truth convinced that Peace alone resides in Progress—and Order in openness to improve! And wherefore not my truth in Print, as well as yours, my Lady of the Wardrobe? You print your blast of incense in adoration of the Kilted Babe, and the Palatial Cake. I print my Counter-blast of bracing air, in plea for somewhat plainer, more real, more practical, as fitted to these dark days! "I must speak of the poor, and the criminal: of wars abroad, of the deaths of the mighty, of the starvation of those who deserve food—not in the tone of the German tutor, who dresses up a Saint Nicholas to frighten poor, innocent children into good conduct, or of the revengeful Nurse who threatens the sensitive culprit with a Ghost, which is to come out of China closet or clock-case to devour him, if he does not keep quiet—but as a gentle memento to one who is to rule us (late may it be first!) that the good spirits of Love, and Pity, and Kindliness, wait without, if he will open the gate and let them in. God forbid that I should scare the Hope of England by letting loose upon him monsters, leprous people, or black-bearded Robbers, or pale-faced Catholics, who would treat him as badly (to quote the Bigot's

hideous rhyme) as the Jews treated the Catholic children of yore, could they get their blood-thirsty Papistical nails into him!—But when he is dressed up in the face of all England (poor thing!) like a small Scotchman—may not I, subject though I be—*ad-dress* him, and say, “Please, your Highness, remember your little countrymen, who have no oat-cake to eat on their Birthdays!” When the Yule Log is put upon the hearth, and the ghost-story begins to go round,—that pleasure of Christmas well nigh as dear and as dreadful as Snap Dragon itself!—may not I come to the door; not as a whining Pauper—not as a disgusting trader on writhen limbs and ugly sores—not as Captain Rock or Captain Starlight, or one of the Peterloo rioters *redivivus*, whose name was so magical a bugbear in Lancashire, during the vile days of the Cato-street Conspiracy—but as a man, though subject not servile? May I not say, adapting the language of the wisest of men (after the fashion of others, who, when they quote Scripture, adapt it to the promulgation of their own favourite *ism*) “There is a time to think, as well as a time to laugh: if ye would not that, a time to weep shall also come!”

THE GREETING ON THE THRESHOLD.

SPEEDETH Time, the unrelenting, speedeth onward Time, the king,
Severing the years asunder with the waving of his wing.
Christmas standeth at our thresholds—brothers, through the murky air
Let your hearts lean out and listen,—ye shall hear his voice declare—

“I am Christmas:—read the records of the deeds that ye have done;
Read, O men, with stedfast vision, by the shining of Truth’s sun.
Turn the pages, turn them over, trace ye backward day by day:
Ere I pass within your portals, I’ve a greeting I must say.

“Have ye walked the world meek-hearted—in your patience have ye
worn
Lowly thoughts for inner vesture, nought of pride, and nought of scorn?
Have ye walked the world love-missioned, impulse strong, and purpose
high,
Foremost aye to strive and struggle for the vexed humanity?”

"Have ye chased one cloud of error? Have ye sown one seed of good?
Have ye done the work God gave ye, honestly, as true men should?
Have ye borne a cheerful aspect, hoping on through toil and care?
Have ye won a poor man's blessing, or a poor man's broken prayer?"

"Then—burn bright your hearth-fires! flash the mirth-light in your eyes!

All my olden gladness cheer you, all my jests and jollities!
Loving friends be gathered round you—merry voice and visage gay—
Good befall you! God be with you!—such the greeting I would say.

"But if ye have willed to follow other ways, O men, than these,
All regardless of the warning of life's solemn verities;—
If the loves that ye have cherished, have been self-loves, false and cold—
Love of earth, and earth's ambitions, love of greed and love of gold—

"If your hearts have scorned to hearken, in the hour of mastery,
To all pleadings of good angels, pity, mercy, charity—
If ye've walked *alone*, self-trusting, self-sustaining, unsubdued
By God's love, shed warmly round you, and your bond of brotherhood—

"Then—still lonely, drear and lonely, be your hearth, and be your home!
As a ghost from out the charnel of the dead years, lo! I come—
Come with gloom and desolation, and a silence doubly drear,
From the sound of pipe and viol, and sweet laughter heard anear.

"Fate-like I unfold your portals, and I bid you judge aright
Of the wisdom ye have worshipped, by the rolling of its light;—
And I bid you turn, soul-chartered, from the doom and the despair,
To the better patha forsaken, and the joy abiding there;
So, when next ye hear my greeting, blessed meanings it may bear!"

Speedeth Time, the unrelenting, speedeth onward Time, the king,
Sweeping the years scander with the waving of his wing.
Christmas standeth at our threshold—brothers, through the murky air
Let your hearts lean out and listen, and give answer to him there.

Camberwell.

T. W. Higginson.

ἰσθδ. γ.

ἰσαύριο. χρὴ δ' αὖτ' Ἀθανᾶν
τίκτει' αἰθληταῖσιν ἱμν.
ὡ δὲ Θεμιστίων ἱμν. δ' αὖτ' αἰδου,
μακάρι εἶμι. δίδου
φωτὴν, ἀλλ' ὅτ' ἰδία τῶν
πρὸς ζυγὸν παρχασίου
πύλαι τί μιν, καὶ παρχασίου φθίγγαι ἰ-

WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF SURPRISE?

AND

What connection has it with the Laws of Suggestion?

BY HENRY MAYHEW.

BEFORE proceeding to inquire into the Cause of Surprise, and the nature of its connection with the Laws of Suggestion, it is necessary that we should settle what those laws are.

Accordingly, we shall begin by defining the Laws of Suggestion to be simply those uniform relations by which one thought or feeling suggests or gives rise to that which immediately follows it.

"That one thought," says Dugald Stewart, "is often suggested to the mind by another, and that the sight of an external object recalls former occurrences, and revives former feelings, are facts which are perfectly familiar, even to those who are the least disposed to speculate concerning the principles of their nature. In passing along a road which we have formerly travelled in the company of a friend, the particulars of the conversation in which we were then engaged, are frequently suggested to us by the objects we meet with. In such a scene we recollect that a particular subject was started, and in passing the different houses, and plantations, and rivers, the arguments we were discussing when we last saw them recur spontaneously to the memory."

"After time has in some degree reconciled us to the death of a friend," adds the same author, "how wonderfully are we affected the first time we enter the house where he lived. Everything we see—the apartment where he studied—the chair upon which he sat—recall to us the happiness we have enjoyed together, and we should feel it a sort of violation of that respect we owe to his memory to engage in any light or frivolous discourse when such objects are before us."

Now, what are the uniform relations by which such thoughts and feelings are suggested to the mind?

"In the first place then," says Dr. Abercrombie, in his book on the Intellectual Powers, "there is a remarkable tendency in the mental constitution, by which two or more facts or conceptions which have been contemplated together or in immediate succession,

become so connected in the mind, that one of them at a future time recalls the others, or introduces a train of thoughts, which without any mental effort follow each other in the order in which they were originally associated. This is called the Association of Ideas, and various phenomena of a very interesting kind are connected with it.

"But besides this tendency," continues the Doctor, "by which thoughts formerly associated are brought into the mind in a particular order, there is another species of association into which the mind passes spontaneously by a suggestion from any subject which happens to be present to it. The thought or fact which is thus present suggests another which has some kind of affinity to it; this suggests a third, and so on to the formation of a train or series which may be continued to a great length. A remarkable circumstance likewise is, that such a train may go on with very little consciousness or attention to it; so that the particulars of the series are scarcely remembered, or are traced only by an effort. This singular fact every one must have experienced in that state of mind which is called a reverie. It goes on for some time without effort and with little attention; at length the attention is roused and directed to a particular thought, which is in the mind without the person being able at first to recollect what led him to think of the subject."

The following example from Hobbes has been frequently referred to. "In a company in which the conversation turned on the Civil War, what could be conceived more impertinent than for a person to ask abruptly what was the value of the Roman denarius? On a little reflection, however," says the author of the *Treatise on Human Nature*, "I was easily able to trace the train of thought which suggested the question; for the original subject of discourse naturally introduced the history of the king, and of the treachery of those who surrendered his person to his enemies; this again introduced the treachery of Judas Iscariot, and the sum of money which he received for his reward. And all this train of ideas passed through the mind of the speaker in a twinkling, in consequence of the velocity of thought." Insomuch that it is by no means improbable, as has been justly observed; "if the speaker had been interrogated about the connexion of ideas which led him aside from the original topic of discourse, he would have found himself at first at a loss for an answer."

The principles of association, or—according to the more accurate

phrasology—the Laws of Suggestion, have been minutely studied by Dr. Brown, who has given a very full and particular account of them. He divides the laws by which one thought or perception suggests another thought to the mind, in the first place, into those of *simple* and *relative* suggestion; the former constituting the laws of *conception*—the latter the laws of *judgment*.

‘The intellectual states of mind,’ he says, “to give a brief illustration of my division, I consider as all referable to two generic susceptibilities—those of *simple* and *relative* suggestion

“Our perception or conception of one object excites of itself, and *without any known cause external to the mind*, the conception of some other object—as when the mere sound of our friend’s name suggests to us the conception of our friend himself—in which *case* the conception of our friend, which follows the perception of the sound, involves *no feeling, of any common property* with the sound which excites it. This is *simple suggestion*.

‘But,’ he continues, “together with this capacity of simple suggestion, there is a suggestion of a very different sort, which in every case involves the consideration *not of one phenomenon of mind but of two or more phenomena*, and which constitutes the feeling of agreement—disagreement—or relation of some sort. I perceive, for example, a sheep and a horse at the same moment. The perception of the two animals is *followed by that different state of mind*, which constitutes *the feeling of their agreement* in certain respects, and of *their disagreement* in certain other respects. This is *relative suggestion*.”

He then subdivides the laws of simple suggestion into those of *primary* and *secondary*. The *primary* laws are the relations by which the perception or thought of one object excites in the mind the thought of some other object. The *secondary* laws refer merely to those circumstances which *modify the influence of the primary*, by inducing one thought rather than another in accordance with them.

THE PRIMARY LAWS OF SUGGESTION.

According to Dr. Brown, these are the *contiguity* in time or in place—the *resemblance*—and the *contrast* of the objects of the ideas suggested—that is, the thought or perception of a certain object may suggest to the mind the thought of some other object which is

1st. ASSOCIATED with it.

The sight of a picture, for example, can recall to us the artist who painted it—the friend who presented it to us, or the person of whom we purchased it—the room in which it formerly hung—the series of pictures of which it then formed a part—and so forth.

2nd. SIMILAR to it.

Or it may suggest to our minds the person of the individual whose likeness it is—or the scene of which it is a representation (as the case may be)—or the features or characteristics of some other object which it appears to us to be like—or the works of some other painter whose style it seems to resemble.

3rd. DIFFERENT from it.

Or else it may bring to our minds the school of painting to which it is directly opposite—or some object which is just the very reverse of that delineated, &c., &c.

But if the sight of a picture *may* suggest to us—in accordance with the primary laws—*any one* of the above thoughts, why, inquires the Doctor, does it suggest *one of them rather than another*?

The circumstances which induce this peculiarity by giving certain ideas a greater tendency than others to be suggested by the primary laws, are what he calls

THE SECONDARY LAWS OF SUGGESTION.

They are the *duration*—the *liveliness*—the *frequency*—the *recency*—and the *purity* of the ORIGINAL PERCEPTIONS of the ideas suggested; and the *constitution*—the *temporary emotions*—the *bodily state*—and the *habits* of the INDIVIDUAL to whom they are suggested.

“The occasional suggestions,” to quote the author’s own words

on the subject, "that flow from the primary laws on which our trains of thought depend, are various according as the original perceptions have been

1st. OF LONGER OR SHORTER CONTINUANCE.

2nd. MORE OR LESS LIVELY.

3rd. OF MORE OR LESS FREQUENT OCCURRENCE.

4th. MORE OR LESS RECENT.

5th. MORE OR LESS PURE from the occasional and varying mixture of other feelings.

6th. They vary according to DIFFERENCES OF ORIGINAL CONSTITUTION.

7th. According to DIFFERENCES OF TEMPORARY IMOTIONS.

8th. According to CHANGES PRODUCED IN THE STATE OF THE BODY.

"Thus," he says, "the longer we dwell upon objects the more fully do we rely on our remembrance of them."

"We recollect for a whole life-time the great occasions of joy and sorrow."

"We remember, after reading them three or four times over, the verses which we could not repeat when we had read them only once."

"We are able to repeat any single line of poetry immediately after reading it, though we may have paid no particular attention to it."

"The song we have heard but from one person, can scarcely be heard again by us without recalling that person to our memory."

"To the cheerful almost every object they perceive is cheerful as themselves; while to the gloomy no sky is bright, no scene is fair."

"Thus, a person under the influence of the emotion of anger grows peevish or *tetchy*, as it is called; or, in other words, he is disposed to be displeased and angry with whatever occurs for some time afterwards."

"I need not refer," says Dr. Brown, "to the copious flow of follies which a little wine or a few grains of opium may extract

9th. According to GENERAL TENDENCIES PRODUCED BY PRIOR HABITS.

from the proudest reasoner. How different," he adds, "are the trains of thought in health and in sickness, after a temperate meal and a luxurious excess."

"When men of different professions, or, in other words, of different habits of thinking, observe the same circumstances—listen to the same story—their subsequent suggestions are far from being the same."

This arrangement and division of the secondary laws of suggestion, however, appear to be faulty in many respects.

In the first place, several of the circumstances enumerated as forming *separate* laws, are not *distinct* classes, but seem to be necessarily involved in others previously mentioned. Thus, the FREQUENCY of the original perception cannot but be tantamount in its suggestive influence to the DURATION of it; for, when we have *repeatedly* renewed our perception of a certain object, it is evident that we must have attended to it for a *greater length* of time. While, according to Dr. Brown's own showing, the PURITY of our perceptions is a necessary consequence of their LIVELINESS; for, he says, in explaining the phenomena of attention, that "it may be regarded as a general law of our perceptions, that when *many* such perceptions co-exist, *each*, individually, is *less lively* than if it existed *alone*," and "that, when any one perception becomes *more lively*, the rest fade in proportion." The same noise, for example, he adds, which is scarcely heard in the tumult of noon, is capable of affecting us powerfully, if it recur in the stillness of midnight; while the thousand faint sounds which are continually murmuring around us throughout the day are instantly hushed by the sudden occurrence of any loud noise—even as the stars are extinguished by the superior light of the sun. So that it follows directly from Dr. Brown's own principles, that the *purity* of a perception is a natural result of its *liveliness*, and *vice versa*.

Hence the secondary laws, arising from the circumstances attendant upon the original perceptions of the ideas suggested, may be reduced to the *liveliness*—the *duration*—and the *recency* of those perceptions.

Nor are the laws which are made to proceed from the peculiarities of the individual to whom the ideas are suggested, less imperfect in this respect; for it is evident that the modifying influence which the Doctor ascribes to the *bodily constitution* must proceed from the same cause as that which he refers to changes produced in the *state of the body*—the one being but the *general* and the other the *particular* physical state of the individual. If the cheerful ideas which belong to a person of lively disposition be the result of his *ordinary* bodily constitution, surely the gloomy thoughts which may possess him during sickness, can but be the result of his bodily constitution *for the time being*.

Hence, the secondary laws arising from the peculiarities of the individual to whom the ideas are suggested, are properly the *bodily constitution* (or state of the body), the *temporary emotions* (or state of the mind), and the *habits* (whether bodily or mental), of the individual in question.

These, however, far from being *secondary* laws, seem to be even more *primitive* in their suggestive influence than those which Dr. Brown has denominated the *primary*. "When the common topic of the weather," says Dr. Abercrombie, "is introduced in conversation, the agriculturist will naturally refer to its influence on vegetation—the physician to its effects on the health of the community—the man of pleasure may think only of its reference to the sports of the field—the philosopher may endeavour to seek for its cause in some preceding atmospheric phenomena—and another person of certain habits of observation may compare or contrast it with the weather of the same period in a preceding year. Thus, in five individuals the same topic may give rise to five trains of thought perfectly distinct from each other, yet each depending upon a very natural and obvious principle of suggestion." So, in giving an account of a journey through the same district, one individual may describe chiefly its agricultural produce—another its mineralogical characters—a third its picturesque beauties—while a fourth may not be able to speak of anything except the state of the roads and the facilities for travelling. The same facts or objects, however, must have passed before the senses of all; and yet the recurrence of the journey to their minds suggests, or rather, *originates*, a different train of thoughts in each—each of such trains of thought differing according to the peculiar temperaments or previous habits of thinking of each of the parties in question. So that it is evident

that what Dr. Brown styles the *secondary* laws, arising from the peculiarities of the individual to whom the ideas are suggested, are the *origin* and *directors* of the different trains of thought occurring in different persons; whereas those which Dr. Brown has designated the *primary*, are but the *links*, as it were, by which the several ideas in those trains are bound together.

Consequently, it appears that the more correct and scientific arrangement of the laws of Simple Suggestion would be as follows:—

THE PRIMARY LAWS OF SIMPLE SUGGESTION,

Or the circumstances *originating* different trains of thought in different individuals. *These are—*

THE BODILY CONSTITUTION,
Including the *temperament*, the
general disposition, and the par-
ticular *humour*; or, indeed, any
state of mind having a *bodily*
cause

THE TEMPORARY EMOTIONS,
Including the *affections*, *tastes*,
and *desires* for the time being,
as well as the *temper*; and, in-
deed, any state of mind aris-
ing from any other *previous state*
of mind

THE HABITS — INTELLECTUAL
AND PHYSICAL;

The former, including the
usual mode of thinking by cer-
tain *relations*, as well as upon
certain *subjects*; and the latter,
the desire to repeat some
customary act

OF THE INDIVIDUAL to whom
the ideas are suggested.

THE SECONDARY LAWS OF SIMPLE SUGGESTION,

Or the circumstances by which *each idea*, in a train of thoughts,
is related to, and so suggests or calls up that which immediately
succeeds it, are—

THE ASSOCIATION <i>in time or</i> <i>in place</i>	} OF THE OBJECTS of the ideas suggested.
THE RESEMBLANCE and	
THE CONTRAST	

THE TERTIARY LAWS OF SIMPLE SUGGESTION,

Or the circumstances by which certain ideas acquire a *greater tendency* than others to be suggested in accordance with the secondary laws. These are—

THE LIVELINESS	} OF THE ORIGINAL PERCEPTIONS of the ideas suggested.
THE DURATION	
THE RECENCY	

Such, then, are the Laws of Simple Suggestion. Of the laws and phenomena of Relative Suggestion—the only other remaining form (according to Dr. Brown)—it would be idle here to speak. Suffice it, the enumeration and arrangement of the several phenomena in this case, appear to be as imperfect and objectionable as those in that above given.

These distinctions, however, in no way concern us at present. Our purpose in this article is simply to give the reader a clear and distinct notion of the Laws of Simple Suggestion, and to make certain deductions therefrom.

Let us therefore, before proceeding to those deductions, endeavour to impress the character of those Laws upon the reader's mind—first, by recapitulating the distinct features and offices of the three classes into which we have divided and grouped them—and then by adducing some familiar illustration of their operation.

Well, then, we repeat, the primary laws are those circumstances which cause the same subject to suggest different trains of thought to different individuals ; the secondary laws, the circumstances by which each thought in connexion with a certain subject suggests, or calls up, that which immediately succeeds it ; and the tertiary laws, the circumstances which give one thought a greater tendency than another to be suggested, or called up, in accordance with the secondary. Class I. is founded upon the different mental or physical states of the *individuals* to whom the ideas are suggested ; Class II., upon the different relations among the *objects* of the ideas suggested ; and Class III., upon the different circumstances attendant upon the original *perceptions* of those ideas.

Now, let us suppose, as before, the common topic of the weather being introduced in conversation in some mixed assembly. The man of pleasure, who has a strong *desire* to enjoy a day's fishing, shooting, or hunting on the morrow, may, if the weather be wet, wonder if the rain will last; or he may think how heavy the fields will be after it; or he may remember how, when he went shooting last year—under similar circumstances, the labour of crossing the ploughed land destroyed all the pleasure of the sport; and so forth. The invalid may feel satisfied that such weather will do his cold or his rheumatism no good; or else he may begin to fancy that he has taken a chill through it—though he cannot exactly tell how—for he always keeps himself well wrapped up; and this may make him determine to take two of his invaluable pills and a basin of warm gruel before going to bed that evening; whereupon he will doubtless bring forward some extraordinary instance of those pills having saved his life; and so on: while the meteorologist, who has cultivated a habit of thinking on the subject of the weather—or, in other words, of thinking according to meteorological relations—may speculate as to the number of inches of rain likely to fall during the night: this may bring to his mind some extraordinary wet season, when the quantity of rain which fell was considerably beyond the mean average; and he may then remember some remarkable phenomenon which accompanied it—a very violent thunder-storm, for instance—which again may lead him, perhaps, to think of Daniels' beautiful experiment, illustrative of the electricity generated during the condensation of vapour or steam, &c.

Now, in all these instances, it will be found—first, that the train of thought has *arisen* from some peculiar state of the body or mind (as in the cases of the invalid and man of pleasure), or else from some habit of thinking appertaining to the individual (as in the case of the meteorologist)—secondly, that each thought in the train had suggested, either from some association with it, or from some likeness or contrast to it, the thought which immediately followed it—and, thirdly, that the reason why each of those thoughts occurred to the mind, rather than another equally connected with that which preceded it, was simply because the object had either originally made a more lively impression upon the individual, or else had been more recently or frequently attended to.

“By means of the association of ideas,” says Dugald Stewart, (or, more correctly speaking, by means of the principle of suggestion.) “a constant current of thoughts is made to pass through

the mind while we are awake. Sometimes the current is *interrupted*, and the thoughts *diverted* into a new channel, in consequence of the ideas suggested by other men, or of the objects of perception with which we are surrounded."

Now, it is with these interruptions and diversions of the regular course of our suggestions that we purpose dealing. Our object is to point out—for the first time we believe—that there are certain emotions which arise in the mind, invariably, on the *stoppage* or *alteration* of the natural current of our thoughts; as well as to draw attention to what appears to us to be a very striking analogy between those emotions and certain sensations which are the result of well-known electrical phenomena.

Let us, however, first endeavour to arrive at some definite idea as to what we mean by the term emotion.

Dr. Brown—whose division and arrangement of the various mental phenomena seem to be by far the most complete, satisfactory, and philosophical system that has yet been propounded—defines an emotion to be "a vivid feeling, arising immediately from some suggestion or from some other prior emotion."

"All of our emotions," he says, "agree in this respect: they imply peculiar vividness of feeling, with this important circumstance to distinguish them from the vivid pleasures and pains of sense, viz., that they do not arise *immediately* from the presence of external objects, but *subsequently* to those primary feelings which we term sensations or perceptions." In another place, however, he observes that "it is difficult to state the exact meaning of the term *emotion* in any form of words—for the same reason as makes it difficult, or rather impossible, to explain what we mean by the terms thought, sweetness, or bitterness."

But the difficulty which Dr. Brown felt in stating "the exact meaning of the term emotion, in any form of words," appears to us to have arisen, not from its being a simple idea, but from the very fault for which he censured Dr. Reid—"that of not considering the various phenomena of the mind, merely as the mind affected in a certain manner, according to certain regular laws of succession." "To have a clear view of the phenomena of the mind," he observes, "as mere affections, or states of it existing successively, and in a certain series which we are able, therefore, to predict, is, I conceive, to have made the most important acquisition which the intellectual inquirer can make." And yet, though he here as much as tells us that we can arrive at no real

practical knowledge of the mind, except by dividing and classifying the different mental phenomena according to their causes and effects; and even though he was enabled—simply by pursuing this mode of distinction and arrangement—to make almost all of his valuable discoveries in mental science, still, when he came to the consideration of the emotions, he seemed to have forgotten the principles—which had helped him so triumphantly through the phenomena of sensation and suggestion, and to have subsided into the old plan of classifying the different feelings by their apparent distinctions, rather than by the mental states which invariably precede and follow them. Consequently, he separates and groups all our various emotions into three kinds, viz., IMMEDIATE, RETROSPECTIVE, and PROSPECTIVE, according as they involve *no* notion of time, or as they refer to some *past* or *future* object. But surely it gives us no more real practical knowledge of the feeling of Surprise, to tell us it involves no notion of time, than it does of the feeling of Anger, to tell us it always refers to some object that is past, or of the feeling of Desire, that it always refers to some object in the future.

Let us, however, take up the principle where Dr. Brown abandoned it, and endeavour to separate and group the emotions into different classes, according to their different *causes and effects*. But first, let us apply the rule to the definition of an emotion itself, and see whether or not by this means we shall experience the difficulty which the Doctor felt in distinguishing between an emotion and a sensation, as well as in noting down that distinction in a certain form of words.

An emotion, then, we should define to be, a vivid feeling of pain or pleasure, *arising* immediately from some thought, or from some other prior emotion, ~~and~~—mark the addition—*whose tendency is to give rise to some muscular or mental action*. Indeed, the very etymology of the term *emotion* so plainly shows us it involves an idea of *motion*, that it would be about as true to the principles of language to omit all mention of *feeling* in our definition of *sensation*. Besides, it is as much as a law of the organisation of the mind that an emotion should have a tendency to beget action, as it is a law of the organisation of the body that a sensation has a tendency to beget motion—muscular contraction being, as Sir Charles Bell has shown us, by his discovery of the junction of the sensitive and motive nerves, only the reverberation, as it were, of feeling. Moreover, if we but consider the subject, we shall find it

impossible to imagine bodily action occurring, except as the consequence of some previous sensation or excitation (to adopt the expression of Dr. Marshall Hall). There must be a cause for the muscular movement ; and the only discoverable, as well as conceivable one to account for it is—the application of a certain stimulus to the nerves or the mind, in the form either of some sensation or excitement, or else of some emotion.

Well, then, an emotion is a vivid feeling of pain or pleasure, having for its *cause* some thought or some other prior emotion, and for its *effect* a tendency to induce some muscular or mental action. It is distinguished from a sensation by its cause, viz., by its having an *internal*, rather than an *external* origin, and from a thought, by its effect, viz., by its natural disposition to beget action.

Having now settled what we mean by an emotion, and distinguished it from other states of mind by its causes and effects, let us see whether we can separate and arrange the several varieties of emotions into different classes, by the same means.

Accordingly, viewing our internal feelings by this light, we shall find that many of our emotions are invariably preceded by the perception, remembrance, or anticipation of some *good* or *evil*, in connection with a certain object, while the others take no cognisance of such good or evil, but always arise on the *stoppage* or *alteration* of the natural current of our thoughts. Thus, the emotions of Anger and Gratitude, Joy and Sorrow, Desire and Fear, &c., will be seen, upon reflection, to have always a *moral* origin—or, in other words, to be produced by the perception of some past or future good or evil ; whereas, the emotions of Wonder and Astonishment, Tedium and Diversion, &c., will be found to have, invariably, an *intellectual* origin—or, in other words, to arise in the mind immediately upon the interruption or deflection of the regular course of our suggestions. Consequently, the first grand division of our Emotions, according to their causes, appears to be into INTELLECTUAL and MORAL—a *moral* emotion being one that is always preceded by some perception of *good* or *evil*, and an *intellectual* emotion one that invariably follows the *stoppage* and *alteration* of the natural current of our thoughts.

Thus far all is clear and definite enough. We have distinguished between the two kinds of emotions by their causes, and it only remains for us now to make the line of demarcation still stronger, by assigning to each class its particular effects. Here,

however, we are restrained by want of space. For were we to say that the effect of an intellectual emotion is to beget a certain kind of *mental action*, called *attention*, whereas the effect of a moral emotion is to beget another kind of *mental action*, called *volition* (or moral attention, as it were), we should have first to show what we mean by mental action, and how it is distinguished from a passive state of mind ; and after this, to explain the sense which we attach to each of the terms *attention* and *volition*, as well as to mark out the exact difference between those two states of mind — and to do all this would require far more space than we could devote to it, and a greater fixity of attention than the popular reader would be likely to give to it. Moreover, to attempt to define an intellectual emotion at present by its causes and effects, that is, before we have shown what those causes and effects are, would be—since the reader could only take our assertions for granted—to try and twist a mere *postulate* into a *definition*. Consequently, as the express object of this article is to consider the mental states which precede and follow one of the most marked of the Intellectual Emotions, we will postpone our definition of the class for awhile, and proceed at once to the exposition of the causes and effects of the particular feeling called

SURPRISE.

The word *Surprise* is derived from the French *Surpris*, a substantive formed from the verb *Surprendre*, which is a term compounded of *sur* (*super*) over, and *prendre* (*prehendere*) to take, and, consequently, signifying literally, to *overtake*. Cotgrave explains the French *Surprendre* as meaning—"to surprise, to take napping, tardie, unawares, in a trip, in the manner, in the deed doing ; also to prevent, to intercept, to overtake ; also to beguile, supplant, circumvent, overreach." While the substantive *Surprise* (the old French form of the modern *Surpris*) he describes as signifying—"a surprisall, or sudden taking ; an assaulting or coming upon a man ere he is aware ; a tripping, taking tardie, finding in the manner ; also a trick, fallacie, subtiltie, cavill, shift, evasion ; a deceitful quicke, or quidditie used by a cunning Pettifogger." Thus we see that the original meaning of the word was—to overtake ; after which the sense was extended to—to overreach, or, in other words, to overtake by some artifice ; and hence—to throw a man off his guard by some trick, and so to come upon him ere he is aware, or, as quaint Master Randle Cotgrave has it—"to take him napping, tardie, in a trip."

Accordingly the etymology of the word teaches us that the term *Surprise* stands for that emotion which arises in the mind immediately upon the occurrence of an event which is wholly disconnected with our previous thoughts, and, consequently, for which we were totally unprepared. Here, then, are two different states of mind—first, the antecedent existence of a certain train of thoughts ; and, secondly, the subsequent interruption of those thoughts by the sudden introduction of some sensation wholly disconnected with the subject of them.

Imprimis of the first state of mind—the antecedent train of thoughts. This is either a state of deep attention or dreamy reverie. Some subject has engaged our minds, and we are busily occupied with it, or else some strange suggestion has fired a train of thought, and conception after conception runs through the brain in rapid succession. In the one case we are said to be absorbed in attention ; in the other, to be lost in thought ; the meaning of which is, we are so wrapt up or enveloped, as it were, in our speculations, that we are no longer conscious of external things, and every object but those connected with the subject of our thoughts has faded from our perception, until we are as insensible to their presence as if we were stupified with sleep. For “when we are deeply engaged in conversation,” says Dugald Stewart, “or occupied with any speculation that is interesting to the mind, the surrounding objects do not produce in us the perceptions they are fitted to excite. A clock, for example, may strike in the same room with us without our being able, the next moment, to recollect whether we heard it or not.”

Let us suppose a person sitting in his library, wrapt in some subtle and absorbing speculation. Presently the door opens, and some one enters the apartment *unheard* and *unseen* by him. The new comer observing that his thoughtful friend still keeps his eye intently fixed on the carpet, and that he remains wholly unconscious of any other party being in the room, steals softly round to his chair, and—for the fun of the thing—intimates his presence, by a slap on the back. Instantly the feeling of Surprise convulses the whole frame of the dreamer, the reverie is abruptly brought to an end ; the chain of association is rudely snapt asunder ; the long train of thought is suddenly checked and stopped ; and he feels in the violent concussion of his body as if he had been literally, instead of metaphorically, hurled from the clouds to the earth.

Since then the cause of the feeling of Surprise appears to be the sudden occurrence of some event for which we were totally unprepared—or, in more philosophical language, the abrupt introduction into the mind of some *sensation* which is *wholly disconnected* with our previous conceptions; let us—now that we have arrived at the character of the cause—endeavour to ascertain the circumstances under which that cause gives a greater intensity to the feeling as its effect.

“Whatever presents itself in a sudden and unexpected manner,” says Dr. Cogan, in his *Treatise on the Passions*, “has in most cases a much greater effect upon us than subjects of a very superior importance, for which we had been gradually prepared. The *more sudden*—that is the greater the improbability of its appearing at that instant—and the *more unexpected*—that is the greater the distance the state of mind was from expectancy—the *more violent* will be the first percussion.”

But the *unexpectedness* here spoken of, and upon which the intensity of the consequent feeling is made to depend, is only a less comprehensive form of *disconnectedness*—the quality which we have cited as one of the essential requisites of the antecedent state of mind. For it is plain that what is *wholly disconnected* with our previous conceptions—or, in other words, is entirely removed from the mind—cannot but be *unexpected* by us. While it is equally plain, that what is *wholly disconnected* with our previous conceptions, must also come *suddenly* upon us—even as that which is slightly connected must come *gradually* upon us—gradations being simply the means of connecting abrupt extremes. So that it appears the intensity of the Surprise depends, among other things, upon the degree of disconnection—or the width of the chasm as to speak—between the antecedent train of thought, and the subsequent sensation.

Another of the vivifying circumstances will be found to consist in the intensity of the attention devoted to the said antecedent train of thought. For since intense attention to any subject causes all objects, but such as are connected with it, to fade from our perception—and since this fading, or temporary extinction as it were, of such extraneous objects, cannot fail to render the approach of the surprising event (on account of its very disconnection from the subject of our previous thoughts) *wholly imperceptible* to us—and since, owing to this very imperceptibility, we must naturally be left in ignorance of the impending event, and so be

WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF SURPRISE ?

wholly unprepared for the occurrence when it forces itself upon our minds—why, it follows, that the greater the attention to the previous thoughts, the greater would be the absence of preparation ; and the greater the absence of preparation, the greater the Surprise.

To express the law of these conditions, however, in a more concise formula, we may say, *The intensity of the Surprise is in a direct ratio to the intensity of the antecedent attention + the degree of the subsequent disconnection.*

Still there remains one other peculiar circumstance appertaining to the cause of Surprise ; and we cannot pass to the consideration of the effects of the feeling, without first observing, that Surprise always requires an *external* cause for its production, and it is solely on this account, and the *consequent impossibility* of our ever *surprising ourselves*, that we never experience the feeling in our dreams—as Macniah was the first to point out. The trains of thought which pass through our brains during sleep—incoherent and lawless as they may appear—still proceed according to the regular principles of Simple Suggestion, conception following conception—each connected by some remote relation or other, with that which preceded it, and consequently incapable, from this very connection, of acting as a cause of Surprise. Indeed, it would be about as possible for us of our own agency to surprise ourselves, as it would be for a stone projected in space to alter its direction, or come to a stoppage without some external cause.

It will be remembered, that, on defining Surprise according to its cause, and stating it to be “that emotion which arises in the mind immediately upon the occurrence of an event which is wholly disconnected with our previous thoughts, and for which we were consequently totally unprepared ;” we separated the mental phenomena involved in that definition into two different states of mind—into two different, though successive, intellectual events : first, the antecedent existence of a certain train of thoughts ; and secondly, the subsequent interruption of those thoughts, by the sudden introduction of some sensation wholly disconnected with the subject of them.

Consequently, having finished with the consideration of the relations required to exist between the antecedent train of thought and the object subsequently interrupting them, we now proceed to the consideration of the circumstance of the interruption itself.

In the first place, then, Is the emotion the *immediate* consequence of this interruption or stoppage of the train of thought ? or does some other mental state—some other intellectual event—intervene between such interruption and the springing up of the feeling in the mind ? In other words, and in more definite ideas, is it necessary that the party surprised should first perceive the relation of the disconnection between the extraneous sensation and the antecedent train of thoughts, before he can experience the feeling ?—or does the feeling immediately follow the introduction of the extraneous sensation into the mind, without intervention of any such perception ?

Now, that no such perception really does take place in the mind prior to the production of the emotion itself, is made evident by the fact that we invariably experience the feeling of Surprise before we have any knowledge of the object inducing it. "Lord ! how you frightened me !" is a frequent exclamation after any irrational surprise, while the laughter which invariably ensues, when we discover how greatly disproportioned the emotion was to the cause, shows clearly that the feeling preceded our perception of the nature of the object inducing it. And if it does so precede our perception of the nature of the object inducing it, of course the feeling cannot depend upon our previous perception of the disconnection existing between it and the subject of our antecedent thoughts ; for if we do not even know at the time of the feeling what the object is which causes it, of course we cannot be said to have perceived previous to the feeling, whether that object is connected or disconnected with what we were before thinking of.

"The mere suddenness of the transition," says Hazlitt, in the Introduction to his Lectures on the Comic Writers, "the mere baulking of our expectations, and turning them abruptly into another channel," or "the disconnecting one idea from another," as he says, a page or two further on, "or the jostling of one feeling against another, seems to give additional liveliness and gaiety to the animal spirits. The *discontinuous* in our sensations," he adds, in another place, "produces a correspondent jar and discord in our frame."

Hence, the emotion of Surprise appears to be merely a sudden mental check or arrestation—a violent restraint or obstruction abruptly offered to the progress of our thoughts—a sharp intellectual pull-up, as it were, inducing a feeling similar to that which arises on the sudden and unexpected stoppage of any

carriage or vessel in motion—a mental clash or jar arising from the concussion of two coincident states of mind—a *kind of electric shock, such, indeed, as is produced by the breaking and making of contact*, galvanising the different muscles of the body, and causing them to contract with violence, so that the limbs are impulsively drawn together, apparently with the instinct of receding as far as possible from the influence of the unknown object.

It now only remains for us to set forth the peculiar kind of bodily and mental acts which are the natural effects of the emotion of Surprise—the tendency to produce such bodily and mental action being, according to our previous definition of them, a distinguishing feature of all the Intellectual Emotions.

The bodily acts which are the characteristic signs of the feelings of Surprise, are well stated by Dr. Cogau to consist of “sudden startings, earnest looks, extension of arms and limbs, and strong exclamations ; and, when the violence of the Surprise excites an alarm, which is often the case, without the actual presence of danger,” he adds, “the whole body is instantly placed in an attitude of defence.”

The same authority likewise furnishes us with an equally truthful account of the mental acts resulting from this emotion. “The primary or natural effect of Surprise upon the mind,” he says, “is simply to rouse it ; to force it out of that train of ideas with which it was occupied, and compel it to advert to the novel object which is afterwards to exert a characteristic influence according to its nature. The secondary effect,” he continues, “is to add an impetus to the exciting cause, whatever that may be, and so to render pleasing sensations more delightful, and give an additional keenness to the unpleasing ones. In Surprise,” he adds, “the mind is totally passive. It can neither be produced nor prevented by any exertions of the will. Nor is its immediate province either to reflect or investigate.”

For the present, we shall content ourselves with the above faithful—though not very scientific—enumeration of the mental effects resulting from this emotion, merely observing that the feeling of Surprise is generally accompanied with Alarm, or sudden fear of the object inducing it. The reason of this is obviously benevolent. We are made to be afraid of such objects as are in ~~any~~ way connected with our previous thoughts or perceptions, because it is of such objects that we require to be more cautious than others. Where we know, we are prepared, and consequently on our guard against danger ;

but of that of whose properties or cause we are ignorant, and therefore unprepared for, it behoves us, for our well-being, to have a care. "Our Surprise may thus be considered," it has been well said, "as a voice from that Almighty Goodness which constantly protects us, and which, in circumstances in which inattention might be perilous, whispers—or almost cries out to us—Beware!" Nor is this all; for if we be wholly ignorant of and unprepared for, the object, and it consequently comes very suddenly upon us, the Creator has so arranged our physical constitution that—without waiting for the comparatively slow process of volition—he has caused our muscles instantly and instinctively to contract; and so, as it were *by His own hand*, in the moment of peril, to snatch us from the danger.

We cannot, however, conclude this article without drawing the attention of the scientific reader to the striking analogy that exists between the cause of Surprise and the phenomena necessary for the production of the electric shock, as well as between their effects upon the animal economy. It is well known that the electric shock is the invariable result of the *breaking* and *making* of electrical contact—or, in other words, that it always and indeed only ensues upon the severance and reunion of the circuit. The stoppage of the current of electricity and the renewal of it, are the conditions required for the production of the feeling of the shock; and so, in like manner, the stoppage of the current of our thoughts and the starting of a fresh train of ideas by the sudden introduction of some novel or unexpected sensation into the mind, we have here shown to be the conditions required for the production of the feeling of Surprise; while the almost identity of the results upon the human frame—the perfect resemblance of the two consequent feelings—and the similar violent contraction of the muscles induced by both—exhibit a oneness of cause and effect which surely bespeaks something more than an mere curious and accidental agreement. As, however, the subject is one which admits of proof by experiment, we trust, before long, to be able to demonstrate indisputably—by the deflection of the magnetic needle—the electrical origin and character of the emotion of Surprise.

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DOUGLAS JERROLD'S
SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ORION."

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. DOWNS'S HONEST JOHN-BULLISM.—ARCHER AND THE MISS LLOYDS TAKE
CHARGE OF AN INVALID.—MR. WALTON AND HARDING VISIT DONEYBROOK
FAIR.—THEY MEET WITH AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"Bricks—bricks—before all your moonshine!" ejaculated Mr. Downs, "bricks before all your fine feelings and fancies—bricks before all your sentiments and sciences, and—with a little mortar, before all your poetry and philosophy! I know my trade, and I stick to it, and thrive by it. Bricks are the things to build with—at least in England: you may build with thoughts and dreams in Germany; But it won't do here. Here we show our true estimate of poets and philosophers by their treatment while alive among us, and we only make a fuss about them after death, out of national vanity; we weigh things by their value in the scales of the shop, and their use in the house, and how they improve our faces in the looking-glass; here we scout all new-fangledness, and hold on, every dry chip of us, as long as we possibly can, to the good old blocks; here, everything we care for is good sense, and plain man's English, and wholesome diet—and all is mystery which is not beef. This is my mind: and a good sound English one it is, Mr. Karl Kohl—a mind in top-boots, sir, that never danced in French shoes, or had a German tailor to fit it with geometry and goose-skin."

Mr. Kohl made no reply, but raised himself in his bed—where

* Continued from page 315, Vol. VI.

he was laid up with an attack of quinsy—and re-adjusted his spectacles, looking straight at Mr. Downs, that he might the better understand all he was saying.

“What a condition,” pursued Mr. Downs, “what a condition you are in, with all your sciences, and arts, and figments, and fancies! Why don’t Mesmerism do something for you? Oh, it’s a shocking thing to see a man, who has your sense and parts, get himself into such a scrape! History, and music, and painting, and rhyming, are very well—in their proper place. Even scholarship and sculpture are not to be sneezed at—altogether. But they are the very devil to any one who has his bread to get. There’s no sort of doubt about the matter. Don’t suppose I take upon myself to say all this, merely because I mean to help you clean out of this pigeon-loft, and take you home to my house for a few weeks, as I will do, just as if you were my own natural brother: I don’t assume a tile’s worth on this score, not a bit of it. I don’t set a shameful value on money, not I; but I do hate to see anybody bring himself to the dogs for the sake of philosophy or poetry, and such flimsy unworldlinesses as make a man not fit to live in the world he’s born to. Now try and get up, and come along with me.”

Karl Kohl was in the act of writing his thanks to Mr. Downs upon a slate (as he could not well speak for the soreness of his throat), together with some comment upon the different view he took of the arts and sciences from Mr. Downs, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Archer.

He came with a letter from Mr. Walton, requesting Mr. Karl Kohl would accept of a spare bed in his cottage, if Miss Lloyd would be so kind as to take charge of the invalid. As she had cordially expressed her readiness to do so, Archer had come in a fly to take him there immediately. A friendly contest now took place with Mr. Downs, who declared he had come expressly with the same intention, and that Mrs. Downs, who had recently arrived with him in Portsmouth, was already preparing to receive Mr. Kohl.

“No doubt, she will be angry,” said Archer, “if you go without him.”

“No she won’t,” said Mr. Downs.

“In that case,” said Archer, “he shall please himself.”

“No, he shan’t,” said Mr. Downs; “he shall go with you. Mr. Walton can be of more service to him than I, and he shall do what’s best for him. Good day!”

Archer accordingly conveyed Mr. Karl Kohl to the cottage, and then, after an hour's gossip with the ladies, returned to his lodgings.

Having received information from a mutual friend in London, that Michael Salter was wandering about somewhere in the vicinity of Snowdon, and might be addressed at the Post-office, Caernarvon, where he would find it at some time or other, Archer wrote a letter to him, reverting happily and gratefully to many conversations of ten years ago, and inclosing his sketch of the "Three Wise Men." He wondered if Salter would recognise the resemblance of the first Wise Man to himself. Men seldom could see their own likenesses; but with such an intellect as that of Michael Salter, there was no knowing what he might see.

This communication being despatched, Archer sat down to work at the Philosophical Novel, which, beyond doubt, would make his fortune.

To return to our friends in Dublin. Mr. Short's apology having been considered by Mr. Walton as making ample atonement for what the good-natured old gentleman regarded as little more than the effect of a "glass too much," their amicable understanding was not much interrupted; but Mr. Short still declared he could not agree to the continuance of Harding's engagement with them, considering himself to have been brutally insulted "in his own house" by him. On this point, therefore, there did exist a difference.

"Never mind," said Mr. Walton to Harding, after one of his interviews with Mr. Short upon the subject of the errand to Scotland, "never mind, my boy; Short continues very sensitive on the subject of his little tussle with you in the back parlour, and says he cannot meet you again with any sort of pleasure. He is a man of very delicate peculiarities; and, considering that he was originally a market-gardener—a man sprung from a parsnip, one may say,—his conduct might be almost thought a piece of affectation. But never mind. Bainton and I will see justice done you for the position you resigned in the Portsmouth Dockyard. I will do all I can to help and instruct you. To-day is Donnybrook Fair. Come, let us take a car, and go and have a look at it. We'll leave before night-fall—before the shillelah comes on."

They called a car; they mounted, one on each side; they fell into the long line of cars—a rattling chain, two miles long, of jaunting-cars, reaching from Dublin to Donnybrook—each link of

the chain galloping along as fast as the horse can go ; in fact, he must do so, or he would be galloped over by the chain behind. One two-mile chain of cars runs to "de Brook ;" another, on the other side of the road, runs back, with a huge cloud of dust rolling, in an equally continuous volume, along the middle of the road between them. This from ten o'clock in the morning till twelve at night. And the Fair lasts a week.

They arrived at the line of stationary cars, where they had to pull up, and walk the rest of the way. There was a third mile of these cars "in waiting ;" and then the town, with its fiddler and jig in every room of every house ; and then the Fair—an immense open space in a hollow below the road, with the shows arranged in a great crescent.

They descended from the high road by a broad flight of steps, and entered at once into the heart of the Fair. They made their way through the foreground of roundabouts, beer and sandwich stalls, swings, gambling-tables, sausage-frying, potato-roasting, and ballad-singing groups, till they reached the grand crescent of shows. Here Mr. Walton desired to enter those only which promised to display such features as were peculiar to an Irish Fair, and this famous Fair in particular. Not readily discovering any striking peculiarity, however, they were about to proceed to a large colony of booths and tents, straggling out from an interval in the crescent, when their attention was caught by the shrill voice of a man, standing upon a little stage, dressed in a ridiculously-cut scarlet hunting-jacket. He wore a black wig, with a profusion of curls, and had an immense pantomime pen in his hand, with a gilded nib.

"If," said the showman, addressing the crowd—"If ye had but two things in all the worrld to enable ye to ascend this ladder, and step into our booth and take a taste of the wit and janius you'd find inside, your lives would be at the top of the morning all your days after. But two things, as I was sayin', are nadeful, espically the first and second. I mane curiosity—and a penny. What is curiosity? It is the foundation of all knowledge, as a Fair is the diffusion of the same among the puple. And no one is better able to introduce you to this, than meeself with the help of this pen, which I hold in vartue of my office, as secretary to the Improvident Dogs' Institution. There I larnt the true value of money, which inables me to assure you that this is the show, where, in spending a penny, you gain a pound's worth of iligant

instruction. 'The Stupendous Embellisher,' I say!—Walk up, and listen to 'The Stupendous Embellisher!'"

Mr. Walton and Harding looked at each other, and laughed. They both fancied they had heard the voice before, somewhere. A twangling sound of music inside, accompanied by several blows upon a drum and a gong, attracted a number of persons up the ladder; and Mr. Walton, with an amused look, smilingly followed the stream, accompanied by Harding.

The little booth was already full, and it appeared that the "Stupendous Embellisher" had been going on for some time.

The "Embellisher" was a figure in a long green cloak which swept the ground, and he could not have been less than fifteen feet high. He had an immense auburn wig, a flowing beard, a face whiter ~~and~~ with chalk, a pair of immense spectacles, aptly illustrating the term of "saucer eyes," and a long scarlet nose, the shape of a boiled lobster's claw. In his hands he held a lyre, (apparently manufactured out of an old harp, cut short), with which he accompanied himself while singing the following:—

The landlord to the poor
Will open wide his door,
Embrace the ragged ~~starving~~ man, and give him clothes and food;
Return the rent and pig,
Saying—pay me with a jig,
For the world is smoothed with blarney-stone and wears a Sunday-hood.

A wheezin can,
E-high diddle dan,
High diddle dan—high diddle dan;
A wheezin can,
E-high diddle dan!!!

(*Hoey, lyre, and double-drum.*)

A-wine go ran, a-coo-rah!

The Government will say,
Let's tax the absentay,
Trate Ireland like a sister, and a land of loyal blood;
Do justice in good saison,
And by raison smother treason,
For the world is smoothed with blarney-stone, and wears a Sunday-hood.

A wheezin can,
E-high diddle dan,
High diddle dan—high diddle dan;
A wheezing can,
E-high diddle dan!!!

(*Gong, lyre, and double-drum.*)

A-wine go ran, a-coo-rah!

This song was sung with an Irish accent, most curiously mingled with an accent of a totally different character, as though the singer had endeavoured to adopt some dialect which was foreign to him. As for the chorus of gibberish, it was certainly of Welsh origin. Mr. Walton and Harding bent forward to scrutinise "The Embellisher," then turned their faces towards each other, and simultaneously hurried out to the little platform in front of the booth, and walked close up to the eloquent showman,—the self-styled secretary to the "Improvident Dogs' Institution." Their eyes met—there was no doubt about the matter. "All power to yer honner!" said Rody.

It was Rody McMahon, who had joined his fortunes with William Morgan of Dolgelly, and they had now come over to try the effect of their combined talents at Donnybrook, having ~~obtained~~ the requisite assistance of a hedge schoolmaster of Kerry.

Mr. Walton greeted Rody very cordially. He then shook his head at the mode of life Rody had adopted, and giving him his address in Dublin, told him he should be glad to see him when the Fair was over.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A WORKING MAN'S DREAM.—RETURN OF THE WALTONS TO PORTSMOUTH.—DISCUSSION ON MUSIC WITH ELLEN LLOYD.—RODY UNCONSCIOUSLY BETRAYS HARDING.—MARY'S SELF-EXAMINATION AND DECISION.—SCENE BETWEEN ARCHER AND MARY.—ARCHER LEAVES PORTSMOUTH ABRUPTLY.

THE complexion of ruddy brown has become pale, the dark hair brushed smoothly off the temples now hang ragged about the cheeks, which are getting hollow; and the eyes which always used to glow and look straight forward have become heavy and lustreless, and wandering without object. Their speculation is turned inward—the working man is in a dream. Instead of the manly stride, he lounges listlessly along; the carriage and air, graceful with agile strength and open purposes, have lapsed into a pausing heaviness and indecisive course. If you speak to him, he does not hear you the first time; when he answers, he does not look you in the face. He smiles sadly to himself. Such is the change that has been wrought in Harding, from causes known to none, and only vaguely known to himself.

Mr. Short continuing implacable, it was necessary to find some

other trustworthy person as an emissary to Scotland for the purchase of fishing-smacks. It was requisite also that some important business should be originated in Galway. Finally it was settled that Mr. Short should himself go to Scotland, where he had connexions, and Mr. Walton to Galway.

Mr. Walton departed accordingly, accompanied by Rody McMahon, whom he had taken into his service. He requested Harding to call every morning in his absence, in case Miss Walton wanted any assistance in preparing for their departure from Ireland, and he desired Harding to have all in readiness by the time he came back.

Mr. Short, on the same day, departed for Scotland, attended by a very talented and long-legged valet of all-work, *viz.*, William Morgan, who had recommended himself to Mr. Short as a man who had seen much of life, and could render himself generally useful.

The Galway business being completed by Mr. Walton, very much to his own satisfaction, though with very equivocal effect on the minds of the Claddagh fishermen, if one might judge by the significant glances some of them exchanged with each other, he took the mail back to Dublin, and finding all prepared, set sail with Mary in the packet for Liverpool, on the evening of the same day. Harding and Rody accompanied them.

They made their way straight to Portsmouth. Mr. Walton was delighted at returning to his cottage; the only thing that troubled him was the fancy that something might have happened to his brass telescope in his absence. But there it was, in all its perfection, just as he left it. He sank into his arm-chair, and began to whistle "Over the water to Charlie."

There was a delightful party round the fire at the cottage that evening—Mr. Walton, Mary, Archer, Miss Lloyd, Ellen, and Karl Kohl. Harding excused himself from coming, as he was not very well. They all talked at the same time, every one telling those who were nearest what had occurred during their absence. After tea, however, they became more composed, and then, at Archer's request, Ellen Lloyd sat down to the piano-forte and played Mendelssohn's beautiful "Lieder ohne Worte."

"Oh you dear, sweet charmer, Ellen," cried Mr. Walton, "now sing!"

She did so, to their great delight; after which, she played a fugue, accompanied by Karl Kohl upon a violoncello which he had borrowed of his tobacconist.

"To my feeling," said Archer, "very fine and expressive instrumental music is quite as touching as any vocal music; but in England there is generally no comparison as to their effects—singing is by far the most popular."

"Boat Paganini, mit violin," interposed Karl Kohl, "and Liszt upon piano-forte, haf as large rage made as dee singers and singer-esses, even in deeze country."

"True," said Archer, "but only as startling exceptions. In general, a song is the thing for the English. The most grand and beautiful composition of modern masters, like Beethoven and Mendelssohn, are little in request, while the very title of the songs which are most popular, and which are continually issuing from the publishers' shops, are unanswerably characteristic of the lowness of our taste in this respect. They are mawkishly domestic, contemptible in triviality, or monotonously common-place, and are the only sort of songs that have an extensive sale."

"But is it not the same with painting and sculpture?" asked Ellen. "The eye must learn as well as the ear."

"It is worse with those arts," said Archer. "For although the eye, by its nature, studies more than the ear, and is therefore, by force of habit, better cultivated as a natural organ, yet as painting and sculpture appeal to the imagination through the intellect and moral sentiments, while music appeals to the imagination through the passions and affections, so are the appreciations of the former less numerous."

"Why is this?" asked Mary.

"Because the intellect and moral sentiment are greatly indebted to cultivation, whereas sensibility needs little."

"Ah," said Ellen, in her sweetest voice, "I see what you aim at. You wish to show that music is not so intellectual a thing as painting, sculpture, and poetry; but to my feeling there is as lofty an imagination in Handel and Haydn, as in Michael Angelo and Milton. Mozart and Beethoven seem to me as intellectual as Raphael and the most grand and passionate poet, whoever he may be; and Mendelssohn as logical and as tender—if the two things may go together—as Alfred Tennyson or Claude Lorraine."

"This will need a vast amount of explanation, Miss Ellen," explained Archer, "and of illustration too, at your hands;" saying which, Archer crossed over to Ellen Lloyd, and seating himself beside her, they entered into a long and interesting discussion, in which Ellen strove to maintain that everything which music lost in

comparison with the more definite form and purpose of poetry or painting, was compensated by its superiority in suggestiveness, and in the creation of emotions. Archer was most earnest in the subject—so was Ellen at first, and she was getting the best of it, but gradually her downcast eyes and the tremour of her voice showed that she was yet more interested in him who spoke. It did not pass unobserved by Mary.

Karl Kohl now withdrew to bed, and was presently followed by Mr. Walton. Then Miss Lloyd rose to depart; then Ellen and Mary. Archer lingered. They all wished him good night. Archer fancied that Mary drew her hand away from his, rather quickly. He doubted not, however, but she would return to him as soon as she had fairly seen her visitors to their bed-room—in fact, he was sure of it.

It is the invariable practice of all betrothed lovers, who are able to accomplish the delightful impropriety, to sit up at night after everybody else is gone to bed, and talk over all their affairs, their present relations (of course), and future prospects. This had been customary with Archer and Mary for a long time, and after her absence there was more than usual reason for it. Archer waited patiently for a quarter of an hour, lolling listlessly in an arm-chair. Mary did not come. Then he got up and paced the room for ten minutes. Mary did not return. He went out into the passage and listened at the foot of the stairs. She was not talking with the Lloyds—all was silent. The only sound was the voice of Rody gabbling to the maids in the kitchen. Mary was not coming then! What could be the occasion of this? Archer could not conceive what was the reason of it, as he was not aware of having given any cause of offence, nor, indeed, did Mary appear at all offended at anything, but was as kind as usual—almost. Perhaps she could not very well come down without being heard—but what of that, under their circumstances! She never used to think of that before.

Archer left the house in a perplexed state of mind. After all, he did not so very much care about it, only that he did not understand it.

As he was about to turn the corner, at some twenty paces distance, he looked back by way of wishing good night to the light in Mary's window, which faced the road. In doing this, he caught sight of the figure of a man, who seemed to have been pacing slowly round the back of the cottage, and who now

remained fixed, and looking up at Mary's window. There was something in the figure that made Archer suddenly think of Harding. It was, no doubt, the night patrol. Archer turned the corner, and fell into a train of thought as to an important incident in the plot of the "Three Wise Men," which occupied his mind till he got into bed. Mary's not coming down again gave him a troubled moment just before he fell asleep. He dreamed, however, of Karl Kohl, who was playing a violoncello on the edge of a flowery precipice, accompanied by the harmonious murmur of the sea beneath; while a lady in white, whom he knew to be the daughter of one of the chiefs in Ossian's Poems, waved her gleaming hand to somebody in the distance.

Next morning Archer went rather early to the cottage. Mary received him with the same kindness and cordiality as usual, and a marked earnestness of manner, yet with a certain reserve. She took no opportunity of being alone with Archer, but rather thwarted his little plots to that end, though not seeming to do so on purpose. Something was surely the matter! Archer could not fathom it. Ellen Lloyd was suffering with a bad headache, and could scarcely speak; Miss Lloyd was very busy over a piece of knitting; Karl Kohl had not yet come down stairs; and Mr. Walton would talk about nothing but the directions taken by herring-shoals on the same coast at different seasons, and how difficult it was to know the mind of a herring. Archer soon found all this intolerable, and took his leave, totally at a loss to account for the strange mixture of amiable interest and personal distance displayed in Mary's behaviour.

Has she been "listening to reason," thought he; have Mr. Bainton and Mr. Short joined her father in convincing her of what a very "bad match" she was about to make with a poor poet—with one of the disastrous no-profession of literature? Can it be so? He could not believe it of Mary. Something serious, however, was the matter.

Something serious had, indeed, transpired in Mary's mind. It has been seen that she had for a long time had great misgivings and doubts as to the suitableness of herself as Archer's wife—of his nature to hers—as to the depth and sufficiency of the sympathy between them. Now all doubts were removed. The truth rose plainly before her, and in it she saw her true course. The feeling of Ellen Lloyd towards Archer, she now distinctly perceived, whatever efforts Ellen made to suppress it, perhaps

even from her own consciousness. Mary at once recognised her suitability to Archer, whose happiness she believed would be far more surely attained in such a union, than in one with herself. But did Mary at the same time become more than ever aware of her own unsuitableness, and that her own happiness would be rather endangered than secured by a union with Archer? This is doubtful. It was a conviction that needed time. Many feelings, the habits and turn of thought of the last year or two, were not to be shaken off so easily. To see our true course clearly, does not render it certain that we shall ever adopt it—far less regard it at once as the happiest, when reason and right feeling have enforced it. Mary had to struggle with herself to make the resignation, and to do this in the best and noblest way.

On returning to his lodgings, Archer sat himself down to consider what he had said or done that could have hurt or offended Mary. As she was a woman totally without caprice or pretence of any kind, and not one easily moved by any light fancies or nervous affections, he could not conceive what could have occurred, unless, as he had previously said to himself—unless she has been “listening to reason” while in Ireland. Being unable to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, he took out the manuscript of the “Three Wise Men,” and endeavoured to proceed with his work. After sitting for two or three hours, without producing more than three-fourths of a page, and part of that very indifferent, and destined to be erased, he got up and went out to walk. He bethought him of Harding, and was surprised he had not called. He went to the house Harding lodged at, but did not find him at home; he had not been home all last night, nor this morning.

As Archer was leaving the door, Rody McMahon came running up to inquire for Harding. The same answer being given, Rody fell into a sort of monologue, as he walked along by the side of Archer.

“Och, sure and poor Mither Harding must be crossed in love, and that’s a pity, savin’ yer honner’s presence. My sowl! what a power o’ sighs he used to begin to heave an’ swallow down in Dublin, afore they were half out of his brier, the Lord help him. I’ve sayn him stand wid his eyes shining out of his hid like a dying man at his last prayer, as he looked upon the swate handsome face of the lady, whom God for ever bless; though for the matter o’ that she might ha’ given one farwell look between the curtains last night, anyhow; for if it wasn’t Harding that I saw

on the shady side o' the moon while I was rattling in the boulds o' the shutters, my fadther's name wasn't Pat. And now, who knows but he's been to dthrow himself under the salt say ! Och ! *orro allahu !*"

With these words Rody ran off. Archer stopped short with a pale look of sudden intelligence and bewilderment. He held fast by an iron rail, and slowly wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

He moved a few paces onward towards his lodgings ; then turned abruptly about, and walked hurriedly towards Mr. Walton's cottage. As he approached it, his pace slackened. Indignation and galled pride, and astonishment, and confusion of thoughts and purposes, seemed conspiring to choke him. He again turned round and hastened home.

In a strange state of distress and feverish excitement Archer passed the rest of the day. In the evening, word was brought him that Harding had never returned to his lodgings, and nobody knew where he was gone. Archer passed a night without sleep. A multitude of conflicting visions struggled and stagnated in his brain. By the morning this condition was no longer endurable, and he accordingly went to ask an explanation of Mary.

On arriving at the house, he was shown into a room where he found no one. The servant said Miss Walton would be down directly.

"She intends to see me alone," murmured Archer with bitterness ; "she has something to tell me—of a pleasant kind." A sound was upon the stairs—a measured pace in the passage.

The door opened, and Mary entered. She looked very serious, and not very happy ; but had a firm air, as though she came to do something. She offered her hand to Archer with extreme kindness, and seated herself beside him, gently holding his hand in hers.

"My dear Archer," said she, "I was very anxious to see you this morning. I scarcely slept all night, I was just about to send for you, as I have something important on my mind, which I wish to tell you, that we may speak of it together, as dear friends who wish each other all happiness this world can afford."

"Yes," said Archer, rather drily, though with evident emotion.

"And who desire, therefore," proceeded Mary, with a steady look in Archer's face, "to avoid any position which is likely to

produce unhappiness to either, or to both—perhaps certain to produce it. I have felt for some time, and I am sure you have often felt so, that, notwithstanding all the regard that exists between us—and which I am sure will always exist—that the nature of that regard was not all we had originally hoped and believed in. It has always been a limited regard; there has always been something deficient and unsatisfactory in it. We must at last open our eyes to this truth, and we must end our dream, because it can lead to no good result."

"Tell me," said Archer, with passionate earnestness, "tell me one thing, Mary,—have you allowed *that man* to pay personal attentions to you—to pay, what are called—addresses?"

Mary had entered the room with the fixed intention of speaking all the truth out, which related to Archer and herself, without ~~the least~~ reserve or hesitation; but she did hesitate a moment at this unexpected and pointed question, bearing reference, as she naturally supposed, to Mr. Short. She had hoped Archer knew nothing about the absurd and unpleasant affair. But she quickly answered, "Not by the least encouragement from *me*."


"Then he *did* pay you attentions—addresses—somehow—that is, *without* encouragement!" exclaimed Archer; "and you received them without intending it! Women do these things sometimes. I never expected it of you; but here it is. One question more. Did he ever make you a proposal?"

Mary felt herself turn sick with vexation and pain. As, however, Archer evidently—it appeared so—knew all about the affair of the dinner-party, Mary answered after a pause—"I cannot deny but he presumed to —"

Archer threw aside Mary's hand from his, and started up from his seat. "There is honour!—there is delicacy!—gratitude—decency—fitness—propriety—your respect and consideration for yourself and for me! This accounts for your sudden perception of our *limited* sympathies—the something deficient and unsatisfactory. What! have you then found this superior sympathy in the timber-yard?—this something sufficient and satisfactory in boat-sailing, and the sound of the adze? Is all that has passed between us to be compromised to a gross materiality, or a self-sophistication in the guise of reason, but as mad as purblind lunacy could desire? Am I set aside for this? And for this man, the last of all who should have dared even in a dream to have approached your image, far less to have passed like a shadow

between us, and then with his heavy shadow to overcome you. I lifted his soul out of the earth ; and he has used the upper ground I gave him, to cast dust upon me. I found him with the mind of Or-on ! and I have helped him to be a courtly Valentine ! I found him with a mind on "all fours," and I taught him to walk erect, that he might at length look up to the woman I loved, and play the gallant outside her moonlit window ! I saw him ; I know everything ; I see what I have done, and what you have done ; but I do not yet see what shall come of it."

Archer hurried out of the room, and left the house, leaving Mary holding her forehead, and endeavouring to understand the force of words which she had felt most painfully, without half knowing their application and purport.

By degrees, however, the truth broke upon her. She saw that he had never meant Mr. Short, and that he must mean ~~her~~ . There was no one else to whom his words could apply.

Mary felt bitterly the injustice of Archer's remarks, yet she could not but in some degree pardon them, when she saw the mistake he had fallen into, partly through her own admission, as it seemed. She wrote to him, therefore, on the instant, explaining the misunderstanding into which they had both fallen, and showing him what she had intended was to terminate the engagement between herself and him, as she now was *more than ever* convinced it could not lead to their mutual happiness, though this determination on her part was not attributable to any personal feeling of hers towards any other man.

She despatched this letter by Rody, who hastened with it to Archer's lodgings. Not finding him at home, Rody would not leave the letter, as he had some instinct that it was of importance ; but he kept it safely in his pocket till next morning, saying nothing about the matter, as it was evidently a secret, and also not to disturb the mind of his young mistress. When he took it in the morning he was informed that Mr. Archer had left Portsmouth by the early train, with no intention of returning. Rody therefore left the letter, saying nothing about it for the same reasons as before.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NORTH WALES.—THE RUINED WATER-MILL.—MEETING OF THE TWO MEN.

It was early in the night, and the moon looked out but sparsely from a ridge of drifting clouds. A long track of shadow, broken only by the yet deeper black of straggling clumps of firs, seemed to lead the wandering steps of Archer towards a spot where, with feelings far more happy and hopeful, he had enjoyed the picturesque gloom of the old ruined water-mill in North Wales. Then, it was a melancholy sentiment, not without a certain tender pleasure, in which he had indulged; now, it was a troubled soul and a gloomy heart that brought him here. His own feelings being unbearable, he had felt a necessity of going somewhere, under the old fallacious hope of self-escape, and he had hurried off into Wales, merely because it had a vague sort of attraction for him. He had arrived upon the marshy bank of the stream before he well knew where he was. The faint moon looked through the clumps of trees, and touched the water here and there, with uncertain gleams.

What is the use of describing the kind of scenery which has been described in so many books before? or why pourtray feelings which must already be well understood by most people who have duly followed the course of this man's mind since first he appeared before them. Any scene would now have seemed gloomy to him. His feelings darkened the way before him. He had no motive for walking into the water—and no very clear reason why not. He did not care much about anything. He saw that he had never been loved as he would have wished to be; and it did glance across his mind that he had scarcely deserved it of the object he had selected, since his own feelings had been of no very deep character for her. Yet, to lose her,—to have her carried away, or even approached, before his face—under his very eyes—while he never perceived the origin or progress of the audacious feeling and purpose—abominable in Mary—atrocious in Harding—unbecoming and shameful in both—was intolerable to his soul.

Filled with these emotions, he had reached a strip of red gravel and sand flanked with rushes, which led towards the old mill, and, looking up, he saw a man emerge from the dark ruins, and advance to meet him. Archer did not wish to meet anybody, and paused.

The man also stopped. Archer looked on each side of him, but there was nothing but rushes, and the water. Not liking altogether to turn back, he walked onwards. The man did the same, and they slowly approached each other, until by a simultaneous feeling they both hesitated. A pace or two more, and the recognition was mutual. Their steps became slower as they approached each other.

"Harding!" said Archer.

Harding raised his hat, but did not speak.

"What can have brought you to this place?" inquired Archer, in a tone of deep annoyance, not unmingled with surprise and disgust.

A deep sigh was Harding's only answer.

"When I heard of your abrupt disappearance from Portsmouth, without taking leave of anybody, or leaving word where you ~~were~~ gone, I little imagined——"

Here Archer paused, rather disconcerted, for he could not help feeling that this was exactly what he had done himself. However, *that* was quite a different matter. What a man does himself is always quite a different matter from what another person does under the same circumstances, and is to be viewed in quite a different light. He therefore finished his remark as they approached the ruins of the mill.

"I little supposed that you had betaken yourself to this place. I dare say it has its attractions. But you will not be surprised that I add—if I had at all anticipated meeting you here, it is about the last place in the world I should have set my foot in."

"I do not wonder much at this, Mr. Archer," said Harding; "and I must say, that for the first time in my life I know what it is not to like to look a man in the face."

"You have certainly taken undue and dishonest advantages of the opportunities afforded by a generous interest taken in you," replied Archer, somewhat softened by Harding's last remark.

"Not so much," said Harding, placing one foot upon a large fallen beam of the ruins of the mill, and resting both hands upon his knee in a thoughtful attitude—"not so much as I might, perhaps."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Archer, in a voice of indignant excitement.

Harding was thinking of the confidence Mr. Walton had reposed in him when he set off to Galway, in requesting him to call every



morning, to see if Mary needed any service he could offer; and that he had never abused that honourable, and to him delightful privilege, by attempting to see her personally. He had merely sent up word that he was ready to attend to any commands, if Miss Walton would let him know. Meditating on this self-denial with a melancholy satisfaction, he therefore repeated—"I have indeed been to blame—but I have not taken all the advantages of circumstances which I——might have done, Mr. Archer."

Taking it for granted—as was natural enough in his excited state of mind—that this latter remark of Harding's was a direct insinuation that he possessed a personal influence over Mary, if he had chosen to exercise it—to take advantage of it—Archer at once lost all command of his temper.

"Is *this* the way you repay us!" cried he, "for having overlooked all social distinctions of classes—set education and station at naught, and made ourselves your equals, your instructors, your friends! We have, at least, not deserved this insulting vaunt. If Miss Walton has, in the remotest degree, laid herself open to such an insinuation, that you should venture to give it utterance to anybody in the world is most base,—and to do so in my hearing is something worse than I can find words to denounce as it deserves. Perhaps—who knows?—but at the very moment I was meditating upon something to advance your efforts at education—something that would best conduce to the advancement of your mind—you were busily engaged in selfish schemes to my injury; and having protested and vowed never to leave your order as a working man, you presently turn aside to indulge in ambitious projects which could only be accomplished by all sorts of treacherous manœuvres and hypocrisies."

"This is *not* so!" said Harding, lifting up his head.

"Not so, do you say? How else—what else can your conduct be ascribed to?—and to what sort of feeling can anybody attribute the abominable insinuation of which you have just been guilty? You have put a gross and shameful construction upon the interest a fine-spirited woman, grateful for a service rendered to her father, has shown you; and you now revenge yourself for the discomfiture and dismissal you have received from her, by a boast of that kind which, among equals, a man has to answer for at the risk of his life."

"I know nothing of what boast you allude to!" exclaimed Harding, "and I care nothing for my life."

As Harding said this, he pressed his hand upon his heart. The action seemed to increase Archer's rage.

"A man's uprightness and strength of heart," continued he, "is not only shown in going onwards, but in retiring, and in silence—not so much in seeking to overcome another, as in self-sacrifice. If you had found the slightest feeling rise within yourself, approaching a personality towards one whom inequality of position in life, of education, of habits, manners, appearance,—nay, of dialect, should have made you regard as placed beyond your social sphere of hope—you should have trembled at it as a ruin and a wrong, certain to bring on error and sorrow. Added to this, in your case there stood the man in your way whose feelings you should have been the last to outrage. If you regarded him as a dreamer, you should have recollected that his dreams were your work—his work your wages—his theories your action—his ~~dreams~~ shine your only path into morning;—but, like the rest of the brutal world, you overlook or trample upon the intellectual seed which is your harvest."

"How have I done any part of all this?" said Harding. "I have sought to gain nothing—and I have nothing, except my pain."

"One thing you sought—recollect. While the man who had stepped out of his own class to make himself your friend, was staring thoughtfully up in the air, anxious to help you, and such as you, to the same elevation, you—struggling in the soil where the evils of a bad social scheme had cast you—you cruelly and stealthily thrust your hand out of the earth beneath his feet, and seize, or try to seize the fairest of his hopes."

"Now I understand you, Mr. Archer," exclaimed Harding. "The accusation is false, and most unjust. I have never tried to seize any hopes of yours—I have never had any of my own. No, I have made no effort to gain even a look."

"You say that you are wrongfully accused. What, if she herself should have told me?"

"Told you!" cried Harding—"impossible! What could Miss Walton have told you? She did not know it herself. There was nothing to tell—that is—nothing of which she could be at all aware."

Archer was now confounded in his turn. The whole air of Harding—voice, look, gestures—were those of a man who felt strongly the truth of his assertions; but on the other hand, there was the strong and galling recollection of Mary's own admission

of an actual declaration of some kind on the part (as it had appeared) of Harding. When Archer again thought of this, it filled him with unspeakable indignation. He looked Harding full in the face with all that keen bitterness of soul which a man of intellect and studious habits, when forced into a personal position in which he feels himself wronged and insulted, can feel perhaps more intensely than any other class. Without uttering another word, he turned on his heel and walked across the strip of sandy gravel.

The unmerited bitterness of the scorn was not unfelt by Harding. He immediately followed Archer.

"Why do you treat me with such contempt?" said he; "I have done nothing to deserve it. All that I have to accuse myself of—as a wrong to you, and a yet greater grief to myself—has been a matter of inward feeling. I have kept it to myself. I intended nobody should know anything about it. How you have come to the knowledge, I cannot conceive."

But Archer, like many other quiet and sensitive men, after much emotion, and many conflicting thoughts, having at last settled down in a fixed impression, remained inexorable to all further representations. He listened to Harding with a sort of cold hatred, and continued to walk on without a word of further reply.

"Why am I treated in this way, Mr. Archer?" said Harding, in a voice of suppressed passion. "I repeat, that my declaration is perfectly true—and therefore I ought not to be repelled, in my defence of myself, with scornful words, or contemptuous silence. You did not begin with me, when first I knew you, in any such way; and perhaps you have taught me to think too much of myself. Be this as it may, I must declare, before we part, never, in all probability, to meet again, that I have done nothing to forfeit the good opinion you once had of me, and which you encouraged me to regard myself with. Not only myself, but my class. I remain the man I always was—or better. Yes, better and higher, not only for what my head owes to you, but for the very feeling of my heart, which has been my ruin for life—which will now drive me to fly my native shore, and which has cost me all your friendship, and even your commonest consideration. As for my own private feelings in this matter, I have a right to indulge them. It is a right of nature. And suppose—for, as you still do not deign the least notice of me,

it really does provoke my memory to run back to several things—suppose I actually *had* dared to love one my superior in station, and that there was no breach of trust or delicacy in declaring it to her, why should I *not* declare it, if there has been any truth in the equality of men, which you were used so eloquently to teach me? But now all this is altered, and looks quite another thing. Now you taunt me with such expressions as ‘social distinctions of classes’—my superiors ‘setting education and station at naught,’ to condescend to be my equals. Was it not actually so, then—after all? And was I only flattered with the belief—not indeed that you might derive a gratification to your intellectual, or social pride, by the act of condescending urbanity and philanthropical interest, but for the purpose of encouraging me to strive upwards for something I could never attain—equality?”

This was too much for a student and a speculative philosopher to bear; and Archer felt compelled to reply.

“All that I said to you on those points,” said he coldly, “was perfectly true—and more than mere abstract theory. All men should be politically and socially equal; and one station in life, correctly viewed, is no higher than another, all being of one human family. But the world is not yet advanced enough to reduce these theories to practice in all respects.”

“I am a mechanic,” said Harding, “and I am proud of it. Not because it is a better or worse position than any other in society, but because it may be as independent as that of the poet or philosopher—more so than that of the noble or the king—and is always a very useful thing in the world.”

“Very true,” said Archer calmly. “I cannot hear any more of this, as I am happy to say we have arrived in front of the farm where I lodge.”

So saying, Archer pushed aside the little white gate, and, passing through the garden, entered the house, leaving Harding standing outside.

A most painful state of mind was Harding’s at this moment. About to leave the country, he had been to take a silent farewell in Portsmouth—unseen or unknown, as he imagined—of the window of that room which contained all he held most dear on earth; influenced by a similar feeling, he had hurried down to the spot where he was attracted by so many fond memories, before going on board the ship at Caernarvon; and here he had met—the one man of all the world whom it was most trying to meet—

concerning whom he had so many strong associations—and what a meeting it had been. He felt, as the door of the farm-house closed, and all was darkness, as if the world had now shut him out of hope, and he had nothing left but to wander away an exile.

Were Archer's feelings much more composed? They certainly were not. He threw himself into a chair. It had been most painful to him—and as he sat, a throng of recollections came crowding upon him, which made everything look worse.

A letter lying upon the table gradually drew his attention. It had arrived by the post while he was out.

From Portsmouth—and Mary's hand-writing. He opened it slowly, and with no pleasing anticipations. But in it he quickly saw the mistake under which he had laboured—and with it, how much he had wronged both Mary and Harding. As for Harding, all that he had said was manifestly true.

Archer hurried out of the room, and across the garden into the darkness. But Harding was gone. He walked backwards and forwards, and called his name aloud several times; but it was too late.

THE WIDOW-MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

Thy father never looked on thee—
 My first-born and my blest!
 To thy soft cheek in ecstasy
 His fond lips ne'er were prest—
 Yet oft he thought and planned for thee,
 Ere to the silent grave
 They bore him in the pride of strength:
 God took the gift he gave!

I was left mourning in the house
 Of by-gone joys the scene;
 I was left desolate and lone,
 Where so much love had been;
 Amid a thousand senseless things
 Recalling happier days—
 His step yet sounds upon the floor,
 And through the garden's ways.

There is the chair where he was wont
 To read to me at night,
 When flushed through the warm-curtained room
 The bright fire's cheerful light.
 There is the low seat where I sat,
 My head upon his hand,
 Listening to quaint old chronicles,
 And lays of many a land.

There is the ancient china cup
 That he was wont to bring,
 And place beside me, brimming o'er
 With violets of the spring.
 There are the little gifts he brought,
 If absent for a day,
 Whispering that from his thoughts and love
 I never was away !

There is the window where we sat
 When, o'er the valley, rose
 The happy sounds of summer life,
 Basking in warm repose ;
 There, in a dreaming idleness,
 We breathed the odorous air,
 And bathed our sight in roseate hues
 That summer sunsets wear.

I wander in the garden's shade,
 But everything to me
 Speaks the same language—ev'ry leaf
 Is charged with sympathy ;
 For when they budded all was well,
 And stretched before me far
 A heaven of hope—but ere they fade,
 'Tis night with scarce a star !

And Memory, snake-like, 'neath my flowers
 Entwines its icy coil ;
 The hand that planted, ere they bloomed
 Was cold within the soil—
 His death was sudden—all unchanged
 Upon his bier he lay ;
 We'd hoped together to grow old,
 And gently fade away.

In dreams I hear his joyous step
 Come bounding up the stair,
 I wake amid my loneliness,
 To thee, babe !—tears—and prayer.

There's danger in a love like ours—
 In so much joy is fear—
 When one is taken, what is left
 Time's coming days to cheer?

A mournful pleasure fill'd my heart
 When to mine arms they gave
 Thee, babe! the smiling legacy
 He sent me from the grave!
 'Tis strange to watch thy new-born life,
 To feel it throb and flow,
 And think that he who gave it thee
 In death is lying low.

His features with a solemn joy
 And tearful love I trace,
 As seen in tender miniature
 Upon thy tiny face.
 Thou hast the same deep feeling eye—
 The fond smile void of art;
 God grant thee this inheritance,
 His kind and manly heart!

MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

A DAY IN THE NEW FOREST.

WE all know what a sunset of Claude's is like; but imagine blue-eyed Morn, her feet on cloud-wreaths of white, and fringy, as the poppies Night had just cast off; her parti-coloured scarf, pink, amethyst, and opal, floating behind her, and her fair locks falling in flakes of light, from the veil of mist that enveloped them. In other words,—I am not good at allegorical description;—imagine a morning as golden-hued and warm, as glowing and mellow, as Claude's evenings are, with a violet shade, the filterings of the regal purple in which we had seen the sunset over night, steeping the horizon, and coming back to its original hue!—in the East, with glorious clouds, pink and crocus-coloured, and golden fleeces such as Jason sailed for; shadows of the day; God's glory thrown in the van of his coming.

It was such a morning that awakened me the day of our pilgrimage to the New Forest; and never had I felt before, by what

a natural impulse the ancient Israelites had turned their faces to the East, and worshipped. It was magnificent ! and the more so, that our awakenings are ordinarily metropolitan, and even sunrise there has become sophisticated, and robes not openly, but behind a cloud. Here lay the Isle of Wight, a misty outline, faint and dubious as the mirage landscape born of the sailor's longing for the shore ; and before me, with its belt of wood, the green expanse of Southampton-waters, sparkling at high tide, and stretching inland from it—corn-fields and meadow-land, in all the green luxuriance of June.

It was the dawn of a holiday. A few hours hence, and flags were flying from ships' masts and church towers ; banners waved above the *bar*, and floated from the topmost pinnacle of the shattered castle-walls ; bells rang out their hollow peans, and noon echoed with the thunder-plauds of cannon at Portsmouth, in honour of her whose name sounds like a triumph, and is best heard amidst a flourish of trumpets, or to the cadence of a conqueror's march—VICTORIA ! It was the anniversary of her coronation ; and, never had the sun, in his ten past revolutions, shone on one more exteriorly glorious. In the town the shops were all closed, so that no drawback existed in the shape of business, to withhold the inhabitants from the enjoyments teeming in the environs, and at the water-side, if the patchwork programmes of amusement, which made the dead walls eloquent, and the dullest alleys iris-coloured, were to be believed. Carriages were driving in all directions ; excursion parties were setting off from the pier ; processions with bands and banners filled the streets ; the gayest dresses, the brightest colours, the prettiest faces were abroad. Steam-boats, tea-gardens, taverns, cricket-grounds, archery meetings, balloons, balls, and the *female* Ethiopian serenaders in the perspective. And, amidst all this present and promised enjoyment, it was as if Nature had compacted with local usage, to make the day propitious to the event. Nothing could be more delicious, except the change in our intention of passing it, and choosing a stroll in the New Forest, in preference making part of a crowded steam-boat company, in an excursion to the Isle of Wight. The very circumstance of going by way into the Norman's chace, has in it something to stir the imagination, and elevate the heart with a surrounding and present sense of the superiority of our own privileged age, to those days of tyranny and serfdom. In such a position our progress as a

people becomes apparent ; there is no questioning relative disadvantages—the spirit of the feudal ages wanes in the distance of seven centuries, a grotesque and fearful phantasy ; and the onward-rushing train, peopling the broad wastes and lonely places, becomes a pageant more glorious far than a flying stag, and royal *cortège*, with a kingly hunter at his heels. I confess myself to have been affected by more than ordinary sensations on the occasion. The time of year, the lovely country, the associations, the delightful day, the charm of congenial companionship—all these helps to delight surrounded me, and I gave myself wholly up to their witchery. For some distance we kept Southampton-waters at our side ; and through the ridges of shingle on the shore, which looked rough and barren enough to have repelled vegetation, the flaunting poppy, and the tall blue blossoms of the viper's bugloss had risen, and here and there a bush of eglantine threw out its trailing branches, sheeted with blossoms, that breathed after us, through the open windows of the carriage, a delicious flavour of farewell ; presently we exchanged the shingle for grass-fields, so luxuriant as to almost choke the hawthorn-trees and wild roses that fringed the hedges ; wych-elms with their plume-like branches in full foliage, and limes with silken leaves and scented blossoms hung over the road, and then a bit of park-like scenery was passed over, and anon, an old-fashioned farm-house with grey walled gardens at the back, and orchards and home-meads on either side, came into sight ; its clustering barns and outhouses looking a picture of plenty, and the contemplative cows, some standing mid-deep in the pond, and others lying under the shelter of a group of ash trees—even a pair of foals with their heads amicably laid together, gave to the pleasant landscape a character of quiet and content. Now the rich scent of beans in blossom came, wafted from invisible fields, and the green spears of the waving corn rustled within a few feet of the iron road. There were groups of sun-burnt men and women wending their way to the hay-fields ; there the grass was already cut, the wain on the field, and the mowers laid to rest amongst the wind-rows ; farther on, masses of wood and spaces of brown heath—the outskirts of the forest—became visible ; and, except the low-pitched roof of a woodman's hut, so overgrown with moss and lichen, as to be barely distinguishable from the surrounding vegetation, we soon lost sight of any immediate dwellings. Distant hamlets appeared here and there,

and the thin blue smoke from a gipsy's fire went stealing up through the green boughs in more than one hollow. By and by an amphitheatre of wood appeared extending around us, as far as the eye could reach, and weird oaks and groups of forest trees multiplied. A morass lay on one side ; a wide bare heath with boards of semi-wild horses on the other ; while a few minutes more brought us into the green wood, with exquisite bits of scenery almost edging the line, and herds of red deer trooping from the distant thickets.

Brockenhurst !—the very name savours of Saxon times—it hath an antique sound ! Brockenhurst, with its homely hostel, and scattering of red-tiled cottages, is now a railway station, and in right thereof hath its Lymington and other omnibuses in waiting, and a building of new brick, with the aspect of a beer-house, bearing, in huge characters, the assumed style of "Railway Inn." It is so broad a caricature, that we did not attempt it ; but, turning to the less pretending establishment, through the bright windows of which we had obtained a tacit warranty of the cheer, in the appearance of a plump landlady, with just a possible shade of beeswing port in her clear cheek, and eyes as brightly brown as her own home-brewed, ordered dinner against our return, and launtered off, without other guide than fancy, or other limit than our own free wills, to explore a portion of the Norman hunting-ground. The newness of the scene, the expanse, the odour,—for the turf, a mosaic of wild thyme and heath, at every pressure gave forth perfume,—made me for a while forgetful of all other sensations, but the abstract enjoyment of them ; a sense of joy in mere volition, active, unmixed as that which childhood feels ; an exquisite perception of the minutest beauties around me, lent me a happiness as serene as it was rare. Nor was I alone in this re-birth of pure delight. Now, it was the amber blossoms of the furze, recalling, with its peach-like odour, the sunlit hills where we had scented it in childhood : now a little painted blue butterfly, resting on the cup of a dwarf convolvulus, like a bit out of the foreground of one of Valentine Bartholemew's flower pictures, beguiled us, and we looked into each other's eyes our sense of Nature's loveliness. Sometimes we paused by the wide pools filled with broad-leaved water-lilies, each with its yellow chalice lifted up between its green arms, as if a troop of unseen Naiads had projected, with uplifted hands, a libation to the sun. At others, we watched those Pythagorean epicures, the bees, flying in

and out amongst the rustling heath-flowers, and tapping their viol-shaped flasks of honey-dew at will. Even the pensile hare-bell, on its thread-like stalk, held us bent over it in admiration, and chimed, into the delicate auricles of the soul, unwritten harmonies. None of these things were new to us: furze-bloom and butterfly, nymphias, bees, and hare-bell, we had looked upon them from season to season all our life. It was the circumstances under which we saw them that enhanced their charms, and led us on from one to the other, gaily, as if we had managed to cast off our score of years, and had reserved only the odd ones for the day's enjoyment. Presently—for we had taken no note of the way but by its flowers—we found ourselves shut out from the heath, and standing in a cool green glade of the forest; such a spot as Shakspeare must have pictured to group his Melancholy Jaques and Dying Stag.

The antique oaks, "beset with green, and forced grey coats to wear," the hanging branches of the ash, the massive foliage of the elm, bent overhead, clothing the place with shade, yet not so much so but that through the side-long apertures broad streaks of sunshine, and lawny slopes, and wooded uplands, could be seen, stretching away till where irregular clumps and ridges of storm-wrecked trees, showed another and older phase of the forest. Immediately at our feet, fringed with forget-me-nots, and the saintly flowers of the veronica, and with a border of bear-bine flowing on beside it, and marking its progress every little while with one of its great white blossoms, stole on a little stream, now rippling over the pebbly stones with a purling noise, now gliding silently under the broad pond lily-leaves, and anon dancing off in swift eddies, to join, a little lower down, a tranquil pool, beside which a solitary tree hung, like a leafy narcissus, over its umbrageous shadow; and floating islands of water daisies, moored by their roots, spread out their frail and scented flowers in the sun. Green and blue dragon-flies, with glossy wings, skimmed and darted unceasingly over its clear surface, beneath which the minnows were as actively in motion—now diving to the sanded bottom, now passing in a shoal from side to side, and anon snatching so eagerly at their unweary prey, as to shoot themselves half out of their limpid element. The turf teemed with insect life; the shrill-voiced cicades kept up a constant chirping; and beneath the great arms of a grey-grown oak, clouds of midges circled, with a sound like the seething of a distant cauldron.

Everywhere on the velvet sod, trailing under the trees, and intermingling with the brushwood and other vert, in the close thickets that adjoined this sylvan spot, flowers appeared, "thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand;" and overhead an atmosphere so blue and cloudless, so refulgent with unshaded sunshine, as to put the quarrellers with our English climate literally out of countenance, had any been there to have gazed upon it. Here, seated upon a felled trunk, "under a fresh tree's shade," the ruined empire of an Hamadryad, with Tyrrel's Oak (or what tradition calls so) in the foreground, and the leafy wilderness, with its impervious shades and dim aisles leading yet deeper into the far-extending boscage around us, a hundred dream-like phantasies possessed us—enough of desolation remained amidst the beauty of the landscape to make the contrast pleasurable; so, taking for our illustration a page from the author of the "Saxon Chronicle," we peopled the surrounding district with images of the past, raising here the low square tower of a Saxon church, and there the grey wood-fire smoke of a distant village. Wherever rank crops of reeds and bulrushes were ripening, we saw the white corn wave; and from the rich moist places where the cry of the autumn lapwing and solitary bittern sounds, there came up the voices of the reapers singing the song of harvest, with foreheads bound with flowers, and an offering of new corn in their hands; teeming pastures spread over wastes where the hares run free, and in the secret spots where the fox kindles her young—green dells bowered with wild rose and "lush honey-suckle"—children played, children with bright hair and angel-faces, such as beguiled into Christian pity and a holy pun, the good St. Gregory. Should we turn the page, and behold the working out of the ruthless mandate, when the *starke* king, who "loved the high deer as if he had been their father," had made it even as Heshbon and Eliath, and caused the shouting for the summer fruits, and for the harvest to fail? Should we look upon the extirpated people—the pillaged barns—the ruined homesteads—the crops destroyed—the cattle slain—the burning churches? No; we chose rather to imagine how Nature, never stationary, carried on by night as well as by day her work of reparation, and hid within her mantle of beauty the havoc man had made; how she covered the scars of the wounded earth with herbs and flowers, and drew close a woody screen over its tenderest places, breathing into the solitude the spell of stillness and repose, till the beasts of chase made

their lair beneath the branches, and the forest fowls built therein. But having thus seen, with the spirit's eyes, the fashioning of the "deer-frith," who could close them to that other page of local history, the tragedy indivisible from it, or sitting, as we did, within the very pits of its perpetration, prevent (though the sun was high) the *seeming to see* a bloody stag, pressed by a solitary hunter, break from a neighbouring thicket across the open area before us—so close that (had a shade bulk and weight) we could have heard the beating of her flying hoofs, already heavy with the pressure of the ghastly thing she fled from, sound on the short, loose turf? But we heard nothing,—only on the sun-burnt grass—for it seemed Lámmas-tide—a dark, huge shadow, like the unclouded moiety of the zodiacal archer—the upper part of a man, with an upraised bow and arrow in its hand, appeared under the shelter of the tabooed tree before us, and as it were projected from it. We had made up our minds to go as far as imagination would carry us, and turned to follow the wounded deer and her pursuer; but behold, she had vanished in the green wood! A moment more, and the hunter lay with his face to the earth, pierced by an unseen arrow. The giant shadow disappeared, and ere a dim group of charcoal-burners in the distance could emerge and carry off the corpse, the shrill whistle of the railway roused us; and only Tyrrel's Oak remained of all our waking phantasy. Another instant, and the voice of a lark, so lost in her own melody that earth was out of sight—the rippling of the water-brooks—the cooing of the ring-doves, were the loudest sounds around us; and reflection, the offspring of tranquillity, had made us almost forgetful of Brockenhurst and our engagement; but a glance at the lengthened shadows, and softened light, made us at length rise up, and leave reluctantly (for all its solitude) our seat in the New Forest.

C. W.

NOVEMBER CLOUDS AND COUNSELS

BY PAUL BELLI

"A LITTLE" mirth is good in these dull times'—dull enough, God wot!—not merely as regards customary November weather, but from the extraordinary wintry fortunes come upon some of those who were lately sitting in the sun. Such of us as have enjoyed a business education, or, have handled—touched—perhaps themselves tasted the miseries which follow such enormous failures as the World of Changes has of late witnessed. I have known a lonely person who had embarked the savings of a long life in a Bank, drop down dead in the street on suddenly encountering the news of the sinking of her Ark of subsistence. I could tell tales, . . . but I will not when I would wish to speak of more cheerful things, than of gloom and dolour—or—to word matters less precisely—when I would see what light the chemistry of Common Sense can strike out of this dreary November fog. But, ~~as~~ I write lightly, I am not, therefore, to be thought hard or unmoved by what is passing round me. The American Woodsman who, on returning home to his hut, and finding his whole family lying murdered on the floor—exclaimed drily—Well, now this is really too ridiculous!—must not for that be thought a block of Hickory, incapable of cleaving to wife and children. Have we not again, History to tell us how the ladies of Florence beguiled the time of the Plague, by ten days of telling, such stories as have served to many a drooping spirit as a medicine far more potent than clannish rule or mystical *ahmadura*?

Difficulties, moreover—shocks or casualties—have their balm of Gilead—then bright side—to such skilful persons, as know how to keep their eyes open and see rather honey, as Dr Watts singeth, 'from every opening flower. Let me instance what I heard, the other day—a dialogue betwixt a very philanthropic man, and a kind motherly creature of a woman, which would have an odd sound if reported without some such cautionary preface. It was one of those debates on new furnishing the Lady's drawing-room which used to draw forth such solemn letters from *Crispus*, *Justus*, and other pattern husbands, in the periodicals of the last

century—and by which, as Miss Edgeworth's "Out of Debt, Out of Danger," will bear me out in asserting, many a Mrs. Ludgate has ruined her husband out of envy to Mrs. Pimlico. The He, of the duet, was, I have said, a very philanthropic man: fond of his own comforts; and of his wife's too. "Very well, my dear," was his answer. "I do not know that we could take a better time for furnishing than now. What with this pressure, and all these failures, everything will be five-and-twenty per cent. cheaper this Christmas!" "It shall I ever go in to play my rubber with the Holdshaws, and not think of the five-and-twenty per cent. of luxury gained—like a brand plucked out of the burning—from the ruin of the poor *speculated-out* manufacturers? My Mrs. Bell, however, says I am morbid.

Well, then, to be common-place—in continuation. Troubles averted often cause great inconveniences: beside the wrong they do, in depriving Prophets of their authority, and grumblers of their grievances. I heard the other day, an illustration of this, so very whimsical, that, though it has merely a Tipperary cousin-ship with the argument of my homily, I cannot resist giving it currency. A good Lady, dwelling in no matter what foreign metropolis,—being naturally affrighted at rumours of the return of the Cholera, bethought her to make preparation and provision against the unwelcome visitor: and, accordingly, laid out some pounds in flannel, for bandages, armour, &c. &c. &c.—pleased, no doubt, with her own foresight. Day after day passed; week after week—and the "ravishing" did not begin:—At length proclamation was made (one can afford to treat good news merrily) that the Pestilence had graciously postponed its visit, as Hood's Mrs. Tuppin "waived her animosities"—"till a more agreeable season."—"Here's a pretty business!" cried the thrifty dame, loving her penny's-worth for her penny—"No Cholera coming after all! and when one has locked up all that money in flannel!" Could the identity of one man's meat with another man's poison, be more quaintly exhibited than in her indignation?

Common-sense forbid, however, that a plain speaker, commanding no "metaphysical aid," should waste his time and yours, by examining ever so casually, the indissoluble connexion of Evil with Good, especially since the origin and the reason thereof—its historical progress, and its ultimate issue,—have been too largely and eloquently treated by many erudite gentlewomen ending with Miss Weak's "Notes on the Great Beast,"—to make it becoming

in me, to meddle with a subject, so finely and finally closed ! I was thinking more discursively and less dogmatically, on the strange connexion between Ruin and Enjoyment—on the unforeseen forms and accidents belonging to cheap luxury, which every day develops :—wondering, by way of beginning, whether an age, which hardly affords that obsolete thing called “A Treat,” to any one, be the more poetical or prosaic : more closely resemble a Birmingham manufactory—where a steam-engine shall finish off and spit out every blessing of life, at the rate of a thousand in a minute : and the next, pack them up and send them home to the purchaser : or a Valley of Diamonds, where not merely one solitary Cogia Hassan may enter and enrich his girdle : but as many men, women, and children as please ; until in the land flowing with milk and honey, every inhabitant wears the largest possible adornment of precious stones ! It will be not easy to tell, Sir, what Kings and Queens may shortly have to do, to keep their crowns on their heads—like proper crowns : and their sceptres in the form of such sceptres as distanced “small people” in times past. If the old proportions are to be observed : “China must fall,” ere our Queen, (my Mrs. Bell, desires me to add, “Heaven bless her !”) can fit up her boudoir a bit more grandly than the Railway Sovereign, or than the Marchioness of Whortleberry, with her six cachemire chairs at a hundred guineas a-piece ! The Pope, again, will hardly maintain the supremacy of his tiara, and new furnish the Holy Roman Empire, save by the ruin of a rival crown-manufacturer—France, or peace-maker, Austria. And how the poor dear seven-feet-high Emperor of Russia is to manage by way of distinguishing himself among the *iskys*, *in-kys*, *otiskys*, and *etiskons*, who are scouring the high-roads of Europe and strewing the same with gold :—is, as Miss Le Grand remarks of Mrs. Eagle’s mulatto niece, so often as the latter is mentioned—“truly a mystery.”

Another thought, fit for the times, has occurred to me of late—How Genius is to keep up its market price, in these days of crumbling credit, and mechanical over-production, is a matter admitting of grave and disquieting thought. Sir, (I hope you are agreed with me, in being aware that it is a shame !) there is as much good wit thrown away in one week’s London newspaper writing—as would have set up White’s and Will’s and Button’s for a year, in the days when Wit rode delicately in its sedan, wore its muff and *chapeau bras*—prepared and copied its own

bon-mots for Selwyns and Townsends to quote.—The marriage tables of the citizens' wives are "furnished forth" five-and-twenty per cent. too cheap, (like Mrs. Holdshaw's drawing-room) out of OUR ruin! They read our jokes; and so have no need to ask us to dinner, as formerly: another heavy loss. I have heard it said, that proposals have been made to the choice spirits of "Punch," to amuse a very autocratic party assembled in a country house, by the Agency of the Electrical Telegraph—thus at once vindicating Science; protecting the selectness of good Society; and affording "talented persons" a chance. But I am not sure that this is true: and, if it be, 'tis merely one solitary instance. What if we, ourselves, be compelled to introduce a Ten Hours' Bill, for the relief of Authors pressed for opportunity?—some sort of statute of limitation, by which A—— shall be forbidden to exceed the stipulated *quota* of ten Historical Romances a year: and Mrs. B—— precluded from laying hands on more than half-a-dozen grievances in the same twelvemonth:—whereby you, Mr. Jerrold (excuse the personality), may be permitted to export as many sharp-edged things as you please, for the use of the foreign market (*cases* not to be opened in England), but at home, for the good of your species, are to be allowed in the article of paragraphs. C——, again, must be checked in *traducing* foreign authors at his present railway speed—D—— prevented from speaking discreditably of Mr. Lumley, Mr. Bunn, Mr. Beale, Mr. Maddox, Mr. Webster, the notable Jullien, or any other manager or mismanager, oftener than six times a month. E—— instructed that to fabricate more than one marriage every week, of which "the Swedish Nightingale" is heroine, is not only what Miggs calls "pagin," but what the *Club* Law of Literary Wisdom hath made penal—for the protection of our own order and profession:—The Poets (even the Poets of Moses—those "pure Sephardim" whom the author of "Fancied" so delighteth to honour!) must be laid under embargo. Miss F——, having secured herself a monopoly of "The Stone Jug," "The Wooden Ladle," "The Warming Pan," and "The Old Hand-basket," is to be at liberty to prosecute any other Miss or Mistress in the alphabet—who noddles with her white-cooperage, or enters her store-room:—while she is prohibited from supplying her culinary Utensils in Rhyme, at her present rate of wasteful prodigality!—Messrs. G, H, I, J, and K—who produce epics and epigrams—odes and sonnets, on the approved "*Song*

of the *Shirt* " pattern, so freely—are to be invited to turn their attention to the Colonies : and especially, the American market ! The names of the parties to whom the monopoly of the dramatic department is to be confided, are not yet decided : but all save the elect are to be bound under the heavy penalty of being pelted in the pillory with one another's wares—to abstain from interference : either tragic, comic, melodramatic, or farcical. For you perceive, Sir, (or the fault is your own—seeing how perpetually it is proved to us) that it is Free Trade which has brought on this crisis. *ergo*, that a return to the prohibitive system is imperative : or we shall have—cruel necessity !—as a class, not so much to make—as to *save*—fortunes.

What between this unprecedented diffusion of every privilege and pastime, wrought by Time and Change—tending to an entire confusion of all ranks and classes—and the measures called for to restrict over-production—pure Philanthropists, Sir, seem, indeed, likely to lose themselves in the fog ; if they do not carry particularly good lanterns about with them ! It would be in vain were I to forbid my Mrs. Bell to go a-shopping with Mrs. Holdshaw—fruitless, were I to ask her, how she could bear to carpet our bed-room with the sighs and sleepless groans of the bankrupt—or to wipe her eyes, when she goes to the play, on the tears of the cambric manufacturer, and of the embroideress, whom his " newly patented tambour jenny " has thrown upon the town !—She would fly in my face, there and then, with the books I am so fond of buying at the stalls—with the cheap editions of the classics, which make such a famous show on our shelves—many of them remainder editions, picked up by one who knows a book-auction pretty well. To try to make people do without what is within their reach, for the sake of benefiting society, is a tolerably useless endeavour, I take it : save in such a peculiar matter, so peculiarly enforced as the Temperance fanaticism (I must so call it) spread amongst superstitious people by a fervent and single-hearted apostle. How—to return on my argument, for an example—should we authors be benefited, supposing that people took a pledge to read fewer books ? Or supposing that we really—to let my *irony* enter the very soul of the subject—bound ourselves to *write* in smaller quantities, by way of increasing our revenues ; to the great joy of the reading public—are we so very sure of prosperity as the consequence ? Nor let any one affront my parallel, as one which

has no parallelism. Literature is now just as much a manufacture as carpet or calico weaving. We will have our rewards—our returns—our fair profits—compete and struggle, and undersell each other, as busily indifferent to the vow of Poverty, as if we were so many Monks, who, having taken it, know the best how intolerable it is for gentlemen to endure.

What, then, is to be said? How are these fluctuations, belonging to high civilisation, to be averted?—how met, with all their train of secondary evils? Perhaps, not to be averted at all. Every century has its epidemics—these epilepsies may be ours: inseparable from the grand and noble changes which are taking place in society; and the immense discoveries which, over and anon, send the tide of wealth from a known bed, to make itself seek new channels, leaving behind it barrenness and destitution. They are less of a misery at worst,—Progress be thanked!—than the war-fevers of our ancestors, under which both their minds and bodies paid hideous tribute! But some alternative might still be offered, methinks, were more enlightened views encouraged; were it not considered the “*end-all*” and “*be-all*” of every man to grow rich, as fast as possible: with a corresponding exclusion of higher motives:—were less of show exacted from us, by our friends, and our wives, and ourselves! I have laughed in my place, at the sumptuary presumptions recommended by the “*Post*,” as an impudent attempt to control individual fancy and a free man’s use of his own: and when I would fain see Fancy’s current, like the Thames in “*The Critic*,” kept between its banks, and persuade the free man to another form of investment—my counsel is not a breathing of that despotic, meddling spirit, which longs to force the Teacher’s personal code of sympathies and antipathies on Society in general. But if overtrading be not, in part, encouraged by fast living, its consequences, at least, are rendered doubly fatal by the domestic habits of the time present. We cannot—as the Honourable Mrs. Skewton so perpetually and pathetically desired—return to Nature: retrograde towards that pictorial state, when black and blue paint was our Sunday garb, and a hole in the rock our best bed-room. We ought not to sigh for the simplicity of noisome chambers, for hardy courage studied on bad roads, infested with highwaymen—for such heroic candour as gave singleness of blow to the Williams of Deloraine: not one of whom knew his A. B. C.:—and Heaven forbid that we should believe that any Father, New—or Wise-man,—any priestly Robert of Montgomery

—or Hugo the son of O'Neil, should be able to lock our friends out of Paradise, or our enemies in the place *not* to be named, and laid out in lots for those we know, even on the approaching anniversary of the Gunpowder Treason! But if we occupied ourselves more in caring for those who are less rich than ourselves, we should be better provided, methinks, to breast the storm, should it fall upon our own dwellings. If we increased our intellectual pleasures, which are permanent, and less eagerly cherished, our sensual tastes, which are ephemeral

. . . . Here my *Mrs. Bell* interrupted me—like the foolish woman she is—clamouring about yet another Great House which has just gone! More bargains for the Holdshaws! As any wife knows the family, she is satisfied, according to fond Woman's logic, that never has case been so cruel as theirs:—old people, for whom a home can no longer be made: girls, totally unfitted for the task, who must go out as governesses, or—scour floors. . . . And when I look over what I have written, it seems as if the fog had got into my pen, or my pen into the fog; as if, in place of being merry, which every one stands in need of just now, I had been wise, which no one wants at any time; seeing that every man is his own Morison, and possesses his own *nostrum* fit for all emergencies. Let me stop, then, with a warning to producers of all sorts and conditions, to study quality rather than quantity in their wares, and solidity more than show in their transactions—and with an exhortation to purchasers to hold themselves so clear of the necessity of purchasing to please their neighbours; that if downfall should come, they may not be scared, degraded, or prevented from exercising their faculties or their affections, by the absence of those luxuries, which no neighbour can or will supply to the fallen. And Heaven send, as Mr. Croaker says in the play, that we be all better for these troubles, and *P^r. Bek's* annotations thereupon—this first of November twelvemonth!

TO A LOCKET.

Oh, casket of dear fancies—
 Oh, little case of gold—
 What rarest wealth of memories
 Thy tiny round will hold !
 With this first curl of baby's
 In thy small charge will live
 All thoughts that all her little life
 To memory can give.

Oh, prize its silken softness ;
 Within its amber round
 What worlds of sweet rememberings
 Will still by us be found !
 The weak shrill cry so blessing,
 The curtained room of pain,
 With every since-felt feeling,
 To us 'twill bring again.

'Twill mune us of her lying
 In rest soft-pillowed deep,
 While, hands the candle shading,
 We stole upon her sleep—
 Of many a blessed moment
 Her little rest above
 We hung in marvelling stillness—
 In ecstasy of love.

'Twill mind us—radiant sunshine
 For all our shadowed days—
 Of all her baby wonderings,
 Of all her little ways,
 Of all her tiny shoutings,
 Of all her starts and fears,
 And sudden mirths outgleaming
 Through eyes yet hung with tears.

There's not a care—a watching—
 A hope—a laugh—a fear
 Of all her little bringings
 But we shall find it here
 Then tiny golden waider,
 Oh safely ever hold
 This glossy silken memory,
 This little curl of gold.

THE CARVED CHESTS OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

A SLIGHTLY COLOURED SKETCH.

“ An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
 But richly carved by Anthony of Trent,
 With Scripture stories from the life of Christ ;
 A chest that came from Venice, and had held
 The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
 That by the way—it may be true or false ”

ROGERS' ITALY.

Soon after De Rullecourt's invasion of Jersey, in 1781, gallantly repulsed by the heroic Major Pierson, at the head of a small body of troops of the line, supported by the insular militia, the Channel Islands were strongly garrisoned by British regiments co-operating with the native levies, for the defence of these important military outposts, which had been annexed to England by her Norman conqueror, as part of his original dominions—as a needy bridegroom, with all his worldly goods, endows his heiress bride.

The allegiance of insular Normandy, as this cluster of isles was called, to its hereditary lords, continued after the ducal coronet had been transformed into a regal crown, and ceased not, even when continental Normandy was wrested from the feeble grasp of the Conqueror's successors.* This fidelity to the sovereigns of England was rewarded from time to time by testimonials of esteem and gratitude, in the tangible form of immunities, franchises, and other constitutional comforts, as recorded in still existing charters.

A union formed by ties of protection on the one part, and

* Old Peter Heylin, who accompanied the Earl of Danby, in 1629, writes as follows, in his “ Survey of the Estate of Guernzey and Jarzey : ”—“ The sentence or arrest of confiscation given by the parliament of France against King John, nor the surprisall of Normandy by the French forces, could be no perswasion unto them to change their masters. Nay, when the French had twice seized on them, during the reign of that unhappy Prince, and the state of England was embroyled at home, the people valiantly made good their own, and faithfully returned unto their first obedience. In aftertimes, as any war grew hot between the English and the French, these islands were principally aimed at by the enemy, and sometimes also were attempted by them, but with ill successe.”

gratitude on the other, was gradually but firmly cemented by community of interests. The islanders, through lapse of time and changes of dynasty, preserved their loyalty unshaken to the English crown. Enthusiastically attached to the government and religion; ever ready to resist the common enemy, they became thoroughly identified in feeling with their rulers; although, by a strange anomaly, their laws were administered, and their church services performed, as they continue to be, in the language of Britain's most jealous and enduring foes.

With feelings of patriotism glowing in their bosoms, and foreign invasion at their thresholds, the spirit of war and martial glory now kindled into a fierce flame; the sons of the island gentry eagerly sought commissions in the service of the parent state. Many won lasting distinction, as the annals of succeeding wars abundantly testify; "many died, and there was much glory."

Constant interchange of hospitalities between the natives and their gallant defenders led to intimate social intercourse, and incessant gaieties; the islands, to this day, enjoy the well-earned reputation of affording the most agreeable of the quarters assigned to the British soldier.

As the ardent sons of the isles responded to the stirring sounds of the trumpet and the drum, so did the dark-eyed daughters yield to the magic influence of the martial youths, whose gay uniforms enlivened their routs, and glittered at their balls.

The artificial fly with which Cupid, in a garrison town, is wont to angle for female hearts is often composed of scarlet cloth, cunningly interlaced with gold, and flaunting feathers; whilst his hook baited with Brussels lace and silken fabrics is equally efficacious with the other sex, albeit professing to be formed of "sterner stuff." The sport is abundantly successful, and Hymen ends by placing the victims pair after pair in his matrimonial basket. So stood the case, at the period alluded to, between the officers of the garrison and the island maidens. These alliances became more and more frequent, though sanctioned at first with reluctance by the parental *hidalgos* of the soil, jealous of the Norman blood so purely preserved within their veins—the transfusion, though it may have spoiled the blood, "very much improved the breed."

A gallant major in one of the fencible corps raised by Great Britain during the French revolutionary war, following the example of many of his brother officers, had taken to himself an island bride—a daughter of one of the most ancient among "the baronial

proprietors of the soil." Their son, a captain in the —th Light Infantry, was stationed with his regiment, as his father had been before him, in the picturesque, but still primitive, island of Guernsey, during the summer of 1811—the year of the comet, as connoisseurs in claret called it, before claret and comets were of every-day occurrence.

Sir John Doyle, at that time Lieut.-Governor, by his diplomatic management—some said his eloquence, others his "blarney,"—had succeeded in inducing the British government to sanction, and the conservative Sarnians to tax themselves for, the conversion of their shady green lanes into formal but useful military roads.

The measure was not generally popular, whether from a love of the picturesque or the breeches-pocket, is of little consequence. As an instance of the feeling here and there manifested, it may be mentioned, that an old farmer, indignant at the innovation, left positive orders, on his death, that his coffin should not pass over a single yard of the new roads. The bearers were in consequence obliged to undertake a steeple-chase with their burthen, over hedges and ditches, to deposit it in the parish churchyard.

In spite of these prejudices, and the opposition they engendered, the new roads multiplied, intersecting the island in all directions,—contributing essentially to its civilisation and prosperity. As an acknowledgment of these benefits, a granite column was erected by the inhabitants in honour of General Doyle, soon after the expiration of his government. It stands on a jutting headland, near the spot where Robert le Diable, of historic, melodramatic, and operatic fame, had, in the eleventh century, erected a castle for the defence of the islanders against the incursions of the pirates, who infested the neighbouring seas. This column, albeit no great specimen of architectural beauty, attests a due appreciation of the services rendered by the ex-governor, and serves as a landmark for mariners approaching the rock-bound coast.

The detachment of which Captain Seymour had the command, formed one of the working parties on the new highways. It was encamped on a green spot overlooking a small wooded ravine, in the vicinity of "les grands moulins," near the picturesque village of the King's mills.

The beauty of the scenery had long, by description, been familiar to him; the fairy legends of the neighbourhood having formed the theme of many a nursery tale related to him by his mother in far

distant lands. Born and reared on a neighbouring estate, she knew each shady lane—

“and every alley green,
Dingle, and bosky dell”—

of this sequestered spot.

The connexion above-mentioned secured to Captain Seymour on his arrival the countenance and hospitality of sundry uncles and aunts, and allowed the ready formation of friendships and flirtations with swarms of cousins. These newly-found relatives formed the aristocracy of the little state, which, owing to its insulation and difficulty of access, when a voyage across the channel often occupied more days than it now does hours, had few “felicity-hunting” visitors. Those whom business or professional avocations attracted, were astonished to find, in this neglected spot, a society of well-educated persons, with pursuits and manners peculiarly their own, possessing the best attributes of that of England and France, but somewhat different from both; the vivacity of the one being duly tempered by the decorous etiquette of the other; a pleasing intermixture of continental freedom with British formality, in which the stiffness of a first introduction in more precise England was gracefully and cheerfully modified.

Among the gallant captain's kinsmen, a surviving brother of his mother's, who claimed also to be his godfather, had, in consequence of this natural and spiritual propinquity, constituted himself the especial guide and Mentor of the newly-arrived Telemachus. “*Défez-vous de vous-même, ô jeune homme,*” said he, in the style of his favourite Fenelon—“*attendez toujours mes conseils. Il ne manque pas dans cette île de Calypso, des Déesses et des nymphes qui pourroient rendre votre séjour dangereux.*”

This address indicated the old man's apprehension that his nephew might become captivated, at first sight, by the charms of some insular brunette—as his father had been.

The old gentleman—for gentleman he was in aspect and in feeling—after residing, as was then the fashion, at one of the English universities, had passed some years in Paris, where he had learned the graceful paces of the *minuet de la cour*, and was considered *une fine lame* by a celebrated *maître-d'armes*. He could turn a *couplet*, or pen an epistle with spirit and point, in French of sufficient purity—easily engrafted on his native dialect.

Endued with these accomplishments, and a smattering of

Norman law, Monsieur d'Anneville had returned to set up a comfortable bachelor establishment on his patrimonial estates—estates which, as his deeds and records proved, had been in the possession of his family for centuries. They formed a fief or manor, for which, according to the *livre d'Estente*, “il doit foy et hommage à nostre sire le Roy quand iceluy nostre sire le Roy sera venu en l'ile.”

This kind of tenure, which still obtains, enabled him to act the chieftain at stated seasons, when he presided at his feudal court, accompanied by his *généchal*, *prévôt*, *bordiers*, and his *grangier*, to receive wheat rents and settle differences between his admiring tenants.—“Ils l'appelloient tous monsieur, et ils rioient quand il faisoit des contes.”

He was, moreover, Jurat of the Royal Court, and, in due course of promotion, colonel of a militia regiment. His constitutional ambition required no wider range. Like Milton's fallen angel, he deemed it better to reign in one place than serve in another, which shall be nameless.

Monsieur d'Anneville was as pertinacious regarding the purity of his descent, and the peculiar privileges of his native place, as if he had been born in the Celestial Empire instead of the Channel Islands.* His race was a race *sui generis*, according to his views—conservative of the original Norman blood, uncontaminated, from a period anterior to the conquest. Nor was the claim altogether hypothetical, being sustained by historical evidence not to be impugned—the existence of the ancient Norman language—the laws and customs—the titles of estates, from which the proprietor acquired a territorial epithet in addition to his name, rendered *granuiose* by the aristocratic prefix of “de,” “de la,” or “du,” as high-sounding as any to be met with in Froissart, Monstrelet, or other chroniclers of the middle ages.

After the health of the king and royal family had in due course been proposed at Monsieur d'Anneville's hospitable board, it was his wont to toast his native island and his Norman ancestors, with the following remarks—“The Normans, our progenitors, have a more legitimate right to command in England, than the English to rule in Normandy.”* He supported his proposition with so much plausible reasoning, and

* This notion is seriously and ingeniously propounded in “Duncan's Guernsey Magazine,” from a manuscript, written about the middle of the last century, by Laurent Carey, one of the Jurats of the Royal Court.

such excellent wine, that at the end of his discourse and the third bottle, it was difficult to refuse assent. The old gentleman was an industrious and well-informed local antiquarian, ever on the hunt for old documents to support his theories. During his researches Captain Seymour was his constant companion; and while his relative was occupied with musty parchments, he was occupied in making pen and pencil sketches of the curious old chests from which the manuscripts were obtained.

From his notes and sketches of what may be termed the *oaken age* of furniture history, are deduced the following descriptions of the quaintly-carved coffers possessed by every family in the Channel Islands, having any pretension to refinement in the decoration of their household goods.* They were used, generally, for the preservation of family papers or other articles of value; but their especial service was to contain the *paraphernalia* of the *fiancée*—the bridal garments—and were transmitted, in this capacity, as *heirss-looms*, from mother to daughter. It was at that period the custom for the bride to furnish the household plenishing as part of her *trousseau*, according to her estate and quality. The custom is confirmed by extant usage—

“The court awards it, and the law doth give it,”

even to this day.

“*Le Paraphernal*” says the Norman *Contumier* “signifie les biens que la femme apporte à son mari, outre son dot, c’est à savoir, ses vêtements et ses bagues, et autant qu’il se trouve de son trousseau, pour les biens paraphernaux, ayant égard à la valeur des dits biens et à la qualité de la veuve; et se limite à la moitié du tiers, et au lit, et COFFRE.”

The variety of carving, as to style and subject, which decorates these coffers, requires that some system of classification, dependent on distinctive character, should be adopted, to facilitate description. Methodical arrangement gives dignity to a subject and imparts an air of learning and research marvellously imposing—it is the fashion of the day, and therefore more imposing.

The Channel Island chests, then, may be classed under the following heads: first, the decorative, with its modification, the

* Dr. De Beauvoir De Lisle has collected numbers of these old chests, and, with great taste and ingenuity, converted them into various elegant articles of furniture. Indeed, his apartments form a perfect museum, in which specimens of each variety of chest, hereafter to be described, are contained.

flamboyant; second, the theological; third, the mythological; fourth, the allegorical and emblematic.

The first group is of early medieval date, and comprises the Flanders or Flemish chest, frequently alluded to in ancient documents as constituting an important article of household furniture. It was also placed in churches, as a receptacle for records, vestments, and holy vessels. The old houses in the Channel Islands afford specimens identical with, and quite as unique, as those still preserved in the churches of Huttoft in Lincolnshire, and Guestling in Sussex. The panels of the fronts and sides of these chests are elaborately ornamented with fret-work and tracery, in the decorative and flamboyant styles of Gothic architecture, in imitation of the cathedral screens, windows, and door-ways of the period.

The theological class contains a greater variety, the carvings in which, though rudely executed, and with little regard to architectural purity, perspective, or proportion, are curious as specimens of the history of modern dedalian art. It must be remembered that the only models within the reach of the humble carver of oak chests, when pictures and effigies formed the books of the unlearned, were derived from church architecture, from painted windows, and illuminated manuscripts.

In many of the chests, the front, consisting of a single panel, bounded on either side by Corinthian columns, with or without intervening niches, contains compositions taken from the sacred writings. Conspicuous among these is the sacrifice of Isaac, carved in bold relief, and treated with much attention to detail. The intended victim kneels, with uplifted hands, on the altar—the ram is duly caught in the thicket of stunted willows, which do duty for the wood in the land of Moriah—"the young men" and the saddled ass await the result with exemplary patience; but the spectator trembles for the fate of the angel, who, in spite of his enveloping cloud, seems in danger of impalement on the sacrificial knife of Abraham.

"Scripture stories from the life of Christ" are of frequent occurrence, and very circumstantial; such, for instance, as the incredulity of Thomas, the prayer in the garden, Jesus and the two disciples journeying towards the village of Emmaus. Nor is the Apocryphal story of the decapitation of Holofernes deemed unworthy of illustration; Judith, by no means "of goodly countenance and beautiful to behold," is clad in armour, she holds the "fauchion" in her hand, having on one side the

bleeding trunk of her victim, on the the other "her maid," into whose extended apron, apparently, she has just flung the severed head.

Other chests consist of three or four panels, each representing the effigy of an apostle or an evangelist, a saint or a martyr, all accompanied by their appropriate emblems—prominent, and though disproportionate not be mistaken. St. Peter's keys are as massive as his flowing beard—St. Paul's sword resembles that of John of Gaunt in the Tower—St. John cherishes his chalice—whilst St. Andrew shelters himself behind his *saltier* cross—and St. Bartholomew flourishes his knife. The martyrs are distinguished, as usual, by the palm branch borne in the left hand, each being specially designated by the instruments of their martyrdom. St. Catherine is inseparable from the wheel, St. Appollonia from a portentous pair of pincers, grasping a tooth which might with propriety be assigned to a highly respectable middle-aged elephant.

St. George, St. Maurice, and St. Margaret, though in general more rudely carved, belong to this subdivision.

Among the saints of the Catholic Church, the most prominent is "le grand St. Eloi, évêque de Noyon, ci-devant orfèvre," in token of which calling he bears a mallet in his hand. He is well known as the "intendant du palais," the spiritual and temporal adviser of his sovereign, the *hero* of the following couplet :—

" Le bon roi Dagobert
Avait son culotte à l'envers :
Le grand St. Eloi
Lui dit, ' Mon bon roi,
Votre majesté
Est mal culotté ;'
' C'est vrai,' lui dit le roi,
' Je vais le mettre à l'endroit.' "

The mythological class is rich in choice of subject, taken, as might be expected, chiefly from Ovid ; designed with taste and some approach to elegance. in spite of certain incongruities attributable more perhaps to lurking humour in the artist's temperament than to ignorance of his subject.

Actæon, when first he becomes aware of his transformation by the "sprouting of a horn on either brow,"

" Ut vero solitis sua cornua vidit in undis,"

and feels his first and favourite hound fastening unkindly on his

haunches, is skilfully carved, as well as the crowding nymphs about the goddess—who, instead of the cool fountain, are huddled into a bathing-tub of uncomfortably narrow dimensions for ladies of their form and figure.

The story of Phaeton is also classically illustrated :—

“The astonish’d youth, where’er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn,”

and whilst he topples headlong from the skies, the picture is completed, with a trifling anachronism, by the appearance of the Latian nymphs, his sisters, awaiting him on earth, and already undergoing transition into graceful poplars.

The subordinate panels are ornamented with grotesque figures of sylvan and rural deities, often more classical than chaste :—

“Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities.”

Jupiter appears hurling his thunders as he bestrides a flying eagle, with Mars in the van, Bellona in the rear—whilst Neptune is seen taking a yachting voyage with his domestic circle :—

“Shaking his trident, urging on his steeds,
Who with two feet beat from their brawny breasts
The foaming billows ; but their hinder parts
Swim and go smooth against the curling surge.”

In the allegorical group each chest, nay, each particular panel, is a study in itself ; the graven images thereon portrayed affording evidence, that the artists of those days were not over strict in their observance of the second commandment. There is scarcely a subject in the nearly obsolete works of Alciat and Ripa on leonology without its prototype in these curious old coffers, the chimære, typhons, dragons, and other “delicate monsters,” bearing so strong a resemblance to the ichthyosaurians, crocodileans, iguanodons and pterodactyles of modern geology, as to render it matter of speculation, whether Buckland and Mantell were not anticipated in their discoveries by these carvers of old chests.

This group likewise contains an emblematical subdivision, in the panels of which the moralist, contemplating the theological and cardinal virtues, and the seven deadly sins, “finds tongues in trees,” even in the worm-eaten oak on which the effigies

are carved. The seasons, that is three of them, for winter meets with no encouragement, shine forth in all the abundance of bud, blossom and fruit for the edification of the cultivator; and astronomy, painting, poetry, and science exhibit to the amateur their several attributes.

The above humble attempt at forming a *catalogue raisonné* of these old chests, although less perfect than the classifications of a Cuvier or an Owen, may possibly suggest to the antiquary some clue as to the probable date and country to which they owe their origin. Thus, the rich Gothic tracery of the flamboyant specimens, their resemblance to the church architecture of the Low Countries, and their avowed importation from thence, render it not improbable that they are of Flemish or even Venetian workmanship, in the execution of which Anthony of Trent himself may have had a hand. The allegorical and mythological may reasonably be attributed to French artists; the indelicate designing of some of the figures being no impediment to the idea.

A striking resemblance between the scripture carvings, and the subjects on the old blue tiles which were wont to line our chimney corners, favour an inference that the theological as well as the emblematical chest was fabricated in Holland. In the latter compositions the stork, which is the Dutch emblem of plenty, is associated with bold and highly-finished representations of natural objects indicating abundance; for instance, fruit, flowers, fish, game, to which are added, wine-vessels and drinking-cups, the whole presided over by deities of jovial aspect but questionable virtue, accompanied by figures of Harmony, and lusty nymphs dispensing good things from flowing cornucopie.

One of the most highly ornamented of these venerable relics stood beside a carved oak bedstead in the room assigned to Captain Seymour, during his frequent participations of Monsieur d'Anneville's hospitality.

The mouldings around the summit and the base were boldly carved with a flowing pattern of foliage, flowers, and that peculiar decoration called, by the archaeologist, diaper work, or diapering. The extremities were formed of groups of female figures, clothed in drapery of much elegance, carved in excellent relief, after the manner of the Caryatides in antique sculptures. One large central panel occupied the front of the chest, within which, surrounded by a foliated wreath, was seen the figure of Apollo reclining on a bank and crowned with laurel; one hand resting

on the lyre, the other grasping his bow and arrows—the panel was also relieved by Nereids laying more at ease than could be expected on scaly antediluvian monsters: the ends of the chest richly carved with tracery, columns and arches, inclosing figures after the manner of Egyptian nondescripts.

The Captain was, one evening, amusing himself by transferring these various designs to a well-stored note-book, when his uncle entered, and, after contemplating the drawing for some time, exclaimed, with much emotion, “How many associations, my dear boy, does that piece of furniture recall, interwoven with many a boyish freak and youthful fancy? One circumstance, however, is vividly suggested by your presence. I have excited your curiosity, and will endeavour to gratify it. Listen, therefore, but continue your sketch, whilst I relate

A Story of the Carved-oak Chest.

“The chamber we now occupy was in early life your mother’s—the chest was hers, destined to contain her *trousseau de nocces*, as it had that of her mother’s mothers for some generations. It was not yet however so appropriated, but, besides family papers, served as a receptacle for articles of joint value to us both—for instance, it contained her *bijouterie*, my foils and *fusil de chasse*, together with a favourite rapier, presented to me by my fencing master, in consequence of my having overcome with it an officer of the *Gardes du Roi*, during my residence in Paris.

“On my return from that capital, in 17—, I found your mother, whom I had left a mere child, grown into a charming combination of grace, beauty, and good sense—a *piquante*, a *çante brunette*. For the truth of my assertion I refer you to an excellent full-length portrait of her, taken at the time, which now adorns my library.

“She had many admirers. I was not, however, then aware of the impression your father’s fine person and elegant manners, to say nothing of his scarlet coat, had made on her heart. I believed that a cousin of our own, my early friend and fellow-traveller, was likely to win her affections.

“Osmond de la Cour was evidently smitten with her charms, and therefore, clear-sighted as to rivalry, he invariably evinced, I knew not why, a marked aversion to the English soldier—the stranger as he called him,—with whom he was constantly seeking subject of dispute.

"One evening, rather late, I was surprised by a mysterious visit from Osmond, during which he informed me with sinister joy that the smothered feud between the detested Englishman and himself had at length burst forth. They were to meet, he informed me, with swords, the next morning; he came to claim my services as his second, and requested the loan of my trusty rapier. I did and said all I could to dissuade him from the encounter—the grounds for which, according to his own telling, did not appear to me sufficient; but he was resolved. I still trusted, by my presence and management, to prevent evil consequences, and therefore consented to accompany him.

"After he was gone, I remembered that the sword, which must be forthcoming at an early hour in the morning, was lying *perdu* in the chest in my sister's room, and she had retired for the night. What was to be done? I could not obtain it without her knowledge; to ask, would have been to arouse suspicion and anxiety on my own account. There was no house sufficiently near, from which I could procure a similar weapon within the given period. The only alternative that remained was to await, patiently as might be, until she should be asleep; and then, stealing silently into the room, abstract the deadly instrument from its repose. This plan appeared the more feasible, as the mere lifting of a wooden latch would allow admittance to her chamber.

"I listened for some time at the door. She was still: perhaps reading; there was nothing indicative of an intention of retiring to rest. The agitation of conflicting emotions, the desire to serve my friend, and to prevent mischief, rendered me restless and impatient. I descended to the dining-room; the space was too confined, the air too sultry within doors, to soothe my fevered sensations. I rushed into the garden—it was a calm, moonlight, midsummer night,—all was quiet but my own heart. I loathed the very fragrance of the luxuriant flowers at other times so cherished—the soft moonlight streaming through the leaves, defining them in feathery distinctness against the clear-obscure of the horizon seemed glaring as noon day to my over-excited senses. The lamp gleamed from the poor girl's apartment; her shadow was ever and anon traced upon the curtained window; she too was restless—what could be the cause?

"For an hour or two I paced the grassy lawn that allowed me to keep her window in view. Every moment was an age, every pace forewarned me of the approach of dawn. I had not only to

get the sword but to walk a considerable distance to the place of rendezvous,—with what anxiety I watched the flame of that enduring lamp! At length, the shadow passed and repassed more rapidly—the light was extinguished

“I entered the house with cautious steps and ascended to my apartment for a key of the chest, which was always carefully locked. At the door of my sister’s room I paused—listening with breathless anxiety, until assured that the only audible sounds were the echoes of my own throbbing pulses. At length I ventured to lift the latch—all was still—there was little difficulty in applying the key to the rude lock; the ponderous lid was lifted without noise; but the object of my search lay at the very bottom of the chest, entangled with the foils and fowling piece; in withdrawing it a metallic clang rang through the chamber. A deep-drawn sigh, almost a groan, issued from my sister’s couch. I grasped the weapon—the lid fell with a crash—I rushed from the apartment, leaving the door unclosed, and hastily descending the stairs, regained the garden.

“So much time had been expended in manœuvring to get the sword, that it became necessary to set out at once, in order to reach the ground in time. It was impossible to get my horse out of the stable without disturbing the old servants, and subjecting myself to their well-meant offers of service—their surmises, if not inquiries.

“Along the rugged footway of the winding lanes I hastened with rapid steps, imbued with an indistinct perception of being followed. My senses seemed conspiring to deceive me. I heard footfalls in every rustle of the leaves, dim shadows appeared to vanish amid the thickets and clumps of trees at every turning, as I cast a retrospective glance along the path.

“It may seem strange that after such a lapse of years I should be able minutely to recall the impressions of that night. None but those who have been similarly circumstanced can understand how indelibly events, such as I relate, are engraved upon the mind, how vividly they flash across the memory the moment the key-note of association is touched, though never so gently. I was about to become a participator in the shedding of human blood—an abettor of murder. True it is, the language of the times did not apply to these rencounters so just a stigma; true, I had been brought up in a school where such scenes were daily and approved exercises. Nevertheless, conscience, ‘which makes cowards of us all,’ was not to be stifled; the only solace to be

applied was the determination, which strengthened with every step I took, to do my utmost to prevent matters from coming to a fatal issue.

"At length, just as the dawn was breaking, I reached the appointed spot—a small inclosure of soft turf, studded with tiny flowrets, which sparkled with dowy gems, as the rising sunbeams were reflected from their facets. Osmond was already there, and alone. Again I sought to reason with him, to overcome a stern determination, which the circumstances he had related could in no way justify. I was disgusted to find him dogged, inexorable; little dreaming that his true motives were withheld from me, his friend. My only hope was in the temper of the adverse party—it could not be so deeply vindictive. We had not waited long, when your father, accompanied by a brother officer, appeared. To the latter I appealed, stating my impressions, and strong desire for an accommodation. He replied, with courtesy, that neither himself nor his principal were averse to proper concessions on differences which still appeared too trifling to warrant deadly strife. But Osmond would listen to no appeal. He snatched the weapon from my hand, and casting me from him with a force under which I staggered, fiercely rushed towards your father. The latter had just time to draw his sword—their blades crossed and clashed with quivering harshness—a few passes were exchanged—your father was wounded, and dropped on one knee. At this moment a figure rushed past me, and fell prostrate at the side of the wounded man. It was my sister! Her white garments were instantly saturated with the ensanguined stream. I flew to her assistance. Osmond, also, throwing aside his sword, rushed wildly towards her; but encountering the still upraised blade of the wounded man, became transfixed thereon, and fell bleeding by his side.

"Oh, scene of horror! We were far from surgical aid—my sister apparently dead—the two foes lying side by side, their heart's-blood mingling in one gushing current, as it flowed from their dilated wounds. I took my sister in my arms—she slowly recovered her senses. Your father's friend, after binding up his hurt, as best he might, extended the same assistance to his adversary. Then it was that my sister's exclamations of love for the one, and detestation for the other, revealed to me that the affair was of deeper import than I had at first imagined: Osmond was the rejected suitor.

"The sound of a sharpening scythe, and the voices of some early mowers in an adjacent field, carolling their merry matins, unconscious of the bloody drama enacting in their vicinity, indicated to me that assistance for carrying the wounded men to a place of succour was at hand. They were speedily summoned to the spot. Some were dispatched to the town for professional aid, others formed litters of boughs, on which some new-mown hay was placed, as means of transport. Osmond was conveyed to his own home, and your father, with my scarcely-revived sister, were borne to this house—to this apartment.

"The wounds of the antagonists were not dangerous. Osmond soon recovered, and speedily quitted the island. Your father's convalescence was rather protracted, unaccountably so to his surgeon, who knew nothing of the heart complaint under which he lingered, but for which he ultimately obtained a sovereign panacea—the consent of our parents to his union with my sister. The old oak chest, I need scarcely add, was soon occupied by more pleasing gear than warlike weapons."

S. ELLIOTT HOSKINS.

A WORD TO ALL ANTI-JESUITS.

THOUGH I have been, for some months past, hearing and seeing so much said and printed on the subject of the Jesuits—have at home turned over so large a mass of wretched party-literature bearing upon their delinquencies, and, during a holiday spent in Switzerland and North Italy, so perpetually have encountered the topic as the *pièce de résistance* to be discussed at every honest man's board—I cannot but still fancy that a word or two remain to be said in the matter: for the use of all and sundry who do not confound Prophecy with Persecution; or who do not like to see effort and energy (including, of course, much good hatred, lay and priestly,) utterly wasted.

Let me first dispose of the cry of "*A Jesuit in disguise!*" which many sincere and angry souls are apt to raise against those who think that Truth precludes Passion, and Toleration, Violence. So far as asseveration has any power or worth—I can solemnly assert that to no man living are the principles of the followers of Loyola more abhorrent than to myself. I disbelieve in blind

obedience—in the “right Divine,”—in all those disciplinary measures of secrecy and expediency, which sanction false means for faithful ends—in every limit which conscientious Timidity or self-interested Tyranny shall put to human inquiry. Though reluctantly lending an ear to such tales as the Martyrologies furnish, (for alas! what province of religious opinion has not yielded up victims to swell their ghastly pages?) I own, with aversion and distress, that, in the case of the Jesuits, History records too many bad practices resulting from bad principles, to leave the observer in any doubt, as to the manner of fruit which such a seed produces. And it is, precisely, in proportion to my deep conviction of the mischief, and the evil—that I am earnest in throwing out a few hints and hacknied old truths, for the consideration of those who are disposed to give up tongue or pen, to do battle therewith.

Too little stress, methinks, has been laid on the fact, that, as yet, the Jesuits are as far from being uprooted, in Europe, as ever. They are universally admitted; I am told, to have fallen back in those branches of science and learning, which gave them, in former reigns, their supremacy: and *thus*, have become less subtle as combatants, less redoubtable as antagonists: but, they are to be found in their places:—a constancy of its kind as surprising as the evening apparition of the gipsies to Wordsworth.

“Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours are gone, while I
Have been a traveller under open sky,
Much witnessing of change and cheer,
Yet as I left I find them here!”

Think of the measures of caution and eradication used so fiercely in the matter! What has the united ridicule or reason of all the Philosophers, who at the close of the last century, did battle against all despotisms, spiritual and social, effected against *them*? Next to nothing. Even now, when the figures of a Rodin and a Madame Saint Dizier, painted black as coals (as I heard a fervent novelist phrase it) are sufficient to give an enormous circulation to one of the trashy novels of a Sue; and to enhance his reputation as a philanthropist, Heaven save the mark!—even now, when the detested name of “Jesuit” upon the title-page, sells, at one stroke, fourteen thousand copies of the newest counter-blast, undertaken by Indignant Sincerity;—even now, when Progress holds St. Peter’s keys, and the Powers of Europe are looking this or that way—some as much puzzled, some as much put out, by the inconvenient doings of the new Pope, as

they might be were Metternich to proclaim Austria a Republic :— even now, when the identical Trollopes who were so enthusiastic in defending the good old stable order of things, are ranging themselves on the side of young Italy, with the Rossinis who sing "*Viva Pio Nono!*" and the noblemen who stream along the streets of Florence—to use a bystander's forcible phrase "as it were from the heart of a river!"—are the Jesuits feeble or discouraged? Are they fewer in number than they were fifty years ago? They are arming peasants in one place; in another, drawing together within mansions given to them by credulous women—here (we are told), bribing; there, cajoling—preparing for opposition and attack with a confidence which augurs no present weakness nor future downfall :—and, except with such sanguine, and, perhaps, foolish persons, as have faith in the power of Good to conquer Evil—their attitude is sufficiently disturbing, not to say, menacing. Does any one compare what is the present posture of The Order, before the eyes and in the opinion of the English public, with what it was, when the Bill for Catholic Emancipation was passed? Whatever the last remarkable hundred years have done, little has been effected towards the banishment past return, of the most mischievous body of citizens who ever entered, like the Egyptian plague, into our palaces, our kneading-troughs, and our private chambers.

Now, from this perpetual reappearance of an obnoxious Power, an inference may be drawn which has been hardly sufficiently insisted upon. The nuisance is cunningly devised as regards the Priest and his ascendancy : but why? Because it meets certain popular wants. Otherwise, with such enormous efforts made to throw it off, it must, ere this, have been destroyed past hope of resurrection. Think of the large classes of man—the larger squadrons of woman-kind, who not only play with the idea of Authority, from some dim desire of one day themselves getting a share thereof; but because they absolutely love it for its own sake—people to whom, by Idleness or Feebleness, Doubt is made intolerable : and inquiry a labour they are too glad to shift off upon any one else. There is a stage in the temporal and spiritual life of every human being, at which Choice and Free-will are so encumbered by difficulty, uncertainty, and responsibility, that it would be a precious relief to have fluctuating opinions settled : and undetermined courses of action decided. Who has not experienced moments of lassitude, despair, when not

only the self-respect of our own independence would be thankfully surrendered, but we are ready totally to forget what is of little less consequence—the independence of those who are stronger?—would weakly throw ourselves into their arms; and call upon them for some charm, some anodyne, some bandage, and some crutch,—such as are within no Man's power to administer. Few imaginative persons, at least, who deal fairly with themselves, will be unable to recall some such crisis. And if this be admitted by the stronger natures, the more exquisite intelligences, cannot they understand—ought they not to allow for, the cravings, engendered by fatigue or vicissitude in the less-instructed and less vigorous? Is every zealous Protestant, who cries the most indignantly loud, against self-effacement and spiritual despotism, clear of a blind reliance on his own Father Confessor? When he talks of the Jesuit-ridden Papist being forbidden to use his conscience, can he honestly say, that he himself has never thrown the responsibility of a doubtful case upon his elected guide and counsellor? Have there been no such phenomena in our Church of England society, as marriages broken off—as dissentients anathematised as Free-Thinkers—as theological councils called in to decide the manner and form of the Child's education—or the direction of the young Man's career? no proselytisms indirectly attempted by the pressure of eleemosynary beneficence? What if we were to say, that there is a touch of Jesuitism in every dominant party; that its spirit may be traced sharpening the delicate sneer of the Intellectual and Philosophical, and adding force to the first let fall on the cushion, by the Boanerges of the Tabernacle in Zion Row?

If such be the case, it may be asked, whether the mode of warfare, employed century after century, has been the wisest or most efficient imaginable device for ridding the world of a plague endowed with so much vitality? If we are living, as many good and philosophical persons hope, in a time when appeals to force become more and more difficult and inadvisable year by year, should not the spirit of the epoch show itself in our controversies? Is there no duty in the conduct of measures for enfranchisement—save such as is comprehended in the words—immediate support? Apart from prudential considerations, which involve the dread of mixing up harm with help, ranker with healer, retrogression with progression; are the Apostles of Free Opinion, so entirely at liberty to choose their means of asserting the cause, as in the days of

the bow and the spear—or of plots, conspiracies, and more violent measures? Are those to be regarded as high-flown dreamers, who declare that righteous struggles for Tolerance, include a fair consideration for the Intolerant?—Who, conceiving vengeance, day by day, less and less admissible among the World's list of motives and judicial practices, more and more distrust all Party-rages—all class-cries—not merely as insufficient and prejudicial to the cause to be advanced; but as intrinsically wrong; and as such, to be discouraged? These are questions which every honourable man will do well to ask of himself from time to time. Some will dispose of them, no doubt (each on his own elect occasion) by saying that “circumstances alter cases”—but the frame of mind, into which the inquirer is brought by such examination made at a moment when he has no personal interests at stake, is not the worst, in which, when need is urgent, he will betake himself to noble deeds, and life-long services. It provides occupation for patience, no less than for energy: it assures the possession—not the immediate conquest—of every inch of ground won. It disarms rancour in the combatant's self; it *may* disarm it in his antagonists. There is no quietism in avoiding the excitements of martyrdom: for great are the difficulties—stringent is the duty—and small will be the personal reward and consideration of those whom earnestness make grave, calm, charitable; and whose actions are promoted by the absence not of fervour, but of frenzy.

Taking up these views it may, then, be plainly inquired, whether the attempts to displace Jesuitism have not partaken too largely of a class-warfare; of a contest with persons, more than with principles? The result, at least, would lead one to suspect something of the kind. In much of what has been written and published on the occasion, there seems more “*against* the Jesuits,” than “*for* the People,” who are to be delivered from such mischievous thralldom. It is so easy—it sounds so well—to be eager in invective: it is so hard—to obscure a service—to devote one's life to the ruling of public opinion, by alternatives! To destroy is so showy—to fertilize, so slow a process. But, many will plead, “We must destroy ere we can fertilize?” What, if the answer of History, in this particular case, should be, “You cannot destroy, save by fertilizing! You have torn up the plants, again and again, it is true; but you have left the poison-seed in the soil; in place of medically leavening and enriching the latter,

inch by inch, handful by handful—so that the germs of Evil lose their nourishment and their vitality." How much of permanent liberty has the World gained by religious Wars? Or, if the way of Truth *was*, in darker and suder times, to be opened by the convulsions of the earthquake; do you count the wreck, and ruin, which would be wrought, were every tiller of the ground now successfully to invoke such a terrible and pernicious assistant? The same shock may overthrow the temples of the True, as well as the False, Divinities.

But again, I shall be told, that it may be easy for *some* to sit still and generalize; but that the generous spirits of Earth cannot be content with such cold-blooded abstractions. They must be up—the cry is—and doing; and what is there for them to do, save to paint black black, and white white; and when Mischief stands in the way, to have it down to the ground? The rest, they say, will come after. This, it is true, is one mode of operation; but we may be forgiven if we hold it to be as obsolete a manner of civilising, as the old scheme of fortification—as the Anathema from the orthodox pulpit—as the riotous proceedings of the now peaceful Quakers, who thought it once upon a time their duty to go on the first day of the week to the “steeple-house,” to disturb the worship of one set of fellow Christians by way of proving their own to be more spiritual and *et* ritable! Are the influences of Education nothing?—such Education as is at once more intimate and perpetual than any administered in school or college: not book-learning—not newspaper polemics—but the teaching, which may go on, in every hour of the twenty-four, by the fireside—in the field; and which demands (let those who are anxious to sacrifice themselves recollect) *merely* the entire devotion of heart, mind, and thought, to the one virtuous purpose—*merely* the exhibition of example, besides the inculcation of precept! Let half a dozen strong men and faithful women be found in the most Jesuit-ridden community, who entertain such views—and who will attempt this seemingly ignoble task of meeting influence by counter-influence—of so arranging their lives and intercourse with those dependent upon them, that the presence of a larger spirit shall be evidenced and felt, than such as finds its outbreak in defiance or exposure, or vituperation. They will have work enough, I believe: and suffering enough—but, I do believe, yet more devoutly, that their reward will be *sure*—their gain all in good money: and not that fairy gold which the morrow’s wand of malevolent Enchanter shall transmute

into slate stones. When I see the irate Swiss practising at targets, —driving in stakes here and beams there, against the day of wrath, which is to break out—when I see the young Italians weary of waiting, till the burden of Austria (like the Albatross of the Ancient Mariner) shall, of its own corruption, rot, and of its own weakness drop from about their necks,—when I hear them recall days of the not-forgotten revolution, by way of heartening themselves up to new achievements, new sacrifices, I cannot help saying, “Have you no wives—no children—no servants—no work-people? Cannot you, Men of the Cantons, do somewhat to discountenance that rapacity for money, which is merely another expression of the love of domination, you are so resolute to get quit of? Have you, Italians, no work to complete, in breaking down the old-world jealousy of principality against principality, which Decapotism has turned to so precious an account,—in encouraging national good faith and self-respect; two sinews of courage, stronger than any hatred of this code of Casuistry, or aversion of the other Round Hat in the Conclave?” There may be no leadership to be got out of such services—no public dinners at which A and B and C are compared, while the wine goes round, to the champions of the Field of Grütli—no persecutions—no “snug lying” in Santa Croce—no apostrophes. * The Patriot may have to endure the reproaches which the enthusiastic ever bestow on those whom they call hard and lukewarm:—to abide, what is worse—persecutions from those near and dear to him: who cannot bear that men should speak of him as a sluggard, taking no part in his Country’s Cause! He may sit under the nicknames of “degenerate,” “misbegotten,”—as one of “the herd of willing slaves,” or “people bribed to silence.” But he may be all this while “planting the slow olive for the race unborn”—giving a blessing to his soil, now the less helpfully, because he is doing it steadily, gently, perseveringly:—without spasms, without reference to immediate consequences, without acrimony, without a perpetually irritating retrospect of blood shed in vain, and injustice suffered wrongfully. It may be too much to expect that the World shall go on without recoil or check, or the devastation of sudden storms;—but it is not too much, in the age of Peace, to recognise Peace as the only atmosphere in which great changes can be efficiently wrought—great changes beautifully made. It is not too much to meet the unscrupulous, by an honourable antagonism, which shall show them, that the consciences are stronger than they, because they will not bend means, even to the end of their

enemies' discomfiture. Think you that the World is blind to such spectacles? deaf to such appeals?—that they do not speak louder, at the time being, in its ear, than drum or trumpet? What England has done, and is doing; what France leaves undone, and *cannot* do, are our warrants, that principle is better than passion—that Progress means a toleration which precludes class-violence—that public Morals imply a rigid truth, whatever be the cost—that public Honour may demand the sacrifices of an impatient and vindictive spirit, however hard that be to flesh and blood. There may be better ways then, for the extirpation of Jesuitism than edicts, expulsions, Black Books, or Blue Pamphlets; than haunting Kings' ante-chambers for permission to print here, or to prophecy there—to have the monopoly of this Prince's education, or the occupation of the other public lands and moneys. Every man can exhibit, to two or three, Intelligence, Benevolence, Order, and Purity;—assisting thereby to make a magic circle, which shall glow and spread, and embrace one living soul after another, while The Tempter looks wistfully on, gradually elbowed out of his old domains, till at last there is not a spot of barren rock left to him, to be printed by his cloven foot!

MILAN, Sept. 1847.

H. F. C.

CIVILISATION OF "THE LOWER ORDERS."

A SHORT time since, at a Lyceum gathering in a manufacturing town of Lancashire, the chairman, in the course of his speech, observed, "that as the Church, which ought to direct the people, had neglected to take the lead in the movement for instructing them, the people had got ahead of her, and that she must now be content to follow where the people led." We cannot undertake to swear to the exact words, but they were to the above effect. They are an average specimen of the tone in which it is the fashion to address the "lower orders" at these sort of anniversaries, and also of the general run of the books, literature, and lectures specially addressed to them. To say nothing of its extreme bad taste, this sort of tone is eminently calculated to stunt the growth, to hinder the intellectual development, and to vulgarise

the spirit of the NEW ORDER, from whose unworn vitality and *unexploited* capabilities we look to see the face of the earth renewed.

The lower orders are at the present time in a state of barbarism; and, if a tone of self-glorification be encouraged in them, they will become emasculate and utterly incapable of the hard application and docile reverence which is essential to all who are in the condition of pupillage, and who would attain instruction of any degree of intrinsic worth. *Self-cultivation* is hard work, if it is to be worth anything. Indiscriminating praise, such as is administered to the people, induces self-complacency, and does not stimulate to pains-taking exertion.

The industrial classes have an immense distance to make up before they can stand in their right position with regard to the other orders of society who have for ages enjoyed the advantages of education and refining influences. They will not have assumed the position to which they are entitled, until they become equal in refinement of manners and general instruction to those who now hold the position of their superiors; all legal and political disqualifications are done away with, all the old feudal distinctions have vanished, all trace of serfdom has disappeared from social institutions; but before the people can enjoy practical community of intercourse with those above them, they must be made their equals in fact as well as in theory. That is not to be done by flattering them, and telling them that the disinclination of those in the higher ranks to associate familiarly with them arises from aristocratic pride, exclusiveness, and contempt for those lowly born; nor by voting *refinement* to be a fine fancy, a superfluity, which the higher classes ought to do away with, instead of the lower orders being incited to attain it themselves.

It is not a good spirit that is induced, but one altogether unworthy of the rising order. "We are as good as you!" is the motto they are encouraged to adopt; they flatter themselves, and are flattered, till the atmosphere of their own reputation becomes so heated that no sobriety of judgment can sustain its life.

It is from no want of sympathy with the industrial classes we speak thus; but we feel very jealous for them, and would have them take nothing lower than their appointed place. We would have them *excellent as brothers and equals*, and not merely "wonderful people considering their disadvantages."

Those who are called on to take part in the work of civilising the lower orders, must come to their task in the spirit of mis-

sionaries. They have to organise the crude rough mass which has been projected with volcano force into the bosom of our society. Whilst everything is still undeveloped, the *spirit* of those who influence the movement is of far more importance than their specific actions.

Until the new growth have taken a deeper root, and assumed a more declared shape, a spiritual element of soft and holy influences is the only fitting nourishment for it.

It must grow and receive its shape from the life of Heaven, before men may venture to train it after their own notions.

It seems to us, that ever since the idea of educating the lower orders was entertained, there has been one great flaw in all the schemes for their instruction.

The people have been treated as if they had been children of an inferior sort—all instruction has been re-set in a commoner and coarser key for them. No spontaneity has been conceded to them—they have been considered a sort of BLOCK, out of which every one who chose was at liberty to try his hand at carving out a patent theory. Their beliefs, their hopes, their tastes, have all been materialised after a theory, of what the lower orders ought to be made. Before their minds were yet developed they have been stiffened into an educational shape. There has been a crude, hard, barren artificialness in the tone addressed to them—a want of geniality; and there has resulted a sickly air of shabby gentility over all they have done, instead of the full, free, rustic humanity, full of freshness and strength, which ought to be the characteristics of the new order of men.

When first the idea to educate the lower orders was started, they were still looked upon as *serfs*,—the old feudal *feeling* had not disappeared. There are those who can still recollect the outcry that was raised against schools for the poor—the danger and inconvenience that would ensue to their masters and mistresses, and all who had to deal with them, if they were taught to read; and as to their learning to write, there was no end to the confusion and danger to both Church and State that would follow their first attempts at "pot-hooks and ladles." (1) The higher classes had been so long accustomed to consider the lower orders as their *property*—to exploit them for their own service and convenience, that they feared a first step which was likely to arouse them to a sense of their individuality and their rights. It was the inconvenience to *themselves* they feared.

Those who first led the movement for teaching the poor to read and write were rather moved by a feeling of benevolence than by a recognition of the PRINCIPLE that the lower orders have the same RIGHT to be furnished with the means of INSTRUCTION, that they have to be kept from *starvation*. The higher classes are morally bound to instruct those beneath them, who are not only unable to provide instruction for themselves, but who are not even enlightened enough to know what education means.

The practical republicanism of trade had not then been developed—the people had not awoke to a sense of their own strength, nor to a recognition of their own rights—the great body of the lower orders were immediately dependent on the higher rank, as tenants, labourers, and retainers—who, with the instinct of self-preservation, shrank from making those in subjection unruly or discontented by opening any aspirations to them.

However, the principle of teaching the poor was at length partially conceded; but even those who were the most zealous in the cause could only conceive it under strict limitations, and with the avowed intent of teaching them only what was necessary for poor people to know.

"Would you object to a poor man's reading his Bible?" cried the advocates for instruction.

"No," replied the other side; "but if you teach them to read, they will not be content with their Bible, but get to reading newspapers in public-houses, and get idle, discontented, and unfit for their work. Those servants who can neither read nor write are much better workers than those who have had their head turned with such things."

The education of the lower class began with the idea that it was a rougher and inferior instruction to which they were to be limited. In these days it is curious to look back on the sort of books which were written for the people. Even those most anxious to teach were ill impressed with the importance of flavouring every idea communicated to the poor with emphatic submission in all things to the opinions of those in authority over them. The one all-pervading sentiment in works of that period was a paraphrase on the "Right Divine of Kings," adjusted to a sliding-scale of the different proportions in which "a divinity" might be supposed "to hedge" squires, magistrates, clergymen, and all "the quality" in general. Self-respect was a notion unheard of for the poor; nothing could exceed the supercilious condescension

and cold pomposity with which the people were addressed; they were no more allowed to think or read above "the station in which it had pleased God to place them," than to dress above it. The old spirit of feudality in a new guise claimed the right of disposing of the slowly developing faculties of the mind as it had formerly exacted the servitude of the body—it was the tribute expected for their education. The poor were forbidden to use their new privilege on their own account; all questionings were put down as signs of disaffection; they were enjoined to think as those "who knew better" taught them. It is very odd, but it invariably happens that when a fresh privilege is conceded to those below by those above, it is always granted, as the Vicar of Wakefield gave the guinea to his daughters, for pocket money—"on no account to be spent." (!) The first attempt to make use of a privilege always brings an outcry.

To be in subjection to those only a very little wiser than ourselves is the most galling and intolerable of conditions, and liberty once conceded, though only in theory, is very hard to take back—and so it has proved in this case.

Those were the days when the French Revolution had spread dismay over the old order of things, and all connected with them; entire and implicit subjection to the divine right of legitimacy, was considered the only specific for preserving this country from the horrors of anarchy and bloodshed; even a wealthy man of the better classes who was suspected of a tendency to liberal notions, was regarded as a pestilent fellow; an infidel, disaffected to the constitution, and desiring only his own ends—he was placed under a social *taboo*, which entirely tarnished his respectability, that ambient crown of glory to an Englishman! If, therefore, the higher classes had little freedom of thought allowed to them, they were hardly competent to extend that blessing to those below them, or to entertain just ideas of the right of the Lower Orders, to be considered as Brothers and Equals. But "those who minister shall be ministered unto themselves in return;" and it is by giving more enlarged views to the lower orders that the higher and middle classes have gained increased liberty for themselves, both of thought, and speech, and action. There is, however, no more real amalgamation between the higher and lower classes than there was at first—the lower classes are as a body, in a state of reaction against the intense servility which was formerly exacted from them as a mark of

good character; the overstrained reverence "for their betters," is, now that they feel they are a body amongst themselves, taking the form of a cynical pride in "not being gentlefolks." It is a devil which will need to be "loved out of them," as a quaint old minister used to say. It is neither to be done by the flattery that would make them fancy great things of themselves, nor by the concise theories addressed to the working classes, as from an imaginary height, by those within the temple to those still kept in the outer court. The higher classes must *earn* their fraternity with the lower, or, instead of brothers and friends, they will be powerful, dangerous, and jealous rivals. At present there is an absence of fellow-feeling, an indescribable *tone* which prevents all amalgamation of feeling and sympathy between the classes, and keeps up the deep separation between them. They are a new class—imperfectly reclaimed, requiring to be cultivated and civilised before they can amalgamate with the old classes and old civilisation; they are the rude uncultivated lower order *now*, but they are not to be kept so to the end of the world. There is nothing in the fact of their daily labour to disqualify them from being *entirely civilised*, and as thoroughly enlarged and enlightened in their opinions as any other class of society; rude, uncouth, and unlovely as they now are in all their aspects—there they are, to be civilised and made fit for fellowship and community, till at length all classes become *one*—all, raised to a higher level of humanity—and there be no more high and low, but all dwelling together as brethren.

The practical republicanism of trade has *not* ever emancipated the lower orders from a condition of *permanent* inferiority.

The great bulk of the current wealth of the country is now in the hands of an entirely different class of people to those who held it formerly. In fact *ALL* the new resources for amassing wealth are in the hands of the middle class, which is in great measure recruited from those who have risen from the ranks. The middle and lower classes are every day becoming more fused into one large body, the standard of which is *MONEY*.

WEALTH is a great tangible *FACT*, which can control all that depends on human skill and industry—ho who has *MONEY* can *always* make it worth men's while to work for him. Wealth is a great unlimited undefined *possibility*—there is hardly anything it *cannot* do for its possessor. The wealth of the country has changed hands within the last fifty years; at least it has accumu-

lated more rapidly in the hands of a class much lower than those who held it formerly.

The distinctions of birth and family are incomprehensible in commercial towns and manufacturing districts—where there is no distinction, except of rich and poor. A great proportion of the men have either risen from the ranks themselves, or their fathers before them did so. It is quite common to find the near connexions and relations of wealthy merchants, and mill-owners, quite poor and ill off, whilst the more fortunate members live in houses like palaces, surrounded by all the glories that money or upholstery can furnish, without having in the least degree lost the uncultivated habits of the PEOPLE.

POVERTY is the only practical evil the lower orders have to struggle against.

If they are *poor*, they are in a condition of bodily discomfort and squalid misery, which it is fearful to contemplate as existing in a civilised land. "The houses of the poor people in England," says one well capable of judging, "are *worse* than the *prisons* described by Howard in his time." But that misery is not *entailed* on the class, and has no discreditable significance beyond its actual wretchedness.

The position of the old English gentry has changed from what it used to be. If one enters an old country church, we find it filled with monuments of old-fashioned country families, who used to live on their own estate, and be looked up to with respect by the whole country round, a hundred years ago. We find they are now passed away; the family mansion, it may be, let for a school, or, at any rate, gone amongst strangers; the old stock itself either extinct, or, diminished and brought low, unable to assert itself and the new order of influences against the new race that has arisen. The descendants of these old respectable families will often be found in subordinate situations—perhaps in the employment of those whose forefathers were servants to their grandfathers. To belong to an old family, unless the family inheritance goes with it, brings little consideration in these days. The recent railway movement has shown that the title deeds to an immense portion of the landed property of Great Britain, have passed into the hands of the newly-arisen order. If good Sir Simmond d'Ewes could come back to life again, he would go well nigh distracted at the confusion and presumption of the fancy "coat armours" rampant

on so many new shields. A knowledge of their fathers and grand-fathers is, in these days, the wisdom of the minority.

The *realities of life* rest at present chiefly with the middle and lower classes: the moral force, the mass of wealth, and the preponderance of hard strong matter-of-fact knowledge, lies with them: theirs, is the very antipodes of beautified, exotic, drawing-room existence. LABOUR is not beautiful in its aspect—never *has been* beautiful. It is stern, rugged, difficult, presenting no affinities with the refined and delicate influences of life amongst the higher classes; and yet it is absolutely necessary for the well-being of the men belonging to *both*, that the two classes should be reconciled in their sympathies. This is the grand social problem that has yet to be solved.

The men belonging to the mercantile and industrial orders rise, every morning, with a definite task before them for the day; work that imperatively requires to be done; which takes their whole time, and tasks their whole energies. Their whole time and energy is absorbed in the management of concerns, larger or smaller as the case may be, but which often involve the well-being of an immense number of persons. The men employed by them are so many machines, but the lowest porter in the establishment is separated from the head of it only by the accident of position, and by no inherent disability,—if he have capacity, he may attain anything. Masters and men form one large class together.

But there is yet a class who are virtually a lower order still, below that we have named. They are becoming every day of more importance, because they are every day growing more aware of their own individuality, and feel less reverence for those above them. They are linked with the wealth and civilisation of the country, though they themselves are neither wealthy nor civilised. They are the people who benefit the least by their emancipation from serfdom. They have the full *right* to manage themselves and their own affairs; but they have neither the wisdom nor the means of guiding themselves; they are half-children, half-savages—helpless and ignorant. They are rude, brutal, steeped in misery to the very lips. They have no love nor sympathy with those above them. Their wisdom is of the kind designated by St. James as "earthly, sensual, devilish." It is a vulpine egoistic fear of being "taken in." In good times, when all goes smoothly, and trade prospers, there is little danger

from them—they are not incited to discontent ; but an outbreak from the mass lying at the very bottom of society would be very terrible, and fatal to all who have established any stake for themselves in the world. They are altogether unfit and unable to guide themselves, and are capable of being very dangerous under any extraordinary pressure or excitement. At first sight one would be tempted to consider a mild slavery, to enlightened masters, the most compendious way of providing for this semi-rational mass, so that they might be taken care of, and provided for like domestic animals, and redeemed from their sordid misery to a life of reasonable comfort. *That* is not the solution of the difficulty, nor the manner in which any class would be justified in dealing with a social problem. The task is far more difficult : they must be taught, and educated, and civilised. Ready-made animal comforts provided for men, without any thought or foresight of their own, enervates them,—destroys the root of all energy and manliness within them—degrades them to the rank of cattle. But though those above them are not bound to conduct their worldly affairs for them, they are bound to see that they have instruction and means of acquiring the necessary practical skill for themselves. "What is everybody's business is nobody's business," says the proverb ; and what is left to the optional and voluntary efforts of those who may feel their conscience moved, will not be adequately done. To civilise a mass like the lowest orders in this country, requires a well-digested and imperative system ; to educate and civilise an entire class, effectively to raise them to the rank of rational beings, cannot be done by the efforts of amateur benevolence, and never *will* get done by those means. A Government ought to be the focus of the enlightenment and wisdom of a country : it has the unlimited command of all needful means for the best mode of instructing and civilising those who have no means of getting instruction for themselves, who are too brutishly ignorant to know whether there be such a thing as education. However desirable it may be that the other classes should co-operate for the benefit of their ignorant brethren, still the *responsibility* of seeing that the work is done, rests entirely on a Government, and no theory can transfer the burthen to others, no *voluntary* undertaking can ever be made *imperative* ; and in a case of such supreme importance, optional good-will and effort are not adequate to the work in hand.

We are not going to set up a theory of education on the best

mode of civilising the lower orders. Education and civilisation are *sciences*, which require patient sagacity to work out into practice; but one thing is certain, that something more solid and systematic than lectures and lyceums is required for the great work of civilising the mass of our lower orders, and making them rational, well-regulated members of the community. *Missionaries*—able to teach and lead those rude, half-savage, and wholly ignorant beings—full of a spirit of love and wisdom, and a sound mind, are wanted for this work! Mere schoolmasters and schoolmistresses are not equal to the task: more is required: energy and zeal, and a passionate yearning love for the multitude “ready to perish,” and a disposition to spend and be spent—to dedicate all their powers to redeem the souls of these outcasts, dwelling in misery. “*Who* is sufficient for these things?” *Who* will arise amongst us and offer themselves for this work?

Let the Government, let the people join together. There is enough to task the power of both. They are not separate powers—they are *one*, and they are wishing to bring in amongst them those yet lying desolate and forlorn on the outskirts of humanity.

G. E. J.

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING A BEGGAR KNEELING ON THE PAVEMENT TO
SOLICIT ALMS.

Why kneels't thou there, thou abject slave?
Why crouch thus low, with looks so wan?
Stand up, erect! if thou wouldst crave
Assistance from thy fellow man.

The Almighty Framer of this earth,
In love, with plenty made it teem:
And thou wert heir, e'en from thy birth,
Of wealth more than thou dar'st to dream.

Yes! thou—poor, humble, simple fool,—
Art joint inheritor of earth,
And yet remain'st the willing tool
Of those who wrong'd thee from thy birth.

Up, like a man ! assert thy right,
Nor stoop so low to be down-trod ;
Ask firmly, from the hand of might,
The portion given thee by thy God.

Be dazzled not by rank's false glare,
Nor awed by each high-sounding name ;
Thou art a *man* 'mongst *men*,—thy share
Of Nature's gifts then boldly claim.

But never more with downcast eye,
And body bending to the sod,
Degrade thou thus humanity,
And kneel to man as to thy God.

E. L. CHATTERTON.

"THE WORKS" OF JOHN IRONSHAFT.

BY SILVERPEN.

THE Village Doctor was dead. The snow lay thick upon his solitary grave ; and the Christmas berries waved to and fro above it, in the chill December wind.

He had been buried three days, and this was now the sabbath morning. The hoar frost, like the breath of nature, hung as a curtain round the distant wold ; but here, in the very heart of Staffordshire coal-pits, blast-furnaces, and forges, the vapour had cleared off, and the insatiable flames from a hundred sweltering hearths, rose up and hastened on the misty dawn. There was no one yet abroad in the narrow lanes and huddled streets except some night-feeder of the furnaces from his weary watch, or a milkman to his cowsheds, and no unshuttered windows except one, and in this upon the narrow casement panes, flickered the bright glow of an ample fire. The cottage where this social comfort seemed within was more decent looking, though scarcely larger, than the squalid tenements around. As the house joined others close upon the pathway of the narrow street, a man was seen sitting at a small, round, well-polished mahogany table, with a few well-used books, an ink-horn, some papers, and an extinguished candle before him, and already, though little more than six o'clock, shaved and dressed, a warm substantial outer coat and Sunday hat

lying on a chair hard by, as if a day's journey were presently before him. He was a man of giant frame and stature, iron-handed, iron-limbed, with a front that might look a despot in the face, and quail the vicious power of hierarchies and kings. He could, he would, he dared: even now, rough-handed giant as he was, he was forging a mighty weapon by ink-horn and goose-quill, to thrust into the bloated side of all-besotted power, and show the generations their might from LABOUR, and their right from NATURE. This man was fitly named John Ironshaft; and every man from forge to mine knew clear-headed, self-taught, fearless, outspoken John; for Nature had made him their king, their counsellor, their priest! He stood up foremost in an unconscious democracy of black-handed labour.

The kettle was already on the bright clean hob, for the kitchen, though small, was very clean and substantially furnished, when just as the wainscot clock struck seven, an elderly, decent woman came down the small staircase, laid the neat breakfast-table, made the coffee, and John, after pushing aside his writing-table and locking up his papers, sat down to breakfast. Though he made a hearty meal, for John was hearty every way, he sat in deep abstraction all the time, and this his housekeeper made no attempt to interrupt; but after feeding with their usual saucer of milk the little brisk wiry terrier and old black cat upon the hearth-rug, she took up her spectacles and bible. As soon however as he had finished, John put on his coat and hat, took a stout stick from the corner by the clock, whistled to his dog, and merely saying he should be back by nightfall, went on his way.

The housekeeper closed her book, and took off her spectacles, and poured out and well sugared a comforting cup of coffee.

"Well, I wonder where he's gone," she said at last,—"to see the old Doctor's grave I dares-to-say. Ah! I am sorry he's dead. His last box of pills—he gave 'em, bless his heart,—did me uncommon good."

John set forth as a man who has a long way before him; his rapid steps kept almost pace with the swiftness of his crisp-eared little dog, which nevertheless had time here and there to take small diversions in the drifts of snow, and come back hot and breathless, and with lolling tongue. By-and-by forge and mine were left far rearward, and the country began to show undulating swells, and a wide stretch of primitive forest land, then at intervals substantial homesteads, broad fallows, if not snowed over, crisp

with frost ; ancient halls with their ivied turrets showing clearly with the back-ground of the cold, grey, morning sky, and freshets and brooks too swift to be in bondage to the sternest winter ; and so, on and on—so lost in thought, as scarcely to see one of them—John Ironshaft reached a straggling out-of-the-way village. The primitive thatched church lay in solitude just upon its outskirts, and its being not yet service-time, and as yet undisturbed, he climbed the stile, and entered the burial-ground. •

The old bell for service had ding-dong-ed some time, the clerk had unlocked the doors and opened the books, and come back to the porch to look for the parson, and some chaw-bacons were spelling out the reading on the upright grave-stones, and blowing their numbed fingers, when John strode again towards the church.

Looking to see no one was near he walked up to the clerk—"You can keep a secret I suppose, sir," he said laconically, without other address.

"I suppose I can," spoke the clerk somewhat nettled, and giving a lift to the collar of his black coat, "religious doctees don't corrupt the tongue, I'm thinking."

"You and I might materially differ on that point, sir," answered John, "were the matter worth conversation. But as it's not, take this sovereign and see that the Doctor's grave is neatly levelled and trimmed and made fit for a gravestone. See to this, and be silent, and I shall be infinitely obliged. Good-day."

Gold made the clerk respectful. "I'm obleeged, sir, as our vicar says at his tithe audit. The grave shall be attended to, and secrets kept into the bargain, sir, if needs be."

"I may try," said John. With this Spartan brevity of words he left the churchyard. • • •

The grander people of the village were on their way to service. John loitered till they had passed, and then kept on till he reached a small detached cottage, much dilapidated and neglected ; the thick scarlet-berried pyracanthus sweeping massively around it from porch to chimney tops, scarcely hiding broad rents in the mouldy thatch, and long want of paint upon the casement frames and ledges. Yet the fair-sized garden stretching on one side the house, as on the other was a yard and two or three ruinous out-buildings, separated from the village street by a low wooden paling, had been apparently long tended with care, for even with the thick snow upon it, the smooth-kept turf peeped out here and there, and the laurustinus bent to it with their tufts of blossom.

All looked so desolate that at first John stood irresolute, as if afraid to knock, or, perhaps, thinking no one was within the house ; when the village postwoman came through the yard on the other side, and up the street. He knew by this that the Doctor's daughter was at home, as the woman had been to deliver a letter, her last but one, for, of course, though she had passed the door thrice before, the solitary orphan's letter or letters could not be delivered, till the squire, the parson, and innkeeper had been previously waited upon according to their several orders of gentility.

He paced up and down till he thought the letters were read, and then going further and turning round at last towards the door, he looked in at a casement, and then stopped abruptly. He was touched with pity for the unutterable desolation before him. The fire was dying out in the wide old kitchen fire-place ; the poor old Doctor's last-smoked pipe lay still reared against the hob ; his coat upon his empty chair ; boxes and papers and medicine bottles strewn about ; the eight-day clock and mahogany dining-table drawn away from the wall ; and in the midst, in her poor mourning, dressed as if for church, though her bonnet lay at her feet, sat the dead man's only child. Some open letters were in her hand, but she neither looked at them nor saw John at the casement, for her head was bent down, and the heavy tears fell thick upon her sable dress.

John did not knock, but went in gently ; and after speaking, sat down.

"I am sorry to find you so desolate, Miss Eleanor," he said. "I hoped good friends, kind friends, were with you in this sad time."

"I have none, John," she replied, with that bitter calmness that comes of despair. "I have none, I have none, this hour has taught me I have none. Oh, John, how deceived was my poor old father."

"What says our Leicestershire squire, his brother?" asked John, drily.

"In one of these very letters come this morning, he advises me to sell the household goods and surgery fixtures : and if these will not pay the debts and funeral expenses, he'll find me up a pound or two, perhaps, though times are very hard."

"And what, your cousin, the rector?"

"That he can do nothing, as he has been lately painting and

papering the Parsonage. And, moreover, as my father, a beggar himself, chose to give medicine and advice without pay to the poor, his religious conscience necessitates him to say that I must work, and that he will, if I like, recommend me to his neighbour, Lady Crabnose, as she wants a useful and domestic companion."

"Go on," said John, bitterly; and his words were like the iron of his name.

"It is not worth recapitulating other insults, John, nor to speak of other sordid natures that have been here to possess and purloin, as this room will show. The sorrow of the hour is enough without. Not that I fear labour, John, but the heartlessness of the world, at this hour, sickens me and bows me to the dust."

"Not the world, but the convention of it, Miss Eleanor."

"It matters not which it is, John Ironshaft, I am utterly destitute and alone: not in the selfish sense only, but that of human sympathy." And the orphan buried her face in her hands to hide her unutterable anguish.

John waited a bit till the girl was calmer. "Now, look me in the face, Eleanor," he said in a voice that sung out each word as slow and measured as a bell, "and know I speak the truth, and that honestly. You see what a false and hollow thing this gentility is; what a vile bond upon the gone, nature has put in us. Now look at me steadily, Eleanor: in seven plain Saxon words—*Will you take me for your husband?*"

The girl looked up; the crimson blood had mantled to her hair.

"Do not think, Nell," John went on as bravely as before, "that by this I wish to take advantage of your situation. In prosperity I should have asked this plain question, only in prouder words. Now, I come to you in your hour of desolation, with all a man's sympathy and tenderness, to ask, *if you can* set aside this hollow convention that tramples on your father's grave, and insults his child, to take this strong arm to labour for and defend you—this heart to love you tenderly as you deserve?"

"The dear old man, John, always said your heart was as noble as your mind."

"We'll let that pass, Nell, though it was he who first roused a sluggish intellect and iron will. But with regard to what I offer, do not, because I come to you in this hour, think it, plain forgerman of a Staffordshire forge as I am, a cheap thing. I would not at this minute make it to a duchess, nor to any other living woman than yourself, for I am as proud as a god of my might of

labour. Nor for you as a toy, small delicate creature as you are, do I ask this, but that I believe you would soften my hard nature, lovingly assist my stern and unalterable right of will and independence, keep around me that frugality and decency which are necessary to a man like me, and by your better education, comprehend much of me that many cannot; and, what might be best, Nell, never let a principle of mine waver or be quailed by other. For these I will make no promises; they would be as bribes.— Say, therefore, plain yes or no."

"John," and the girl's voice faltered very much—"with relations such as belong to me, there was a time when I should have taken this offer as an insult, and treated it with scorn. But not now, John; not either, think, because I am poor and desolate, but because I can comprehend how noble and how truly great you are. Take my hand, John Ironshaft, *I am thine*." She held forth her right hand, but covered her face with the other.

John rose and came steadily across the floor; he covered the little hand so much with his broad grasp that it was lost to view, and every fibre in his iron frame shook. "Thank you, Nell, thank you; you are a brave little woman, as I believed you. And this shall be our only covenant, Nell, though I could embrace you with my whole soul, but not till you are mine. No thought, at such a moment, shall do the old man's spirit an injustice. And now about the marriage."

"Oh, John, a long while hence."

"Next Sunday, Nell." She started and looked up into his face.

"Next Sunday, or not at all. You have no protector, you are alone, you're desolate; you have debts about you, you have relations whose very natures will force them to come to wound and to insult. Can this be and I know it? No; will your grief be less touching for having a participator; or will your father lie less peacefully in his grave for his child's protection."

"But what will people say?"

"What they like; I shall be as scornful as careless; as the coming time will teach us to be, whenever we do or have done justice. Now, you'll be ready by half-past seven o'clock next Sunday morning, and I shall come with license for this church. Tell the people coming, that the debts will be paid this day week; and now, make yourself happy. Take these two sovereigns for your present need, for which I'll take your father's old Greek Lexicon; and with this you can receive them honourably, Nell.

Now I shall go and break the matter to the good old Nicholases, who perhaps will let us share their Sunday dinner. And in your expectations, Nell, look for no more than a plain working man's home, and you'll not be disappointed."

He knew the girl's noble nature too well to make her reiterate a promise. He pressed her hand again, and the money into it, took the poor tattered Lexicon from a little hanging shelf beside the fire-place, and whistling to his dog, departed.

The church service was begun and ended: the sun stole out upon the wintry noon; afternoon had come, and yet the neighbours found Nell upon the self-same seat where John had left her.

Arrangements were made with the parish clerk that very day, who, proud of what was intrusted to him, kept the secret pretty well, it only oozing out to his wife and a choice neighbour or two; so thus kept, the village people, who knew what sort of relations the Doctor's had been, wondered who it could be that was to pay the debts, and this wonder afforded a week's gossip to the village alehouse.

The Nicholases' small homestead joined the churchyard, and thither, at the closing hour of Saturday afternoon, Nell went. They were poor but noble creatures, and knowing much about John Ironshaft, were glad that the girl, setting aside all former notions, had accepted such a man. They therefore made what preparations for the marriage their means allowed.

The snow had melted through the week, and the sun on this December morning mantled brightly over the thatched church, and made the cock upon the vane-top look bright and golden, and peeped in at windows and fellowarily on the long-aged altar stones, and laid a young fresh face upon the mouldering velvet cushion on the pulpit ledge, and broadened out the hem of every angel's garment on the oriel panes, and coming straight from thence, widened forth into golden pathways to the graves of the forgotten dead, and glancing on the holly hedge-row peeped down beneath, and made still more green, bright tufts of moss house-daintily from winter, and going yet onward to the solitary showed there the new-wrought head-stone, and lastly, on from thence stayed like a welcoming host beside the homestead garden-gate, and only climbed from thence upon the cottage hatch, to lie like a happy thought around the window of the bride.

John was through that garden-gate betimes, and soon came back again with the little trembling creature, still in her mourning

garments, and with head bent down, weeping bitterly. For more than sorrow for her father was it? If it was, and she did John Ironshaft injustice by the merest fraction, for ever did it pass away when, John touching her hand, she looked and beheld the head-stone and the new-turfed grave. For ever did the last relic of false pride depart; and, kneeling down upon the turf, she asked a blessing on this true and noble man. Then she rose and took John's arm, firmly, proudly, and looking up into his face with a deep meaning promise in her eyes, though words uttered it not, went briskly onward with him to the church, the sun going before and broadening out a path to the very altar-stone.

It being only a black-handed forgerman that took a wife, the parson did not hurry over his breakfast or Sunday's newspaper, but getting on his cassock proceeded to work somewhere about half-past ten o'clock. Looking upon the girl as an evil doer for thus mingling the funeral and marriage meats together, his words were very curt and wiry, which noticing, the clerk copied as near as possible. But John did not care a bit; his "yes" rang out like a stroke from his own forge hammer, and Nell's was as true, though not so stern and loud. It being thus late, the news by this time had spread about the village like wildfire, and people had come into their pews, and chaw-bacons gaped in at the windows, and some stood in groups in the churchyard, and whispered and said "Pride had had a fall," and that it had been said both up at Parsonage and Hall, that the "Doctor's Latin and Greek and beggary had come to something in the daughter." But not a whit cared John; he had got Nell, and he marched into the vestry like a sea-king in battle, and signed the book.

"Good day, my girl," said the parson, when this was done; "I'm sorry for you!" and lifting up his cassock, he was about to leave.

"Stop, sir," spoke John. "Do you pity,—you who are the minister of One who taught the great doctrines of love and humility to man and woman? Do you pity because an honest man starts up to protect a forsaken woman? Do you pity because I shield a truthful nature from the arrogance of pride and wealth? Do you pity one hitherto scorned by you? Do you pity because honest labour will give honest bread? Do you pity because I lift up the desolate living from the desolate dead? If so, pity on, and see for once a woman true to nature—not to mere coat-colour, or height of dwelling-house. Millions perish in disease and celibacy for want

of this same truth. But not so in the time to come. Man to woman, right to labour, truth to truth, God to God—*these are the signs.*" And thus saying, John Ironshaft, almost carrying his little wife, departed.

There was a magnificent goose, and a great plum-pudding, and a damson tart, and a prime custard, all piping hot, on the table, as the Church-bell went one. Divers gossips had been in through the morning to peep and pry, and retail divers kindly innuendoes fresh from the Hall, but these were nothing to that which came with the goose. That sacred bird was hardly on the table when a horse was heard to enter the yard, some one alighted, and walking in unceremoniously, showed it to be the "tender cousin," who had recommended poverty to Lady Crabnose. Having already lunched at the Hall, he looked with contempt at the sacred bird, and then sat down.

"I'm not going to stop," he said, as Nell approached him; "I am only come to tell you, girl, of my unutterable pity for your low taste, for your black ingratitude, for your disregard of human ties, and to tell you that every genteel relation of your father's has washed hands of you. And, to let you know it as a punishment, Lady Crabnose had obligingly accepted your services. Yes, eight pounds a-year, tea and sugar, and only your lady, two parrots, three cats, and one dog, to attend to, and——"

"Eleanor Ironshaft," spoke John, very coolly, "this is your wedding day, and the goose is getting cold, love; sit down."

The gentlemanly cousin was irritated, he turned upon his heel, but stopped at the door. "There, recollect, I'll not even pay one of your father's debts;" and with this indignant burst of eloquence he left.

The mean and bragging heart meant to pay them not, Nell knew; she turned her brimming eyes upon her husband, and found comfort there.

Joy, softened down by sorrow for the dead, and deeper for the very calm this sorrow brought, came as the day declined. After a pleasant tea beside the blazing fire, Nell, carefully wrapped up by John, set forth with him, on her way to his house. On the very threshold of the homestead, as they bid the Nicholases good-bye, John said again, "Only for a plain home, Nell;" but the Nicholases smiled, saying they were sure she would be happy.

It was seven o'clock, and the night bright and frosty. A walk of eight or nine miles seemed not long, with a road as smooth

and as hard as a bowling-green, the holly hedges casting tall shadows, like green alcoves, upon the sheeny, silver-lighted road-way, and the woodlands closing it in sometimes, and making it like a forest path. At length only a hollow lay between them and the wold, when John, instead of going on, turned down a deep hedged lane.

"A nearer way to our home, John, I suppose?" said Nell; "and see, there's a dancing light, — a forge-hearth, do you call it?"

"It is a hearth," added John, and that was all. As they got nearer, Nell could see that it was the light in the window of a substantial cottage, deep set in a country garden, with a small croft and orchard, and the woodlands bending round it. To Nell's surprise, John pushed aside the garden-gate, then the stout cottage door, and showed a well-furnished kitchen, a glowing fire, a small round supper-table, neatly set, the dear old cat from home, her father's pet, basking on the hearth-rug, his chair, his favourite clock, and many other things. John saw the speaking face upraised to his, and said

"Thy home, Nell, truly thine. The best I have for thee; but within it, we may be happy."

"Much, much greater than I expected, John, thank you. Dearest, thank you;" and Nell clung about him, weeping with dear joy.

A peasant woman, from a cottage at some little distance, having superintended the fire, and set the supper table — for the good old housekeeper had returned across the wold some hours before — now retired, and John, taking off Nell's cloak and bonnet, opened a door within this kitchen, and the little, trembling, astonished creature saw before her a small parlour, very trimly decked; her father's few and treasured books, in a small quaint recess beside the summer lattice, his old thumbed instrument-case, his gloves, his spectacles, upon a little work-table; her plants upon the window-seat, and her own old bow-pot of rich scented lavender and summer leaves, upon a little iron bracket John had wrought with swartly hand.

"Oh John," spoke the little wife, whilst John's swart arm like a tendril crept round the little neck, "you have indeed won. You know my veneration and my love for one old man, and your acknowledgment of this, binds us by the dearest marriage that earth knows."

"I knew this, Nell, swart savage as I am. More truthfully, and more divinely, than books, great Nature teaches, and in the roar and swelter of the forge-blast, a mighty music can be heard, as much shaping itself to tenderness, as expressing the sternest will that justice, in *these* unjust times, doth wait for. But now to supper, little bride; and after it, the greatest secret of my life."

"Once more, John, let me thank you. Nor do I, nor can I think, John, this marriage of ours a desecration of the dead."

"He that said that knows nothing of that which he preaches; only of a mere rule of words, taught him by college superiors, not of the great life spiritual, which interprets itself to every true man. According to such, it is religion to turn forth an orphan in the winter season, to plunder, to claim rights, to set apart by rule the marriage and the funeral meats; but irreligion to protect the defenceless, to rear a home, to make a festival like nature, of morning sun and sky after the lapse of her night stars, and through our regard to the living spiritually preserve the dead. But a change is coming; and Time is calling forth its prophets and its teachers."

After the pleasant supper was over, Nell, like a true little housewife as she was, cleared away, looking into the various small closets and conveniences as she did so, and turning round to John every two minutes to ask some question, or tell some new surprise; and after this she snuffed the candle, and brought John his pipe. As soon as this was fairly alight, John went up stairs, and bringing down a small sooty-looking box, placed it on the table. It was fastened by a rude hasp and padlock, which John unlocked, and raising the lid, showed Nell some dozen quires of foolscap paper, closely written over. It was not very delicate manuscript; some paper was white, and some was blue, and on the earlier written portion, where every letter was as straight and as tall as a pothook, large black thumb marks lay about like islands.

"Thee must not look too nicely on this, little wife," spoke John; "the black matters not, if behind it be a true thought. But much of this was written on the hearth, in the swelter of the night heat, when every ten minutes the furnace-may had to be fed. This before, of course, I was either overlooker or foreman. Ay, here it is. This very fourth leaf was the one your father found me upon the night we made acquaintance. God bless his noble heart, Nell; for many a night after that he came and cheered me on, and pointed the way, and helped to tame down my

wild And savage nature ; till by and by it became a habit with him, sweet little wife, to say, when asking for this box, ' Now, John, the great thoughts from behind the bellows,' and so on, till leaf to leaf was added, and he growing confidential, began to talk of you."

" Of me ? " asked Nell.

" Of you, sweet wife. Of your tenderness, and truth, and nature. Of how you were just fitted to soften down such a stalwart savage, but that you having ' genteel notions,'—and he always laughed hugely here, Nell,—he did not like to pain you by opposing them, nor broach any subject that in the end might take you from his side."

" Why not tell me this before, John ? "

" No, Nell, it comes kindlier now, when your choice of me has been made under other circumstances. Before, this was expressed through me might have looked as a bribe. Now it is otherwise. Nor of this even would I speak ; " and John laid his hand upon the box, " though it would have pleaded much for me, sweet wife, perhaps."

" It would, indeed, John ; and shown me what is quite the truth, that I, not you, are honoured by this matter."

" Tut, Nell, not a bit of that ; a man can't tell whether his own sparks are destined to fly high or not, though it is something when he forges iron words, and has the courage to put them forth like the handwriting on the wall."

" And you have, John, I know."

" You're right, pretty wife, though I fear me this *gingerbread cake* has yet to go on awhile with its pap-boat and spoon ; but we'll see. As soon as our honey-moon is over, little bride, you shall put a couple of clean shirts into my pocket, and, like Par-on Adams, I'll set forth to London, with such metal as lies within here ! "

* * * * *

The first day of February, 1830, after two days' weary perambulation between Temple-bar and Bishopsgate-street, John Ironshaft, on the third morning after his arrival in London, set forth to Mr. Proof's, the great West-end publisher, with ungloved swart hands, a fustian coat, hobnailed shoes, a blackthorn stick, and his " CODE OF NATURAL JUSTICE," tied in a bandana pocket-handkerchief. City publishers had looked askance upon *metal from the forge*, but they had told John that Mr. Proof would publish any-

thing ; so to this Mæœnas he set forth. Finding his way with difficulty, it was midday before the Staffordshire forgerman arrived in the fashionable street wherein the great bookseller dwelt. Six or seven carriages were drawn up before the door, and as many footmen lounged round the area rails, or in the vestibule of the house. Passing these, John was about to enter a sort of office, wherein were stationed two or three clerks, when he was pounced upon by an adroit flunkey, and ushered into a sort of wide hall, from which led a broad stone staircase. Without taking heed of the questions addressed to him, this said gentleman of plain blue-coat livery disappeared, not, however, without having well surveyed coat-stick, boots, hands, and bandana handkerchief, leaving the author to walk, or sit, or stand, as best suited his humour. As John was not of the irritable genus of authors, except when fairly roused, he sat down on one of the long benches, and calmly waited the leisure of the great king of literature. But very curious carriages rolled up and drove away ; gentlemen, with highly polished boots, and glossy hats and coats, went up and down this staircase as if on easy business ; and more than all, ladies, old and young, flouted by in rich silk and satin, and were always ushered down again to the very last step by an excessively smiling gentleman, who as alertly disappeared ; the clocks went on, and still John Ironshaft sat there unheeded. At last, pretty fairly roused, he mounted the staircase and rapped lustily at the first door. This was opened by a decent-looking man with a pen behind his ear, to whom John stated his business and the delay, and who very civilly begged the swart forgerman to step into his office. Just as John was about to do so, a neighbouring door opened, and the before-mentioned polite gentleman came forth, bowing out a tall, bony, but very richly-dressed lady of forty or thereabouts.

"Yes, yes," spoke the polite gentleman, quite loud enough for John to hear, "your last novel went off extremely well. As your ladyship truly observes, the aristocratic pen can alone give the graceful touch of finish. The 'herd' are too gross, too rough, have too much *abrutissement*. *Chacun à son goût*," and the polite gentleman here shrugged his shoulders immensely.

"And the, the" whispered her ladyship.

"Most certainly," continued the polite gentleman, "your ladyship's 'Coquette Betrothed' shall not be later than the 20th ; and Mr. Proof positively says May, for your 'Fate of a Fan.'

Good day. Allow me, allow me." And her ladyship passed on in Lyons satin and Genoa velvet.

Verily, verily man-of iron, both of labour and of soul, you had said "Age of gingerbread and pap-spoons!" and you might have added, of national debt, paper-money, funds, pension-list, and flashy novels into the bargain. The latter, like mushrooms, could only be nourished by a hot-bed like the first.

"Now, will you step this way?" and the civil official ushered the swart giant into the very presence of Mr. Proof himself, who, respectable and grave, sat writing at a library table. He looked at the velvetreen coat, the bandana handkerchief, the ungloved hands, and then said, "Well, my man."

John began to untie the bundle, and meanwhile to state his business.

"Indeed! ah! Well! I never look at MSS. in the first instance. You should have left yours in the office."

But John drew a chair, sat down, and went to business about the book with imperturbable gravity, to which business Mr. Proof listened in perfect silence, for some minutes, with closed eyes and nodding head, and then rung a small bell upon the table, at which an adjoining door opened, and the polite gentleman entered.

"Mr. Snapp," spoke Mr. Proof, coolly, "just hear what this person wants. I can't understand him, and I have an important business-letter in hand, to Mr. Beaufort Montague, a third edition of his 'Warlike Knight' being immediately required."

"Step this way," spoke Mr. Snapp, to John, peremptorily, and without a bow. "Such business as you have can be settled by me."

"It can't," said John, "for I don't carry gingerbread;" and so, re-tying his bundle with the same imperturbable gravity, he put on his hat, and walked coolly to the door. Here he turned, and looked hard at Mr. Proof.

"The times are coming, sir, when man to man will speak civilly, whatever may be the colour of his hands or coat. Ay, and a book be read, without being written upon hot-pressed paper, or without care whether a carriage or handkerchief brings it. Good day." And John was gone.

The second night after this, John's long walk was ended, and he turned into the hedge-girt lane wherein his cottage lay. Nell's listening ear recognised, in a minute, his iron tramp, and there, upon the threshold, she stood to receive him.

"Now," said John, heartily, after his first hug was over, "put by this box, little wife, and let me have some supper and a pipe. It is, as I told you, Nell, an age of gingerbread; nevertheless, one wherein much good work can be done, as you shall see!"

* * * * *

Time has rolled on as unceasingly as the furnace-maw gapes and hungers, as the belching flames are bright, or black, or lurid, or like the burning bush, or still more sacred pillar—as unceasingly as the molten flood pours forth into angular rigidity—as unceasingly as the roar keeps on, as the anvils ring, as the pits give forth, as the roadway and the tramway are full of life—as unceasingly as labour is developing the grandeur of its resources and the spirituality of its laws; so that it is now full forty years, on this bright June day, since the "Warlike Knight" reached its third edition. *That* has perished with its myriad ephemeral brethren. Not a figment is left of them; not a pinch of their mushroom dust! whilst all that *was* of nature is still young, divine, and infinite in its teachings of human love and human brotherhood! And the time is come and coming for the true Exaltation of the Pen in its great democratic and political relations. Oh, glorious time! Thank God for it! Thank God for it!

Across this wold, now still more covered with huge furnaces and forges, troops of well-clad working men, waggons, gigs, and carriages, all pour onward to one huge building of Cyclopean labour, by its twenty lurid throats, and yet large enough withal to receive a gathered multitude. There are amongst this multitude, warpers and weavers, dyers and dressers, from Glasgow, Paisley, Leeds, Manchester; iron-workers, plate-workers, burnishers, designers, from Sheffield, Birmingham; dalemen, pitmen, woodmen, from Dean-forest; merchants, traders, shopkeepers, gentry, clergy, really-ennobled men of privileged aristocracy; and, greatest yet of all, the great immeasurable priesthood of the popular mind, here with the rest, to do service before the great altar, and say ALL HAIL to Genius and Democracy, as mighty and as infinite as the Cyclopean blast that taught it, and revealed itself unto itself by *Nature teaching the grandeur of Nature!*

It is the whim of the man, John Ironshaft, to receive this deputation of his countless worshippers in the very roar of this swart power itself, that all may know what he was, what he is, and the mightiness of the power he has ever worshipped!

In this building, some hundred feet long, and very many broad, the floor sanded, and on one side the sweltering furnaces (though on this great day of festival comparatively idle) a platform is raised; and on this, when the multitude are fairly wedged round, space scarcely left for many enthusiastic speakers, is seen John Ironshaft, giant-limbed, but grey-haired, and somewhat decrepit, from his untiring labour of body and mind,—for he has done God's work with both, and that manfully; for, though possessor of where he stands, and of streets of houses, he has been, more or less, a swart worker to the present hour, and but a leader in the great army that nobly and daily serves by the essential and primal condition of nature. Yes; though possessor of this honourable substance, he has not set himself apart as a capitalist, but has distributed it through high and well-paid wages—through untiring service in Parliament and Democratic Leagues—through patriotism to his country; not asking percentage for this thousand here, nor security for the thousand there—through lectures, through schools, through better-regulated dwellings—through being a brother to his brother men; and yet best, and yet truest, through genuine service by an iron pen; and by and through these things developing two of the great truths of the "Coming Reformation": That the individual constitutes his country, and can have no true interests apart from it; and that politics can be no more separated from a genuine literature than truth from truth. *Therefore, the highest order of intellect is necessarily the priesthood, misnamed to teach the sublime and ever-advancing doctrines of onward Time!*

After some speaking, the multitude listening eagerly, and John Ironshaft standing forth with seven young and stalwart men—the sons of that small Nell—a group of working men come forward, and reverently uncovering something they bring, show neither gold nor silver, but four or five folio volumes, magnificently bound in vellum, the cover edges decorated with filagree of light bronze work. Some one, *priest himself*, then opens the cover of one volume, and all behold, magnificently printed on the fly-leaf, "The Works of John Ironshaft, the Priest of the New Age, and the Humanities of Nature. Printed and Presented by the Working Classes of his Country."

John takes the volume, and, giant-nerved even as he is, in this his seventieth year, his voice falters like a sobbing child's.

"This festival was, as I had hoped, men and brothers, more dedicated to the honour of our new and most magnificent democratic

literature, than personally to me as one of its assistant servants ; otherwise I should have declined the apparent egotism of receiving such a gift before such an assembly. But, thanking you heartily for this touching and almost sublime evidence of your personal devotion to me, I thank you more for your recognition of great principles—for this strong evidence that I have spoken truth, and you have received it as such. As I have often told you in our Taxation and Universal Suffrage Leagues, there was a day when the merest ephemeral trash, so it applauded or disseminated conventional or aristocratical opinions, was eagerly received. Few or none of the giant brood of truths were allowed to heave themselves up from the depths of the People ; and mostly, when condescendingly addressed, it was no more than to pander to their grossest tastes and worst ignorance. That day is passed ; and literature, once debased to us, is, and will be, exalted *by* us. We shall absorb the aristocratic elements, and receive all into that grand sovereignty of democracy which refuses no truth. We are beginning, and we shall ultimately hear most marvellous and original music, from the roar of the furnace, from the flying of the shuttle, from the stroke of the hammer, and the spade and the axe ; we shall know that from darkness the divinest lights have to shine."

"John Ironshaft, in you we see this spiritual light," a hundred voices cry.

"No, no ; a man may do good work, my friends, without being a prophet. All I want to persuade you is, of the wonderful poetry that lies hidden in the common human heart, and how, like the molten stream before your sight this moment, it may be moulded at will—by bad teachers and bad political institutions into evil—by fearless prophets, who count the signs of Time, into all the grandeur and progress that Time requires. Thus, without being, as I have said, this prophet, I have now through fifty years of my life endeavoured to speak and act as a *man*. The roar you hear, taught me the absoluteness of this manhood ; I heard it ask for justice ; I heard it delicately whisper truth ; I heard it say things of human brotherhood and mercy made active ; I heard it say, Political Injustice exists, and they that hear my voice poured from the Soul of Labour must convert this into Justice. Thus I have worked against taxation, gold monopoly, and for suffrage and advanced education. And I thank God I have worked. I thank God I have worked with swart hand and giant arm. I thank God that what now lies here magnificent in vellum, was bred behind

those bellows in soot and darkness. From such darkness let diviner light than mine yet shine. And yet, forgive me here for being egotistical; this darkness might have never shown true light, but for one that became mine—the mother of these sons. She it was that softened my rude nature, and led me to the service I have done; and even does still, though the summer flowers wave over her, my friends, and in winter time the holly leaves. . . .”

The world knows the love-story that *we know*; and many a pilgrimage has been made, this very summer's morn, to the lonely grave and the first home of that noble love. Many here look down to button-hole in coat and waistcoat at the touching sign there carried, of a true woman, and a noble man, whose history has become the world's. John Ironshaft knows this, and sees this. More touching than all the rest is the strong evidence that he lives in the popular heart! He or she who lives there has some hope of immortality!

There is much to say; but John can say no more. Others now come forward and speak of his great life, its acts, and service; and one concludes his speech thus, with a quotation from a pen that has spread truth throughout the world: “Not out of those, on whom systems of education have exhausted their culture, comes the helpful giant to destroy the old or to build the new; but out of unhandseled savage nature, out of terrible Druids and Berserkirs, came at last Alfred and Shakspeare.”

John Ironshaft is as grand as Alfred was; and time has yet to show whether nature was in him as great as Shakspeare; but at least we here learn that the time is come for the EXALTATION OF THE PEN.

New Books.

THE BACHELOR OF THE ALDANT. By the Author of the “Falcon Family.” 1 vol. post 8vo. Chapman & Hall.

A WARNING TO WIVES. By the Author of “Cousin Geoffry.” 3 vols. post 8vo. T. C. Newby.

JANE EYRE; an Autobiography. Edited by Currer Bell. 3 vols. post 8vo. Smith, Elder, & Co.

If anything were wanting to show the futility of criticism, the continuous crop of novels would suffice. They are chopped up in

daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly publications, yet, like ducks in a field, or unfortunate eels in a frying-pan, they retain their vitality.—a vitality, let us hope, at least as regards the eels, more muscular than sensitive. Complex as the nature of human affairs is, and multitudinous as the phases of human life, they have had opportunity of being shown in all their striking features in these voluminous productions. But then, these writers do not confine themselves to human nature as it is, nor even to what it might or should be; but mix their ingredients with the incongruity, but not with the harmonious result, of the kaleidoscope. Novels, we fear, like the ladies, according to Dr. Johnson's informant (*vide* Boswell), were made to please, and therefore claim to be exempt from any other test than that which shall apply to this quality. Making ourselves the test, we pronounce them all signal failures; for whether they aim at the philosophical, the scientific, the social, the exciting, the sentimental, or the comic, they weary one with the same formula, bore one with the same phrases, and outrage one with their indestructible self-complacency and impertinent prying into human nature, blunting the edge of our susceptibilities by crawling over every circumstance of existence, and smearing with their slimy descriptions the bright face of nature itself. There have been men—perhaps we ourselves, in the fond impertinence of youthful enthusiasm, may have done so—who declare that though “sitting at the fire-side, we might climb the mountain or delve into the mine, might traverse the enamelled plain,” &c. &c.—“View the pyramids in all their hoary majesty, or to walk through the streets of ancient Rome,” &c. &c.—“Comprehend life and human character in all its variety, without running the risks of temptation,” &c. &c. But this is all humbug—we can use no other term—and arises from the same motive that provides a perfect substitute for silver. There is nothing can be a substitute for the real thing; and the man who heaps up albatra literature is as poor as he who heaps up albatra plate. After all, it is not like its original. The life of novels, however well drawn, is not the life of nature; and ill drawn, it is a poor, greasy, poverty-stricken looking thing—not so good as iron, because it is continually presenting to the mind the superior article.

Whither, then, tends this diatribe against novels? Should fiction be obliterated from our literature? No; we do not go so far with Plato. Good fiction is a good familiar creature; but the warring flood that is continually pouring on the town, and, alas! country, is detestable. Would that the nuisance could be abated. It is a sad characteristic of the age that it has no modesty, no approach to self-knowledge. Every one who has been through Landley Murray's grammar, and, alas! many who have not, think themselves entitled to perpetrate a novel or a tragedy. Every one heated with a disordered fancy is no longer satisfied with reading, but must attempt to write a romance. And, unfortunately, failure begets failure; for the question is no longer tested by high models, but is, whether the writer cannot do something quite as good as something that is very bad. On no other principle

can we account for the multitude of bad novels daily issued. There are undoubtedly infinite degrees from good, tolerable, bad, to unendurable. And if they were not so numerous, we could afford to weigh with scruples, and forbear towards the mediocre. As it is, they will all soon be confounded together, and this portion of literature fall into the contempt it was held in before Scott, and those he incited raised it into estimation. The Elizabethan drama lasted in its prime but about fifty years; but the three volume novel will scarcely reach such an age, reckoning even from 1800. The historical novel has already ceased, and the romantic is fast following it. How long our drawing-rooms and kitchens will supply scenes and transactions, remains to be proved; but judging from the reiteration of the same characters, and almost the same language, we should imagine not very long; and all events, they would be confined to that indiscriminating class who receive fiction, not as an exponent of human nature, but as a veritable truth itself. These "swelling spirits" will always require some exciting pabulum for their fiercely-burning souls; but, however numerous, will never be able to give a character to, or sustain such writings as, a genuine class of literature.

The three works at the head of our article have fallen on evil times; had they come earlier into the field they would have commanded some attention, more especially the first and the last.

"The Bachelor of the Albany" is a work of great pretensions, being written with a satirical object, and very mercilessly attacking all matters that seem objectionable to the author. Not that this is done in an ill-natured spirit, though with a self-complacency of style, that makes one doubt if the writer may not be as vulnerable as the numerous objects of his attacks. The book seems to be written in a patronising tone, and with a Sn Oracle style, that makes it, though exceedingly clever, somewhat offensive. Doubtless the author is one who has read and observed much, and even thought a good deal—so much, that he seems above his subject. He has considerable powers for describing social life and character, though all his descriptions are tinged with a sarcastic tone, that deprives them of much of their force. The narrative is exceedingly real—curiously so; indeed, so much so, that one sorely thinks it right that the virtues, errors, foibles, and peculiarities should be so exposed to public gaze and animadversion. The Spread family, particularly, must be exceedingly uncomfortable at being thus drawn from the warm repose of their cosy family circle, to be exposed to the impertinent remarks and acquaintanceship of every dirty gent who can pay threepence for the loan of their history. We are not quite sure that this continual attraction of attention to the idiosyncracies of character is productive of social good. It tends either to lead men to a continual watchfulness of their neighbours, and ultimately either to a hardened state of indifference to all opinion; or to an endeavour to obtain a uniform manner and external conduct, which shall dwarf or conceal the natural inclinations.

The "moral" of the story is likely to be popular, for it is a warn-

ing to bachelors; showing that, however they may seek in single blessedness to avoid the cares and anxieties of married life, they cannot escape the common lot. Mr. Barker, the Bachelor of the Albany, in avoiding the nuisance of sons and daughters (as he deems them), falls into the greater evil of nephews and nieces; is carried into parliament against his inclination; and, after enduring a variety of annoyances, is obliged to seek a relief in marrying a clever smart young lady. Amidst much clever observation and satiric sketching of character, there is occasionally a touch of force and absurdity; as where Mr. Barker is gravely said to have called for a return of the number of lines quoted from Virgil from the Revolution of 1688 downwards. This is not satire, but folly. The pantomime joke, too, of a youth dressing himself ~~as a~~ ~~gkass~~, and alarming a whole company, is carried to an absurd extreme;—an imitation of Smollett, without his humour. The writer of this novel, in his "Falcon Family," was to our notion greatly overrated. We do not deny him considerable talents, and all necessary acquisitions; but he is literal to prosaeness, and views things from so superior a height, that he casts a kind of shadow of contempt on his own creations.

"A Warning to Wives" is by a very different kind of person to the foregoing writer; very inferior in knowledge, power, and observation, but yet, though absurdly extravagant on the whole, more pleasing and more sociable. In the "Warning to Wives" we have nothing like the pellucid language of the "Bachelor of the Albany," but there is an earnest impulsiveness, however frequently wrong in its direction, that has its merit. The characters are overcharged with the grossest exaggeration; the incidents are brought about without skill or art; the villains are darkened so as to lose their resemblance to modern men and women; and the satire is of that coarse nature which merely consists in attaching the vilest motives to certain professions and occupations, and so bringing into disrepute a class of employments rather than a species of character. All this is very bad and very distressing to have to read; but there is in it a heedless dashing kind of spirit, with a knowledge and genuine admiration of what is good and right, that, in some measure, make amends for its egregious artistic blunders. The writer (a lady) evidently has taken Mrs. Gore as her model, and manifests the same defiance of critical opinion; the same strong but coarse delineation of character; and the same reckless disregard of the means of producing an effective result.

"Jane Eyre, an Autobiography," is superior to either of the two previous novels, and contains so much that is fresh and good, and so evidently reveals the experiences of a thoughtful and reflective mind, that we almost wish to omit it from a notice, precluded by such a general condemnation of this species of literature. In the autobiography rests the chief merit of the work; and we are inclined to think much of it veritable biography. It is evidently the work of a young author, though not of a very young person; and we all know

that the first works of writers of fiction embrace not only much of their experiences, but also much of their adventures. It has that strong and powerful interest which arises from truth clearly developed, and from that strong delineation of characteristics evidently derived immediately from individuals, and not the result of looking at human nature through "the spectacles of books." It has also the faults of young authorship. To create emotion in the reader is too much the aim, especially in the little portion of the heroine's career, where the stern face of tragedy is thrown into the extravagant contortions of melodrama. It is, however, a work of considerable merit, and if one-tenth of the works of fiction contained the power of writing that this does, we should not have thought it necessary to preface our remarks by such a decided condemnation of this kind of literature, when considered as a class.

THE LIFE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. By THOMAS MEDWIN. 3 vols. post 8vo. T. C. Newby.

"TWENTY-FOUR years have elapsed since Shelley was withdrawn from the world, and no record of him remains save fugitive notices scattered about in periodicals." Such is the opening sentence of Mr. Medwin's book, and surprising it seems, for of no one has there been more continual talk, nor is there any one fresher in the memory, than the noble subject of this memoir. Mr. Medwin also states that he concludes Mrs. Shelley "has abandoned, if she ever formed, the intention of executing this labour of love." With these excuses, Mr. Medwin goes on to state his own qualifications for the task; and certainly, if long and intimate acquaintance and friendship, extending from school-fellowship to the latest hour of Shelley's young life, can form a qualification, he has it. Other qualifications, however, are necessary to fully unfold the actual existence of a man so gifted and so characterised as Shelley. The life of a poet is ever a perilous undertaking, except with those gentlemen who imagine, because there is little to narrate of outward adventure, that there is nothing to tell. Mr. Medwin does not belong to this dull and exploded class of biographers; he feels and knows, that the life of so exalted a genius as Shelley has a spiritual story that far exceeds in importance any more physical adventures.

We have certainly not had for two hundred years an author, who, in so short a life, and with so comparatively few works, produced such great mental revolutions. We perfectly remember the first effect of his daring writings,—the glow it communicated to the generous and unsophisticated hearts of the young, and the terror and consternation it spread on those who exist mentally, as well as in manners, only conventionally and superstitiously. In his own remarkably worldly family his enunciations must have been like the shock of an earthquake: and it is only wonderful that, in their consternation, they did not proceed to even harsher courses with him.

We are thankful to the author of this biography for renewing our consideration of this noble author, who has not yet had full justice done to him, either as a man or a poet. A peculiar school of literature, impregnated with the logical dogmas of the last age, at the best, but damn with faint praise, and mingle their poor laudations with lamentations of what they term the vagueness and dreaminess of his conceptions, and the want of completeness in his poems. Those less scholastic in their ideas, and more impressionable in their nature, acknowledge him fully and fervently as a true poet; perhaps, with the exception of Wordsworth, the only one of his contemporaries truly inspired with the faculty divine. He is, to us, the only writer of modern times who has reproduced, in its strength as well as its ~~whole~~, the rhythm of the Shakspearcan era. His numbers are sweeter, fuller, and more various in their excellence than any we know of on this side the Restoration. He was equal in power to that age, and a kindred genius; no imitative, no second-hand reproducer of their ideas, forms of speech, or sounds, but, formed by Nature of the same materials, he gave breath and being to equally magnificent conceptions.

But he was also great as a man,—indomitable in his expression of his own truth; susceptible in the highest degree of all the emotions of our species: benevolent, and sympathetic, and bountiful as Nature herself. Whatever may be the conventional forms and doctrines he attacked; however he may have uttered and given shape to the doubts and fears which have darkened alike the minds of saints and philosophers, Luther and Voltaire, St. Augustine and La Place, he was at heart truly religious, worshipping virtue and beauty as inseparable, and bending every thought to the exaltation and amelioration of mankind.

The present volumes were not needed to clear the same and display the brightness of this gifted man; but they are pleasant as memorials of one it is delightful to be minutely acquainted with. As a critic, we do not think Mr. Medwin very profound or acute, nor does he quite penetrate to the grandeur and greatness of his friend's views. The most astonishing proof of Shelley's genius and goodness was his effect on the wilful, powerful, but selfish Byron. His acquirements were great, and he cultivated his genius in every manner, training his moral and spiritual nature rigidly and even severely. The following is the account of his pursuits at Oxford:—

"Shelley was an indefatigable student, frequently devoting to his books ten or twelve hours of the day, and part of the night. The absorption of his ideas by reading, was become in him a curious phenomenon. He took in seven or eight lines at a glance, and his mind seized the sense with a velocity equal to the twinkling of an eye. Often would a single word enable him at once to comprehend the meaning of the sentence. His memory was prodigious. He with the same fidelity assimilated, to use a medical term for digestion, the ideas acquired by reading and those which he derived from reflection or conversation. In short, he possessed the memory of places,

words, things, and figures. Not only did he call up objects at will, but he revived them in the mind, in the same situations, and with the lights and colours in which they had appeared to him at particular moments. He collected not only the gist of the thoughts in the book wherefrom they were taken, but even the disposition of his soul at the time. Thus, by an unheard-of faculty and privilege, he could retrace the progress and the whole course of his imagination from the most anciently sketched idea, down to its last development. His brain, habituated from earliest youth to the complicated mechanism of human forces, drew from its rich structure a crowd of admirable images, full of reality and fleshiness, with which it was continually nurtured. He could throw a veil over his eyes, and find himself in a *camera obscura*, where all the features of a scene were reproduced in a form more pure and perfect than they had been originally presented to his external senses."

We are glad of this biography, as it will tend to turn attention to the noblest of our later poets; creating a higher ideal than the practical tendency of the time engenders; and opening a store-house of suggestions, thoughts, and utterances, whence may be wrought a new array of intellectual arms, to be turned against the conventionalities, untruths, and outrageous wrongs with which modern society is oppressed.

THE SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY'S PAPERS. Vol. 3. London: The Shakspeare Society.

THIS third volume that the Society has printed of Miscellaneous papers is, we think, the most entertaining; and the publication of such a miscellany will prove more attractive to many of the readers of Shakspeare and admirers of the old drama than the more elaborate reprints issued by the Society. In this volume there are twenty-three different articles, all of them illustrating either old habits, customs, or poetry. Some of them are valuable as confirming, by documents, the old usages customary to the theatre, and which have hitherto escaped the vigilance of our most industrious antiquaries. The most important of these is a patent, issued by the Crown, giving very extraordinary, and, indeed, unconstitutional powers, to Tydney, the Master of the Revels, to enlist, as it were, any persons, singers, or others, that he might think advantageous for the performance of theatrical exhibitions before the Court. There is also given, by the same contributor, "The original patent for the nursery of actors and actresses in Charles the Second's time." Several of the papers illustrate passages in Shakspeare and the other old plays of the period,—and other events in the little-known lives of our old poets. The most interesting of these is a paper by Mr. Cunningham, bringing to light several events in the life of Nash, the prose satirist and poet. Nor is it without critical articles, amongst which we may particularise Miss Zornlin's papers on Jack Cade, and a still more interesting one on Hamlet's conduct to Ophelia.

The reprint of "Salmacis and Hermaphroditus," attributed—as the writer of the paper thinks—falsely to Francis Beaumont, is a valuable contribution. It is a beautiful poem, and it was desirable that it should be accessible to the reader in a correct and readable form. This poem alone would render the volume valuable.

The most interesting of the prose articles is by Mr. Payne Collier, "On the earliest Quarto editions of the Plays of Shakspeare." He very justly says that a great many inferences are to be drawn from the observation of the original editions, and more especially as regards their title-pages. In the present paper he has reprinted, in their original state, as regard the size and disposition of the type, the old quarto title pages: and has remarked on each in a very ingenious manner, with no over-nice speculation, but with a shrewdness that always keeps within the bounds of fair and plain deduction. Several curious circumstances are thus weighed up: First and foremost, the strange but incontrovertible fact, that only seventeen out of thirty-six of his plays were ever seen in print by this most wonderful writer—he leaving nineteen to the hazardous casualties of manuscript. What can be thought, after this, of the numerous gentlemen who now rush into print without a chance of being performed, or a chance of ever deserving to be so. Amongst other remarkable circumstances connected with the publication of his plays in his lifetime, are the hazardous selection that is made, and the strange periods they were published in. It seems to us so curious, that we give the following summary:—

In the year 1597, the earliest date yet discovered, Shakspeare being then thirty-three years old, were published three, viz.: *Romeo and Juliet*; *Richard the Second*; *Richard the Third*.

In 1598, two, viz.: *Henry the Fourth, Part I.*; *Love's Labour Lost*.

In 1600, six, viz.: *Much Ado about Nothing*; *Midsummer Night's Dream*; *Merchant of Venice*; *Henry the Fourth, Part II.*; *Henry the Fifth*; *Titus Andronicus*.

In 1602, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

In 1603, *Hamlet*.

In 1608, *King Lear*.

In 1609, *Troilus and Cressida*; *Pericles*.

Why these should have been published, some from good and some from most wretched copies—why there should be six in one year, and five years without any, cannot now be ascertained. For although the folio editors say that they were all unauthorised, we must find that several of the quarto plays have a larger quantity of matter and better readings than the folio. It is also a curious fact, that whilst several plays were printed falsely, with Shakspeare's name ostentatiously set forth, that in the quarto *Romeo and Juliet* in the three editions no name appears. There is very little more faith, however, to be placed in these title-pages, than in the play-bills of our minor theatres and saloons, where all the

incidents of the drama are enlarged upon in exaggerated terms. As for instance—

THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Containing

His treacherous plots against his brother Clarence the piteous murder of his innocent nephews his tyrannical usurpation; with the whole course of his detested life and most deserved death.

As it hath been lately acted by the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants

AT LONDON :

Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Pauls Church-Yard, at the Signe of the Angel

1597.

We must however refer the reader to the article itself, as suggestive of much curious reflection and speculation; and to the whole volume as one calculated to greatly interest all lovers of our old poets and dramatists.

MIND AND MATTER, ILLUSTRATED BY CONSIDERATIONS ON HEREDITARY INSANITY, AND THE INFLUENCE OF TEMPERAMENT IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PASSIONS. By J. G. Millingen, M.D., &c. 8vo H. Hurst.

THE success and extensive popularity of the author's "Curiosities of Medical Experience" has, he says, induced him to publish the present work. And he tells us that he is desirous to add to what he "considers the most precious of all sciences, the knowledge of mankind." It cannot be denied that Dr. Millingen has had many opportunities of studying men's dispositions and idiosyncracies in a very extensive school. Educated in Paris during the French Revolution, and accompanying the Peninsular Army in the whole of its career, and subsequently having submitted to his examination the inmates of an extensive receptacle for the decidedly insane, added to the opportunities of a large general practice, he must have had ample opportunities for observing at least the aberrations and eccentricities of human nature. And after having been much entertained by the perusal of the present work, we cannot but think that his talents partake much more of the perceptive than the reflective species. He has a very pleasant style, knows how to illustrate his speculations with quotations from the poets, and is well acquainted with the various hypotheses that the natural philosophers have promulgated, from Aristotle's time to our own. Still we do not think that the present work will entitle him to rank amongst the Blumenbachs and Laurences of our day, nor can his book be looked

upon as more than the work of an observant man of the world and a graceful scholar.

As an instance of the comparative shallowness of his science, it may be noticed, that he revives the theory of temperaments, and looks upon organisation as the great influence of character. There can be no doubt that it has great effect on the individual, but whether the old definitions of temperaments, such as the nervous, the sanguine, the bilious, et cetera, are at all to be relied on, is doubtful: although the author is to some extent supported by the opinion of Dr. Pouchard and many continental physiologists. The interest of the work, as we have said, rests more in its illustrations than its theories: and in the essays treating of the various passions will be found some very clear definitions and curious anecdotes. The following is from that on Fear:—

"Sudden terror has brought on various diseases,—insanity, catalepsy, apoplexy, even hydrophobia. The hair has turned grey, and white, in the space of an incredibly short time. The following curious case of this nature has been recorded:—'The peasants of Sardinia are in the constant habit of hunting eagles and vultures, both for profit, and as an amusement. In the year 1839, three young men (brethren) living near San Giovanni de Domas Novas, having espied an eagle's nest in the bottom of a steep precipice, they drew lots to decide which of them should descend to take it away. The danger did not arise so much from the depth of the precipice—upwards of a hundred feet—but the apprehension of the numerous birds of prey that inhabited the cavern. However, the lot fell on one of the brethren, a young man of about two-and-twenty, of athletic form, and of a dauntless spirit. He belted a knotted rope round his waist, by which his brothers could lower or raise him at will; and, armed with a sharpened infantry sabre, he boldly descended the rock, and reached the nest in safety. It contained four eaglets of that peculiar bright plumage called the light Isabella. The difficulty now arose in bearing away the nest. He gave a signal to his brethren, and they began to haul him up, when he was fiercely attacked by two powerful eagles, the parents of the young birds he had captured. The onset was most furious, they darkened the cavern by the flapping of their broad wings, and it was not without much difficulty that he kept them off with his sword; when, on a sudden, the rope that suspended him swung round, and on looking up he perceived that he had partly severed it with his sabre. At this sight he was struck with such a sudden terror, that he was unable to urge his companions to hasten to his delivery, although he still left his fierce antagonists at bay. His brothers continuing to haul him up, while their friendly voices endeavoured to encourage him, he soon reached the summit of the rock; but although he continued to grasp the eagle's nest, he was speechless, and his hair, which had before been of a jet black colour, was now as white as snow.

"Certain temperaments are more susceptible of fear than others. The bold sanguineous, the ambitious bilious, are not so subject to its influence, as the atrabilious and nervous; and the state of the digestive faculties operates materially in rendering us more or less liable to experience its power. Napoleon was wont to observe, that he had his courageous days. Cæsar made the same admission; and although his courage could not be

deduced, he rarely aspires to the chariot without hesitation, fearing that he might be overturned by an imprudent conductor. Every man who has been in the field of battle, will confess, that when he was not in a good state of health, or fatigued by any excesses or tiring duties, his state of mind varied, and the soldier who will calmly see his comrades falling, and hear the shot and shell whistling and moaning round him, without any mental disturbance, will, on other occasions, mechanically duck his head at the whizzing of a musket ball. History recounts many instances of a panic seizing a whole army, and this was fully illustrated in the *'sauvée générale'* of Waterloo.

'The confusion in that flight must have been beyond conception; for in collecting the wounded French on the following morning, I found men of numerous regiments and various arms lying in a heap, and who must have belonged to different divisions and brigades all amalgamated in the rout.'

Of that contagious power which effects so many important changes in human society, he has the following remarks —

'The sympathetic power of fascination is another unaccountable phenomenon. Reid attributes to the nervous system an atmosphere of sensibility. Ernest Plater maintains that our soul could diffuse itself in mutual transmissions. On this most curious and important subject I have expressed myself as follows in a former publication —

'What is then this invisible, ethereal fluid, this electric principle that touches, the breath, the warmth, the very arm of those we are fond of, communicate, when, trembling, fluttering, breathless, we approach them? It fascinates us, even when surrounded with darkness, it recognises, by the feel, the hand of her we love? Nay, when it causes the feeling of respect and veneration that we experience in the presence of the great and preeminently good? It may be said this is the result of our education; we have been taught to consider these individuals as belonging to a superior race of mortals. To a certain extent this may be true, yet there does exist an impressive contagion when we are brought into the presence, or placed under the guidance, of such truly privileged persons. Their courage, their eloquence, their energies, their very fanaticism, thrill every fibre, like the vibrations of the chords under the skillful harpist's hand. Actuated by this mystic influence, the coward has boldly rushed into the battle, the timid and unusual peril and the humane been driven to deeds of blood. Infectious contagion has produced both martyrs and heroes. Example stimulates and stimulates, despite our reasoning faculties. Imitation is the principle of action, the nursery of good and of great deeds; we either feel inspired by the ascendancy of others when we fancy, however vainly, that we may attain their level—or devote ourselves to their cause and their service, when we tacitly recognise their mastery. Fortunately for our frailties sympathies are liable to be worn out by their own exhausting power. Attention polishes, but indurates at the same time; thus does social intercourse harden our gentle predispositions. Experience is a man, what rust is to iron. It corrodes, but at the same time protects the metal to a certain degree from the magnet's mighty power.'

